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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXXVIII.

VIVIETTE'S determination to hamper Swithin no longer had led her, as has been shown, to thwart any weak impulse of hers to write and entreat his return, by forbidding him to furnish her with his foreign address. His obedient disposition, his fear that there might be other reasons behind, made him obey her command only too literally. Thus, to her terror and dismay, she had placed a gratuitous difficulty in the way of her present endeavor.

She was ready before Green, and urged on that factotum so wildly as to leave him no time to change the corduroys and skitty-boots in which he had been gardening. He therefore turned himself into a coachman as far down as his waist merely, putting on his proper coat, hat, and waistcoat, and wrapping a rug over his horticultural half below. In this compromise he appeared at the door, mounted, and reins in hand.

Seeing how sad and determined Viviette was, Louis pitied her so far as to put nothing in the way of her starting, though he forbore to help her. He thought her conduct sentimental foolery, the outcome of mistaken pity, and "such a kind of gain-giving as would trouble a woman;" and he decided that it would be better to let this mood burn itself out

than to keep it smouldering by obstruction.

"Do you remember the date of his sailing?" she said finally, as the pony carriage turned to drive off.

"He sails on the 25th; that is, to-day. But it may not be till late in the evening."

With this she started, and reached Warborne in time for the up-train. How much longer than it really is a long journey can seem to be was fully learnt by the unhappy Viviette that day. The changeful procession of country-seats past which she was dragged, the names and memories of their owners, had no points of interest for her now. She reached Southampton about midday, and drove straight to the docks.

On approaching the gates, she was met by a crowd of people and vehicles coming out, — men, women, children, porters, police, cabs, and carts. The Occidental had just sailed.

The adverse intelligence came upon her with such odds, after her morning's tension, that she could scarcely crawl back to the cab which had brought her. But this was not a time to succumb. As she had no luggage she dismissed the man, and, without any real consciousness of what she was doing, strolled away, and sat down on a pile of merchandise.

After long thinking her case assumed a more hopeful complexion. Much might probably be done towards communicating with him in the time at her command. The obvious step to this end, which she should have thought of sooner, would be to go to his grandmother, in Welland Bottom, and there obtain his itinerary in detail, — no doubt well known to Mrs. Martin. There was no leisure for her to consider longer, if she would be home again that night; and, returning to the railway, she waited on a seat, without eating or drinking, till a train was ready to take her back.

By the time she again stood in Warborne the sun rested his chin upon the meadows, and enveloped the distant outline of the Rings-Hill column in his humid rays.

Hiring an empty fly that chanced to be at the station, she was driven through the little town onward to Welland, which she approached about eight o'clock. At her request, the man set her down at the entrance to the park; and when he was out of sight, instead of pursuing her way to the house, she went along the high road in the direction of Mrs. Martin's.

Dusk was drawing on, and the bats were wheeling over the green basin called Welland Bottom, by the time she arrived; and had any other errand instigated her call she would have postponed it till the morrow. Nobody responded to her knock, but she could hear footsteps going hither and thither up-stairs, and dull noises as of articles moved from their places. She knocked again and again, and ultimately the door was opened by Hannah, as usual.

"I could make nobody hear," said Lady Constantine, who was so weary she could scarcely stand.

"I am very, very sorry, my lady," said Hannah, slightly awed on beholding her visitor. "But we was a putting poor Mr. Swithin's rooms to rights, now that he is, as a woman may say, dead and buried to us; so we did n't hear

your ladyship. I'll call Mrs. Martin at once. She is up in the room that used to be his work-room."

Here Hannah's voice implied moist eyes, and Lady Constantine's instantly overflowed.

"No; I'll go up to her," said Viviette; and almost in advance of Hannah she passed up the shrunken ash stairs.

The ebbing light was not enough to reveal to Mrs. Martin's aged gaze the personality of her visitor till Hannah explained. "I'll get a light, my lady," said she.

"No, I would rather not. What are you doing, Mrs. Martin?"

"Well, the poor misguided boy is gone, and he's gone for good to me. I am a woman of over fourscore years, my Lady Constantine; my junketing days are over, and whether 't is feasting or whether 't is sorrowing in the land will soon be nothing to me. But his life may be long and active, and for the sake of him I care for what I shall never see, and wish to make pleasant what I shall never enjoy. I am setting his room in order, as the place will be his own freehold when I am gone; so that when he comes back he may find all his poor jim-cracks and trangleys as he left 'em, and not feel that I have betrayed his trust."

Old Mrs. Martin's voice revealed that she had burst into such few tears as were left her, and then Hannah began crying, likewise; whereupon Lady Constantine, whose heart had been bursting all day (and who, indeed, considering her looming trouble, had reason enough for tears), broke into bitterer sobs than either, — sobs of absolute pain that could no longer be concealed.

Hannah was the first to discover that Lady Constantine was weeping with them, and her feelings being probably the least intense among the three, she instantly controlled herself.

"Refrain yourself, my dear woman,"

she said hastily to Mrs. Martin. "Don't ye see how it disturbs my lady?" And turning to Viviette she whispered, "Her years be so great, your ladyship, that perhaps ye'll excuse her for bursting out afore ye? We know when the mind is dim, my lady, there's not the manners there should be; but decayed people can't help it, poor old soul!"

"Hannah, that will do now. Perhaps Lady Constantine would like to speak to me alone," said Mrs. Martin. And when Hannah had retreated Mrs. Martin continued, "Such a charge as she is, my lady, on account of her great age! You'll pardon her biding here as if she were one of the family. I put up with such things because of her long service, and we know that years lead to childishness."

"What are you doing? Can I help you?" Viviette asked, as Mrs. Martin, after speaking, turned to lift some large article.

"Oh, 't is only the rames of a telescope that's got no works in his inside," said Swithin's grandmother, seizing the huge pasteboard tube that Swithin had made and abandoned, because he could get no lenses to suit it. "I am going to hang it up to these hooks, and there it will bide till he comes again."

Lady Constantine took one end, and the tube was hung up against the white-washed wall by strings that the old women had tied round it. "Here's all his equinoctial lines, and his topics of Capricorn, and I don't know what besides," Mrs. Martin continued, pointing to some charcoal scratches upon the wall. "I shall never rub 'em out; no, though 't is such untidiness as I was never brought up to, I shall never rub 'em out."

"Where has Swithin gone to first?" asked Viviette anxiously. "Where does he say you are to write to him?"

"Nowhere yet, my lady. He's going traipsing all over Europe and America, and then to the South Pacific Ocean

about this Transit of Venus that's going to be done there. He is to write to us first, — God knows when! — for he said that if we did n't hear from him for six months we were not to be gallied at all."

At this intelligence, so much worse than she had expected, Lady Constantine stood mute, sank down, and would have fallen to the floor if there had not been a chair behind her. Controlling herself by a strenuous effort, she disguised her despair, and asked vacantly, "From America to the South Pacific — transit of Venus?" (Swithin's arrangement to accompany the expedition had been made at the last moment, and therefore she had not as yet been informed.)

"Yes, — to a lone island, I believe."

"Yes, — a lone islant, my lady," echoed Hannah, who had crept in and made herself one of the family again, in spite of Mrs. Martin.

"He is going to meet the English and American astronomers there at the end of the year. After that he will most likely go on to the Cape."

"But before the end of the year, what places did he tell you of visiting?"

"Let me collect myself. He is going to the observatory of Cambridge, United States, to meet some gentlemen there, and spy through the great refractor. Then there's the observatory of Chicago, and I think he has a letter to make him bekknown to a gentleman in the observatory at Marseilles; and he wants to go to Vienna; and Poulkowa, too, he means to take in his way, — there being learned instruments and a staff of astronomers at each place."

"Does he take Europe or America first?" she asked faintly, for the account seemed hopeless.

Mrs. Martin could not tell till she had heard from Swithin. It depended upon what he had been advised to do by his great-uncle's solicitor.

Lady Constantine bade the old people good-by, and dragged her weary

limbs homeward. The fatuousness of forethought had seldom been evinced more ironically. Had she done nothing to hinder him, he would have kept up an unreserved communication with her, and all might have been well.

For that night she could undertake nothing further, and she waited for the next day. Then at once she wrote two letters to Swithin, directing one to the Marseilles observatory, one to the observatory of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as being the only two spots on the face of the globe at which they were likely to intercept him. Each letter stated to him the urgent reasons which existed for his return, and contained a passionately regretful intimation that the annuity, on which his hopes depended, must of necessity be sacrificed by the completion of their original contract, without delay.

But letter conveyance was too slow a process to satisfy her. To send an epitome of her epistles by telegraph was, after all, indispensable. Such an imploring sentence as she desired to address to him it would be hazardous to dispatch from Warborne; and she took a dreary journey to Southampton, on purpose to send it from an office at which she was unknown.

Here she handed in her messages in duplicate, addressing them as she had addressed the letters, and again returned home.

With regard to Marseilles, she assumed that an answer might be expected in a day, if he had gone there. She waited two days, three days; and there being no return telegram from Marseilles, the inference was that he had gone to America. For an answer to her American telegram she ought to wait a week or ten days longer, to allow him time to get to Cambridge and receive it.

Then she considered the weakness, the stultifying nature, of her attempt at recall.

Events mocked her on all sides. By

the favor of an accident, and by her own immense exertions against her instincts, Swithin had been restored to the rightful heritage that he had nearly forfeited on her account. He had just started off to utilize it; when she, without a moment's warning, was asking him again to cast it away. She had set a certain machinery in motion, to stop it before it had revolved once.

A horrid apprehension possessed her. It had been easy for Swithin to give up what he had never known the advantages of keeping; but having once begun to enjoy his possession, would he give it up now? Could he be depended on for such self-sacrifice? Suppose there arrived no reply from him for the next three months, and that, when his answer came, he were to inform her that, having now fully acquiesced in her original decision, he found the life he was leading so profitable as to be unable to abandon it, even to please her; that he was very sorry, but, having embarked on this course by her advice, he meant to adhere to it by his own.

There was, indeed, every probability that, moving about as he was doing, and cautioned as he had been by her very self against listening to her too readily, she would receive no reply of any sort from him for three, or perhaps four, months. This would be on the eve of the transit, and what likelihood was there that a young man, full of ardor for that spectacle, would forego it at the last moment to return to a humdrum domesticity with a woman eight years his senior?

If she could only leave him to his career, and save her own situation also! But at that moment the proposition seemed as impossible as to construct a triangle of two straight lines.

In her walk home, pervaded by these hopeless views, she passed near the dark and deserted tower. Night in that solitary place, which would have caused her some uneasiness in her years

of blitheness, had no terrors for her now. She went up the winding path, and, the door being unlocked, felt her way to the top. The open sky greeted her as in times previous to the dome and equatorial period; but there was not a star to suggest to her in which direction Swithin had gone. The absence of the dome suggested a way out of her difficulties. A leap in the dark, and all would be over. But she had not reached that stage of action as yet, and the thought was dismissed as quickly as it had come.

The new consideration which at present occupied her mind was whether she could have the courage to leave Swithin to himself, as in the original plan, and singly meet her impending trial, despising the shame, till he should return, at five-and-twenty, and claim her. Yet was this assumption of his return so very safe? How altered things would be at that time! At twenty-five he would still be young and handsome; she would be three-and-thirty, faded, middle-aged, and homely. A fear sharp as a frost settled down upon her that in any such scheme as this she would be building upon the sand.

She hardly knew how she reached home that night. Entering by the lawn door, she saw a red coal in the direction of the arbor. Louis was smoking there, and he came forward.

He had not seen her since the morning, and was naturally anxious about her. She blessed the chance which enveloped her in night, and lessened the weight of the encounter one half by depriving him of vision.

"Did you accomplish your object?" he asked.

"No," said she.

"How was that?"

"He has sailed."

"A very good thing for both, I say. I believe you would have married him, if you could have overtaken him."

"That would I!" she said fervently.

"Good God! What! Would you marry anybody or anything?" asked Louis, aghast.

"I would marry a tinker, for that matter," she said recklessly. "Only I should prefer to drown myself."

Louis held his breath, and stood rigid, such was the force of the meaning her words conveyed.

"But, Louis, you don't know all!" cried poor Viviette. "I am not so bad as you think! Mine has been folly, not vice. I thought I had married him — and then I found I had not — the marriage was invalid — Sir Blount was alive. And now Swithin has gone away, and will not come back for my calling. How can he? His fortune is left him on condition that he forms no legal tie. Oh, will he, will he come again!"

"Never, if that's the position of affairs," said Louis firmly, after a pause.

"What then shall I do?" said Viviette.

Louis escaped the formidable difficulty of replying by pretending to continue his Havana; and she, bowed down to dust by what she had revealed, crept from him into the house. Louis's cigar went out in his hand, as he stood looking intently at the ground.

XXXIX.

Louis got up the next morning with an idea in his head. He had dressed for a journey, and breakfasted hastily.

Before he had started Viviette came down-stairs. Louis, who was now greatly disturbed about her, went up to his sister and took her hand.

"*Aux grands maux les grands remèdes*," he said gravely. "I have a plan."

"I have a dozen," said she.

"You have?"

"Yes. But what are they worth? And yet there must, there must be a way!"

"Viviette," said Louis, "promise that you will wait till I come home to-night, before you do anything."

Her distracted eyes showed but slight comprehension of his request, as she said, "Yes."

An hour after that time Louis entered the train at Warborne, and was speedily crossing a country of ragged woodland, which, although intruded on by the plow at places, remained largely intact from prehistoric times, and still abounded with yews of gigantic growth, and oaks tufted with mistletoe. It was the route to Melchester.

On setting foot in that city, he took the cathedral spire as his guide, the place being strange to him; and went on till he reached the archway dividing Melchester sacred from Melchester secular. Thence he threaded his course into the precincts of the damp and venerable Close, level as a bowling-green, and beloved of rooks, who from their elm perches on high threatened any unwary gazer with the mishap of Tobit. At the corner of this reposeful spot stood the episcopal palace.

Louis entered the gates, rang the bell, and looked around. Here the trees and rooks seemed older, if possible, than those in the Close behind him. Everything was dignified, and he felt himself like Punchinello in the king's chambers. Verily, in the present case Glanville was not a man to stick at trifles any more than his illustrious prototype; and, on the servant bringing a message that his lordship would see him at once, Louis marched boldly in.

Through an old dark corridor, roofed with old dark beams, the servant led the way to the heavily moulded door of the Bishop's room. Dr. Helmsdale was there, and welcomed Louis with considerable stateliness. But his condescension was tempered with a curious anxiety, and even with nervousness.

He asked in pointed tones after the

health of Lady Constantine; if Louis had brought an answer to the letter he had addressed to her a day or two earlier; and if the contents of the letter, or the previous one, were known to him.

"I have brought no answer from her," said Louis. "But the contents of your letter have been made known to me."

Since entering the building Louis had more than once felt some hesitation, and it might now, with a favoring manner from his entertainer, have operated to deter him from going further with his intention. But the Bishop had personal weaknesses that were fatal to sympathy for more than a moment.

"Then I may speak in confidence to you as her nearest relative," said his lordship, "and explain that I am now in a position with regard to Lady Constantine which in view of the important office I hold I should not have cared to place myself in, unless I had felt quite sure of not being refused by her. And hence it is a great grief and some mortification to me that I was refused; owing, of course, to the fact that I unwittingly risked making my proposal at the very moment when she was under the influence of those strange tidings, and hence not able to judge what was best for her."

The Bishop's words disclosed a mind whose sensitive fear of danger to its own dignity hindered it from criticism elsewhere. Things might have been worse for Louis's Puck-like idea of mismatching his Hermia with this Demetrius.

Throwing a strong flavor of earnestness into his mien, he replied, "Your lordship, Viviette is my only sister; I am her only brother and friend. I am alarmed for her health and state of mind. Hence I have come to consult you on this very matter that you have broached. I come absolutely without her knowledge, and I hope unconventionality may be excused in me on the score of my anxiety for her."

"Certainly. I trust that the prospect opened up by my proposal, combined with this other news, has not proved too much for her."

"My sister is distracted and distressed, Bishop Helmsdale. She wants comfort."

"Not distressed by my letter?" said the Bishop, turning red. "Has it lowered me in her estimation?"

"On the contrary, while your disinterested offer was uppermost in her mind she was a different woman. It is this other matter that oppresses her. The result upon her of the recent discovery with regard to the late Sir Blount Constantine is peculiar. To say that he ill used her in his life-time is to understate a truth. He has been dead now a considerable period; but this revival of his memory operates as a sort of terror upon her. Images of the manner of Sir Blount's death are with her night and day, intensified by a hideous picture of the supposed scene, which was cruelly sent her. She dreads being alone. Nothing will restore my poor Viviette to her former cheerfulness but a distraction, a hope, a new prospect."

"That is precisely what acceptance of my offer would afford."

"Precisely," said Louis, with great respect. "But how to get her to avail herself of it, after once refusing you, is the difficulty, and my earnest problem!"

"Then we are quite at one!"

"We are. And it is to promote our wishes that I am come, since she will do nothing of herself."

"Then you can give me no hope of a reply to my second communication?"

"None whatever, by letter," said Louis. "Her impression, plainly, is that she cannot encourage your lordship. Yet, in the face of all this reticence, the secret is that she loves you warmly."

"Can you indeed assure me of that? Indeed, — indeed!" said Bishop Helms-

dale musingly. "Then I must try to see her. I begin to feel — to feel strongly — that a course which would seem premature and unbecoming in other cases would be true and proper conduct in this. Her unhappy dilemmas, her unwonted position, yes, yes, I see it all! I can afford to have some little misconstruction put upon my motives. I will go and see her immediately. Her past has been a cruel one; she wants sympathy, and with Heaven's help I'll give it."

"I think the remedy lies that way," said Louis gently. "Some words came from her one night which seemed to show it. I was standing on the terrace: I heard somebody sigh in the dark, and found that it was she. I asked her what was the matter, and gently pressed her on this subject of boldly and promptly contracting a new marriage as a means of dispersing the horrors of the old. Her answer implied that she would have no objection to do it, and to do it at once, provided she could remain externally passive in the matter; that she would tacitly yield, in fact, to pressure, but would not meet solicitation half-way. Now, Bishop Helmsdale, you see what has prompted me. On the one hand is a dignitary of high position and integrity, to say no more, who is anxious to save her from the gloom of her situation; on the other is this sister, who will not make known to you her willingness to be saved, — partly from apathy, partly from a fear that she may be thought forward in responding favorably at so early a moment; partly, also, perhaps, from a modest sense that there would be some sacrifice on your part in allying yourself with a woman of her secluded and sad experience."

"Oh, there is no sacrifice! Quite otherwise. I care greatly for this alliance, Mr. Glanville. Your sister is very dear to me. Moreover, the advantages her mind would derive from the enlarged field of activity that the posi-

tion of a bishop's wife would afford are palpable. I am induced to think that an early settlement of the question, an immediate coming to the point, which might be called too early in the majority of cases, would be a right and considerate tenderness here. My only dread is lest she should think an immediate following up of the subject premature. And the risk of a rebuff a second time is one which, as you must perceive, it would be highly unbecoming in me to run."

"I think the risk would be small, if your lordship would approach her frankly. Write she will not, I am assured; and having her interest at heart, it was that which induced me to come to you, and make this candid statement in reply to your communication. Her late husband having been virtually dead these four or five years, believed dead two years, and actually dead nearly one, no reproach could attach to her if she were to contract another union to-morrow."

"I agree with you, Mr. Glanville," said the Bishop, warmly. "I will think this over. Her motive in not replying I can quite understand; your motive in coming I can also understand and appreciate in a brother. If I feel convinced that it would be a seemly and expedient thing, I will come to Welland to-morrow."

The point to which Louis had brought the Bishop being so satisfactory, he feared to endanger it by another word. The interview having ended as far as its object was concerned, he went away almost hurriedly, and at once left the precincts of the cathedral, lest another encounter with Bishop Helmsdale should lead the latter to take a new and slower view of his duties as Viviette's suitor.

He reached Welland by dinner-time, and came upon Viviette in the same pensive mood in which he had left her. It seemed that she had hardly moved since.

"Have you discovered Swithin St. Cleeve's address?" she said, without looking up at him.

"No," said Louis.

Then she broke out with indescribable anguish: "But you asked me to wait till this evening; and I have waited through the long day in the belief that your words meant something, and that you would bring good tidings! And now I find your words meant nothing, and you have *not* brought good tidings!"

Louis could not decide for a moment what to say to this. Should he venture to give her thoughts a new course by a revelation of his design? No: it would be better to prolong her despair yet another night, and spring relief upon her suddenly, that she might jump at it, and commit herself without an interval for reflection on certain aspects of the proceeding.

Nothing, accordingly, did he say, and, conjecturing that she would be hardly likely to take any desperate step that night, he left her to herself.

His anxiety at this crisis began to be great. Everything depended on the result of the Bishop's self-communion. Would he, or would he not, come the next day? Perhaps instead of his important presence there would appear a letter postponing the visit indefinitely; if so, all would be lost. The Bishop was as abjectly in love as only pompous people can be; and this thought gave him hope.

Louis's suspense kept him awake, and he was not alone in his sleeplessness. Through the night he heard his sister walking up and down, in a state which betokened that for every pang of grief she had disclosed twice as many had remained unspoken. He almost feared that she might seek to end her existence by violence, so unreasonably sudden were her moods; and he lay and longed for the day.

It was morning. She came down the same as usual, and asked if there had

arrived any telegram or letter ; but there was neither. Louis avoided her, knowing that nothing he could say just then would do her any good. No communication had reached him from the Bishop, and that looked well. By one ruse and another, as the day went on, he led her away from contemplating the remote possibility of hearing from Swithin, and led her to look at the worst contingency as her probable fate. It seemed as if she really made up her mind to this, for by the afternoon she was apathetic, like a woman who neither hoped nor feared.

And then a fly drove up to the door.

Louis, who had been standing in the hall the greater part of that day, glanced out through a private window, and went to Viviette. "The Bishop has called," he said. "Be ready to see him."

"The Bishop of Melchester?" said Viviette, bewildered.

"Yes. I asked him to come. He comes for an answer to his letters."

"An answer — to — his — letters?" she murmured.

"An immediate reply of yes or no."

Her face showed the workings of her mind. How entirely an answer of assent, at once acted on for better or for worse, would clear the spectre from her path, there needed no tongue to tell. It would, moreover, accomplish that end without involving the impoverishment of Swithin, the inevitable result if she had adopted the legitimate road out of her trouble. Hitherto there had seemed to her dismayed mind, unenlightened as to any course save one of honesty, no possible achievement of *both* her desires, — the saving of Swithin and the saving of herself. But behold, here was a way! A tempter had shown it to her. It involved a great wrong, which to her had quite obscured its feasibility. But she perceived now that it was indeed a way. Nature was forcing her hand at this game; and to what will not nature compel her weaker victims in extremes?

Louis left her to think it out. When

he reached the drawing-room Dr. Helmsdale was standing there, with the air of a man too good for his errand, — which was, indeed, not far from the truth.

"Have you broken my message to her?" asked the Bishop sonorously.

"Not your message; your visit," said Louis. "I leave the rest in your lordship's hands. I have done all I can for her."

Viviette was in her own small room to-day. Feeling that it must be a bold stroke or none, Louis led the Bishop across the hall till he reached the apartment, opened the door, and, instead of following, shut it behind him.

Then Glanville passed an anxious time. He walked from the foot of the staircase to the star of old swords and pikes on the wall; from these to the stags' horns; thence down the corridor as far as the door, where he could hear murmuring inside, but not its import. The longer they remained closeted, the more excited did he become. That she had not peremptorily negatived the proposal at the outset was a strong sign of its success. It showed that she had admitted argument; and the worthy Bishop had a pleader on his side whom he knew little of. The very weather seemed to favor Dr. Helmsdale in his suit. A blustering wind had blown up from the west, howling in the smokeless chimneys, and suggesting to the feminine mind storms at sea, a tossing ocean, and the hopeless inaccessibility of all astronomers and men on the other side of the same.

The Bishop had entered Viviette's room at ten minutes past three. The long hand of the hall clock lay level at forty-five minutes past when the knob of the door moved, and he came out. Louis met him where the passage joined the hall.

Dr. Helmsdale was decidedly in an emotional state, his face being slightly flushed. Louis looked his anxious inquiry without speaking it.

"She accepts me," said the Bishop in a low voice. "And the wedding is to be soon. Her long solitude and sufferings justify haste. What you said was true. Sheer weariness and distraction have driven her to me. She was quite passive at last, and agreed to anything I proposed, — such is the persuasive force of a trained mind! A good and wise woman, she perceived what a true shelter from sadness was offered, and was not the one to despise Heaven's gift."

XL.

The silence of Swithin was to be accounted for by the circumstance that neither to Marseilles nor to America had he, in the first place, directed his steps. Feeling himself absolutely free, he had, upon arriving at Southampton, decided to make straight for the Cape. His object was to leave his heavier luggage there, examine the capabilities of the spot for his purpose, find out the necessity or otherwise of shipping over his own equatorial, and then cross to America as soon as there was a good opportunity. Here he might inquire the movements of the transit expedition to the South Pacific, and join it at such a point as might be convenient.

Thus, though wrong in her premises, Viviette had intuitively decided with absolute precision. There was, as a matter of fact, no chance of her being able to communicate with him for several months, notwithstanding that he might possibly communicate with her.

This excursive time was an awakening for Swithin. To altered circumstances inevitably followed altered views. That such changes should have a marked effect upon a young man who had made neither grand tour nor petty one, — who had, in short, scarcely been away from home in his life, — was nothing more than natural. New ideas struggled to disclose themselves; and with the addition

of strange twinklers to his southern horizon came an absorbed attention that way, and a corresponding forgetfulness of what lay to the north, behind his back, whether human or celestial. Whoever may deplore it, few will wonder that Viviette, who till then had stood high in his heaven, if she had not dominated it, sank lower and lower, like the North Star. Master of a large advance of his first year's income in circular notes and other forms, he perhaps too readily forgot that the mere act of honor, but for her self-suppression, would have rendered him penniless.

Meanwhile, to come back and claim her at the specified time, four years thence, if she did not object to be claimed, was as much a part of his programme as were the exploits abroad and elsewhere that were to prelude it. The very thoroughness of his intention for that advanced date inclined him all the more to shelve the subject now. Her unhappy caution to him not to write too soon was a comfortable license in his present state of tensity about sublime scientific things, which knew not woman, nor her sacrifices, nor her fears. In truth, he was not only too young in years, but too literal, direct, and uncompromising in nature, to understand such a woman as Lady Constantine; and she suffered for that limitation in him, as was antecedently probable she would do.

He stayed but a little time at Cape Town, on this first, reconnoitring journey, and on that account wrote to no one from there. On leaving, he found there remained some weeks on his hands before he wished to cross to America, and feeling an irrepressible desire for further studies in navigation under clear skies, he took the steamer for Melbourne; returning thence in due time, and pursuing his journey to America, where he landed at Boston. Having at last had enough of great circles and other nautical reckonings, and taking no interest in men or cities, this indefati-

gable scrutineer of the universe went immediately to Cambridge; and there, by the help of an introduction he had brought from England, he reveled for a time in the glories of the gigantic refractor (which he was permitted to use on odd occasions), and in the pleasures of intercourse with the scientific group around. This brought him on to the time of starting with the transit expedition, when he and his kind became lost to the eye of civilization behind the horizon of the Pacific Ocean.

To speak of their doings on this pilgrimage, of ingress and egress, of tangent and parallax, of external and internal contact, would avail nothing. Is it not all written in the chronicles of the Astronomical Society? More to the point will it be to mention that poor Viviette's telegram and letter to Cambridge had been returned long before Swithin reached that place, while her missives to Marseilles were of course misdirected altogether. On arriving in America, uncertain of an address in that country to which he would return, Swithin wrote his first letter to his grandmother; and in this he directed that all communications should be sent to await him at Cape Town, as the only safe spot for finding him sooner or later. The equatorial he also directed to be forwarded to the same place. At this time, too, he ventured to break Viviette's commands, and address a letter to her, not knowing of the strange results that had followed his absence from home.

It was February. The transit was over; the scientific company had broken up; and Swithin had steamed towards the Cape, to take up his permanent abode there, with a view to his great task of surveying, charting, and theorizing on those exceptional features in the southern skies which had been but inadequately treated by the younger Herschel. Having entered Table Bay, and landed on the quay, he called at once at the post-office.

Two letters were handed him, and he found from the date that they had been waiting there for some time. One of these epistles, which had a weather-worn look as regarded the ink, and was in old-fashioned penmanship, he knew to be from his grandmother, and opened it before he had as much as glanced at the superscription of the second.

Besides immaterial portions, it contained the following:—

"J reckon you know by now of our main news this fall, but lest you should not have heard of it J send the exact thing snipped out of the newspaper. Nobody expected her to do it quite so soon; but it is said hereabout that my lord bishop and my lady had been drawing nigh to an understanding before the glum tidings of Sir Blount's a taking of his own life reached her; and the account of this wicked deed was so sore afflicting to her mind, and made her poor heart so timid and low, that in charity to her her few friends agreed on urging her to let the bishop go on paying his court as before, notwithstanding she had not been a widow-woman near so long as was thought. This, as it turned out, she was willing to do; and when my lord asked her she told him she would marry him at once or never. That 's as J was told, and J had it from those that know."

The cutting from the newspaper was an ordinary announcement of marriage between the Bishop of Melchester and Lady Constantine.

Swithin was so astounded at the intelligence of what for the nonce seemed Viviette's wanton fickleness, that he quite omitted to look at the second letter, and remembered nothing about it till an hour afterwards, when sitting in his room at the hotel.

It was in her handwriting, but so altered that its superscription had not arrested his eye. It had no beginning, or

date ; but its contents soon acquainted him with her motive for the precipitate act. The few concluding sentences are all that it will be necessary to quote here:—

There was no way out of it, even if I could have found you, without infringing one of the conditions I had previously laid down. The long desire of my heart has been not to impoverish you or mar your career. The new desire was to save myself and another. . . . I have done a desperate thing. Yet for myself I could do no better, and for you no less. I would have sacrificed my single self to honesty ; but I was not alone concerned. What woman has a right to blight a coming life to preserve her personal soul? . . . The one bright spot is that it saves you and your endowment from further catastrophes, and preserves you to the pleasant paths of scientific fame. I no longer lie like a log across your path, which is now as open as on the day before you saw me, and ere I encouraged you to win me. Alas, Swithin, I ought to have known better! The folly was great, and the suffering be upon my head! I have borne much, and am not unprepared. As for you, Swithin, by simply pressing straight on, your triumph is assured. Do not communicate with me in any way,—not even in answer to this. Do not think of me. Do not see me ever any more. Your unhappy

VIVIETTE.

Swithin's heart swelled within him in sudden pity for her, first; then he blanched with a horrified sense of what she had done, and at his own relation to the deed. He felt like an awakened somnambulist, who should find that he had been accessory to a tragedy during a period of unconsciousness. She had loosened the knot of her difficulties by cutting it unscrupulously through and through.

The big tidings rather dazed than crushed him, his predominant feeling being soon again one of keenest sorrow and sympathy. Yet one thing was obvious: he could do nothing,—absolutely nothing. The event which he now heard of for the first time had taken place five long months ago. He reflected, and regretted, and mechanically went on with his preparations for settling down to work under the shadow of Table Mountain. He was as one who suddenly finds the world a stranger place than he thought; but is excluded by age, temperament, and situation from being much more than an astonished spectator of its strangeness.

The Royal Observatory was about a mile out of the town, and hither he repaired as soon as he had established himself in lodgings. He had decided, on his first visit to the Cape, that it would be highly advantageous to him if he could supplement the occasional use of the large instruments here by the use at his own house of his own equatorial, and had accordingly given directions that it might be sent over from England. The precious possession now arrived; and although the sight of it—of the brasses on which her hand had often rested, of the eye-piece through which her dark eye had beamed—engendered some decidedly bitter regrets in him for a time, he could not long afford to give to the past the days that were meant for the future.

Unable to get a room convenient for a private observatory, he resolved at last to fix the instrument on a solid pillar in the garden; and several days were spent in accommodating it to its new position. In this latitude there was no necessity for economizing clear nights, as he had been obliged to do on the old tower at Welland. There it had happened more than once, to his sorrow, that, after he had waited idle through days and nights of cloudy weather, poor

Viviette would fix her time for meeting him at an hour when at last he had an opportunity of seeing the sky; so that in giving to her the golden moments of cloudlessness he was losing his chance with the orbs above. But here there was clear atmosphere enough for both science and love, had an object for the latter been present with him.

Those features which usually attract the eye of the visitor to a new latitude are the novel forms of human and vegetable life, and other such sublunary things. But our young man glanced slightly at these: the changes overhead had his attention. The old subject was imprinted there, but in a new type. Here was a heaven fixed and ancient as the northern; yet it had never appeared above the Welland hills since they were heaved up from beneath. Here was an unalterable circumpolar region; but the polar patterns, stereotyped in history and legend, without which it had almost seemed that a polar sky could not exist, had never been seen therein.

St. Cleeve, as was natural, began by cursory surveys, which were not likely to be of much utility to the world or to himself. He wasted several weeks — indeed, above two months — in a comparatively idle survey of southern novelties; in the mere luxury of looking at stellar objects whose wonders were known, recounted, and classified long before his own personality had been heard of. With a child's simple delight, he allowed his instrument to rove evening after evening from the gorgeous glitter of Canopus to the hazy clouds of Magellan. Before he had well finished this optical prelude there floated over to him from the other side of the equator the postscript to the epistle of his poor Viviette. It came in the vehicle of a common newspaper, under the head of "Births: " —

"April 10, 18—, at The Palace, Melchester, Lady Helmsdale, of a son."

XLI.

Three years passed away, and Swithin still remained at the Cape, quietly pursuing the work that had brought him there. His memoranda of observations had accumulated to a wheelbarrow load, and he was beginning to shape them into a work of scientific utility.

He had gauged the southern skies with greater results than even he himself had anticipated. Those unfamiliar constellations which, to the casual beholder, are at most a new arrangement of ordinary points of light were to this professed astronomer, as to his brethren, a far greater matter. It was below the surface that his material lay. There, in regions revealed only to the instrumental observer, were suns of hybrid kind, fire fogs, floating world pollen, globes that flew in groups, like swarms of bees, and other extraordinary sights, which, when decomposed by Swithin's equatorial, turned out to be the beginning of a new series of phenomena, instead of the end of an old one.

There were gloomy deserts in those southern skies, such as the north shows scarcely an example of; sites set apart for the position of suns, which for some unfathomable reason were left uncreated, their places remaining conspicuous by their emptiness.

The inspection of these chasms brought him a second pulsation of that old horror which he had used to describe to Viviette as produced in him by bottomlessness in the north heaven. The ghostly finger of limitless vacancy touched him now on the other side. Infinite deeps in the north stellar region had a homely familiarity about them when compared with infinite deeps in the region of the south pole. This was an even more unknown tract of the unknown; space here, being less the historic haunt of human thought than overhead at home, seemed pervaded with a more lonely loneliness.

Were there given on paper to these astronomical exertions of St. Cleeve a space proportionable to that occupied by his year with Viviette at Welland, this narrative would treble its length; but not a single additional glimpse would be afforded of Swithin in his relations with old emotions. In these experiments with convex glasses, important as they were to eye and intellect, there was little food for the sympathetic instincts which create the changes in a life, and therefore are more particularly the question here. That which is the foreground and measuring base of one perspective draught may be the vanishing-point of another perspective draught, while yet they are both draughts of the same thing. Swithin's doings and discoveries in the southern sidereal system were, no doubt, incidents of the highest importance to him; and yet, from our present point of view, they served but the humble purpose of *killing time*, while other doings, more nearly allied to his heart than to his understanding, developed themselves at home.

In the intervals between his professional occupations he took walks over the sand-flats near, or among the farms which were gradually overspreading the moors in the vicinity of Cape Town. He grew familiar with the outline of Table Mountain, and the fleecy "Devil's Table-Cloth" which used to settle on its top when the wind was southeast. On these promenades he would more particularly think of Viviette, and of that curious pathetic chapter in his life with her, which seemed to have wound itself up and ended forever. Those scenes were rapidly receding into distance, and the intensity of his sentiment regarding them had proportionately abated. He felt that there had been something wrong in that period of his existence, and yet he could not exactly define the boundary of the wrong. Viviette's sad and amazing sequel to that chapter had still a fearful, catastrophic aspect in his

eyes; but instead of musing over it and its bearings, he shunned the subject, as we shun by night the shady scene of a tragedy, and keep to the open road.

He sometimes contemplated her apart from the past, — leading her life in the cathedral Close at Melchester; and wondered how often she looked south and thought of where he was.

On one of these afternoon walks in the neighborhood of the Royal Observatory, he turned and looked towards the signal-post on the Lion's Rump. This was a high promontory to the northwest of Table Mountain, which overlooked Table Bay. Before his eyes had left the scene the signal was suddenly hoisted on the staff. This announced that a mail steamer had appeared in view over the sea. He retraced his steps, as he had often done on such occasions, and strolled leisurely across the intervening mile and a half, till he arrived at the post-office door.

There was no letter from England for him; but there was a newspaper, addressed in the seventeenth-century handwriting of his grandmother, who, in spite of her great age, still retained a steady hold on life. He turned away disappointed, and resumed his walk into the country, opening the paper as he went along.

A cross in black ink attracted his attention; and it was opposite a name among the deaths. His blood ran icily as he discerned the word "Helmsdale." But it was not she. Her husband, the Bishop of Melchester, had, after a short illness, departed this life at the comparatively early age of fifty years.

All the enactments of the bygone days at Welland now started up like an awakened army from the ground. Only a few months were wanting to the time when he would be of an age to marry without sacrificing the annuity which formed his means of subsistence. It was a point in his life that had had no meaning or interest for him since his

separation from Viviette, for women were now no more to him than the inhabitants of Jupiter. However, the whirligig of time having again set Viviette free, the aspect of home altered, and conjecture as to her future found room to work anew.

But beyond the simple fact that she was a widow, he for some time gained not an atom of intelligence concerning her. There was no one of whom he could inquire but his grandmother, and she could tell him nothing about a lady who dwelt far away at Melchester.

Several months slipped by thus ; and no feeling within him rose to sufficient strength to force him out of a passive attitude.

Then, by the merest chance, his granny stated, in one of her rambling epistles, that Lady Helmsdale was coming to live again at Welland, in the old house, with her child, now a little boy between three and four years of age.

Swithin, however, lived on as before.

By the following autumn a change became necessary for the young man himself. His work at the Cape was done. His uncle's wishes that he should study there had been more than observed. The materials for his great treatise were collected, and it now only remained for him to arrange, digest, and publish them, for which purpose a return to England was indispensable.

So the equatorial was unscrewed and the stand taken down ; the astronomer's barrow-load of precious memoranda, and rolls upon rolls of diagrams, representing three years of continuous labor, were safely packed ; and Swithin departed for good and all from the shores of Cape Town.

He had long before informed his grandmother of the date at which she might expect him, and in a reply from her, which reached him just previous to sailing, she casually mentioned that she frequently saw Lady Helmsdale ; that on the last occasion her ladyship had

shown great interest in the information that Swithin was coming home, and had inquired the time of his return.

On a late summer day Swithin stepped from the train at Warborne, and, directing his baggage to be sent on after him, set out on foot for old Welland once again.

It seemed but the day after his departure, so little had the scene changed. True, there was that change which is always the first to arrest attention in places that are conventionally called unchanging, — a higher and broader vegetation at every familiar corner than at the former time.

He had not gone a mile when he saw walking before him a clergyman, whose form, after consideration, he recognized, in spite of a novel whiteness in that part of his hair that showed below the brim of his hat. Swithin walked much faster than this gentleman, and soon was at his side.

"Mr. Torkingham — I knew it was !" said Swithin.

Mr. Torkingham was slower in recognizing the astronomer, but in a moment had greeted him with a warm shake of the hand.

"I have been to the station on purpose to meet you !" cried Mr. Torkingham ; "and was returning with the idea that you had not come. I am your grandmother's emissary. She could not come herself, and as she was anxious, and nobody else could be spared, I came for her."

Then they walked on together. The parson told Swithin all about his grandmother, the parish, and his endeavors to enlighten it ; and in due course said, "You are no doubt aware that Lady Helmsdale — the Lady Constantine of former days — is living again at Welland."

Swithin said he had heard as much, and added, what was perfectly true, that the news of the Bishop's death had been a great surprise to him.

"Yes," said Mr. Torkingham, with nine thoughts to one word; "one might have prophesied, to look at him, that Melchester would not lack a bishop for the next forty years. Yes; pale death knocks at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings with an impartial foot."

"Was he a — particularly good man?" asked Swithin.

"He was not a Ken, or a Heber. To speak candidly, he had his faults, of which arrogance was not the least. But who is perfect?"

Swithin, somehow, felt relieved to hear that the Bishop was not a perfect man.

"His poor wife, I fear, had not a great deal more happiness with him than with her first husband. But one might almost have foreseen it: the marriage was hasty, — the result of a red-hot caprice, hardly becoming to a man in his position; and it betokened a want of temperate discretion which soon showed itself in other ways. That's all there was to be said against him; and now it's all over, and things have settled again into their old course. But Lady Helmsdale is not Lady Constantine. No; put it as you will, she is not the same. There seems to be a nameless something on her mind, a trouble, a rooted melancholy, which no man's ministry can reach. Formerly she was a woman whose confidence it was easy to gain; but neither religion nor philosophy avails with her now. Beyond that, her life is strangely like what it was when you were with us."

Conversing thus they pursued the turnpike road, till their conversation was interrupted by a crying voice on their left. They looked, and perceived that a child, in getting over an adjoining stile, had fallen on his face.

Mr. Torkingham and Swithin both hastened up to help the sufferer, who was a lovely little fellow with flaxen hair, which spread out in a frill of curls

from beneath a quaint, close-fitting velvet cap that he wore. Swithin picked him up, while Mr. Torkingham wiped the sand from his lips and nose, and administered a few words of consolation, together with a few sweetmeats, which, somewhat to Swithin's surprise, the parson produced as if by magic from his pocket. One half the comfort rendered would have sufficed to soothe such a disposition as the child's; he ceased crying, and ran away in delight to his unconscious nurse, who was reaching up for blackberries at a hedge some way off.

"You know who he is, of course," said Mr. Torkingham, as they resumed their journey.

"No," said Swithin.

"Oh, I thought you did. Yet how should you? It is Lady Helmsdale's boy, her only child. His fond mother little thinks he is so far away from home."

"Dear me — Lady Helmsdale's — ah — how interesting!" Swithin paused abstractedly for a moment; then stepped back again to the stile, where he stood watching the little boy out of sight.

"I can never venture out-of-doors now without sweets in my pocket," continued the good-natured vicar; "and the result is that I meet that young man more frequently than any other of my parishioners."

St. Cleeve was silent, and they turned into Welland Lane, where their paths presently diverged, and Swithin was left to pursue his way alone. He might have accompanied the vicar yet further, and gone straight to Welland House; but it would have been difficult to do so then without provoking inquiry. It was easy to go there now: by a cross-path he could be at the mansion almost as soon as by the direct road. And yet Swithin did not turn; he felt an indescribable reluctance to see Viviette. He could not exactly say why. Moreover, before he knew how the land lay, it

might be awkward to attempt to call ; and this was a sufficient excuse for postponement.

In this mood he went on, following the direct way to his grandmother's homestead. He reached the garden gate, and, looking into the bosky basin in which the old house stood, saw a graceful female form moving before the porch, bidding adieu to some one within the door.

He wondered what creature of that mould his grandmother could know, and went forward with some hesitation. At his approach the apparition turned, and he beheld, developed into blushing womanhood, one who had once been known to him as the village maiden, Tabitha Lark. Seeing Swithin, and apparently from an instinct that her presence would not be desirable just then, she moved quickly round into the garden.

The returned astronomer entered the house, where he found awaiting him poor old Mrs. Martin, to whose earthly course death stood rather as the asymptote than as the end. She was perceptibly smaller in form than when he had left her, and she could see less distinctly. A rather affecting greeting followed, in which his grandmother murmured the words of Israel : " Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

The form of Hannah had disappeared from the kitchen, that ancient servant having been gathered to her fathers about six months before, her place being filled by a young girl, who knew not Joseph.

They presently chatted with much cheerfulness, and his grandmother said, " Have you heard what a wonderful young woman Miss Lark has become ? — a mere fleet-footed, slithering maid when you were last home."

St. Cleeve had not heard, but he had partly seen, and he was informed that Tabitha had left Welland shortly after his own departure, and had studied mu-

sic with great success in London, where she had resided ever since till quite recently ; that she played at concerts, at oratorios ; that she had, in short, joined the phalanx of wonderful women who have sternly resolved to eclipse masculine genius altogether, and humiliate the brutal sex to the dust.

" She is only in the garden," added his grandmother. " Why don't ye go out and speak to her ?"

Swithin was nothing loath, and strolled out under the apple-trees, where he arrived just in time to prevent Miss Lark from going off by the back gate. There was not much difficulty in breaking ice between them, and they began to chat with vivacity.

Now all these proceedings occupied time, for somehow it was very charming to talk to Miss Lark ; and by degrees St. Cleeve told Tabitha of his great undertaking, and of the voluminous notes he had amassed, which would require so much rearrangement and recopying by an amanuensis as to absolutely appal him. He greatly feared he should not get one careful enough for such scientific matter, — whereupon Tabitha said she would be delighted to do it for him. Then, blushing, and declaring suddenly that it had grown quite late, she left him and the garden for her relation's house, hard by.

Swithin, no less than Tabitha, had been surprised by the disappearance of the sun behind the hill ; and the question now arose whether it would be advisable to call upon Viviette that night. There was little doubt that she knew of his coming, but more than that he could not predicate ; and being entirely ignorant of whom she had around her, entirely in the dark as to her present feelings towards him, he thought it would be better to defer his visit until the next day.

Walking round to the front of the house, he beheld the well-known agriculturists, Hezzy Biles, Haymoss Fry,

and some others of the same old school, passing the garden gate homeward from their work, with bundles of wood upon their backs. Swithin saluted them over the top-rail.

"Well! do my eyes and ears" — began Hezzy; and then, with a smile almost as wide as the gate, and balancing his fagot on end against the hedge, he came forward, the others following.

"Says I to myself, as soon as I heerd his voice," Hezzy continued (addressing Swithin as if he were a disinterested spectator, and not himself), "Please God I'll pitch my nitch, and go across and speak to en."

"I knowed in a winking 't was some great navigator that I see a standing there," said Haymoss. "But whe'r 't were a sort of nabob, or a diment-digger, or a lion-hunter, I could n't so much as guess till I heerd en spak."

"And what changes have come over Welland since I was last at home?" asked Swithin.

"Well, Mr. San Cleeve," Hezzy replied, "when you've said that a few stripling boys and maidens have busted into blooth, and a few married women have plimmed and chimped (my lady among 'em), why, you've said anighst all, Mr. San Cleeve."

The conversation thus begun was continued on divers matters, till they were all enveloped in total darkness, when his old acquaintance shouldered their fagots again and proceeded on their way.

Now that he was actually within her coasts again, Swithin felt a little more strongly the influence of the past and Viviette than he had been accustomed to do for the last two or three years. During the night he felt half sorry that he had not marched off to the great house to see her, regardless of the time of day. If she really nourished for him any particle of her old affection, it had been the cruelest thing not to call. A few questions that he had put concern-

ing her to his grandmother elicited that Lady Helmsdale had no friends about her, not even her brother, and that her health had not been so good since her return from Melchester as formerly. Still, this proved nothing as to the state of her heart; and as she had kept a dead silence since the Bishop's death, it was quite possible that she would meet him with that cold, repressive tone and manner which experienced women know so well how to put on when they wish to intimate to the long-lost lover that old episodes are to be taken as forgotten.

The next morning he prepared to call, if only on the ground of old acquaintance; for Swithin was too straightforward to do anything indirectly. It was rather too early for this purpose when he went out from his grandmother's garden gate, after breakfast, and he waited in the garden. While he lingered his eye fell on the Rings-Hill Speer. It appeared dark, for a moment, against the blue sky behind it; then the fleeting cloud which shadowed it passed on, and the face of the column brightened into such luminousness that the sky behind sank to the complexion of a dark foil.

"Surely somebody is on the column," he said to himself, after gazing at it a while.

Instead of going straight to the great house, he deviated through the insulating field, now sown to turnips, which surrounded the plantation on Rings Hill. By the time that he plunged under the trees he was still more certain that somebody was on the tower. He crept up to the base with proprietary curiosity, for the spot seemed again like his own.

The path still remained much as formerly, but the nook in which the cabin had stood was covered with undergrowth. Swithin entered the door of the tower, ascended the staircase about half-way on tip-toe, and listened, for he did not wish to intrude on the top if any stranger were there. The hollow spiral, as he

knew from old experience, would bring down to his ears the slightest sound from above; and it now revealed to him the words of a dialogue in progress at the summit of the tower.

"Mother, what shall I do?" a child's voice said. "Shall I sing?"

The mother seemed to assent, for the child began:—

"The robin has fled from the wood
To the snug habitation of man."

This performance apparently attracted but little attention from the child's companion, for the young voice suggested, as a new form of entertainment, "Shall I say my prayers?"

"Yes," replied one whom Swithin had begun to recognize.

"Who shall I pray for?"

No answer.

"Who shall I pray for?"

"Pray for father."

"But he is gone to heaven."

A sigh from Viviette was distinctly audible.

"You made a mistake, did n't you?" continued the little one.

"I must have,—the strangest mistake a woman ever made!"

Nothing more was said, and Swithin ascended, words from above indicating to him that his footsteps were heard. In another half minute he rose through the hatchway. A lady in black was sitting in the sun, and the boy with the golden hair, whom he had seen yesterday, was at her feet.

"Viviette!" he said.

"Swithin!—at last!" she cried.

The words died upon her lips, and from very faintness she bent her head. For instead of rushing forward to her he had stood still; and there appeared upon his face a look which there was no mistaking.

Yes; he was shocked at her worn and faded aspect. The image which he had mentally carried out with him to the Cape he had brought home again as that of the woman he was now to rejoin.

But another woman sat before him, and not the original Viviette. Her cheeks had lost forever that firm contour which had been drawn by the vigorous hand of youth, and the masses of hair that were once darkness visible had become touched here and there by a faint gray haze, like the *Via Lactea* in a midnight sky.

Yet to those who had eyes to understand, as well as to see, the chastened sweetness of her once handsome features revealed more promising material beneath than ever her youth had done. But Swithin was hopelessly her junior. Unhappily for her, he had now just arrived at an age whose canon of faith it is that the silly period of woman's life is her only period of beauty. Viviette saw it all, and knew that time had at last brought about his revenge. She had tremblingly watched and waited, without sleep, ever since Swithin had reëntered Welland; and it was for this.

Swithin came forward, and took her by the hand, which she passively allowed him to do.

"Swithin, you don't love me," she said, simply.

"Oh, Viviette!"

"You don't love me," she repeated.

"Don't say it!"

"Yes, but I will! You have a right not to love me. You did once. But now I am an old woman, and you are still a young man; so how can you love me? I do not expect it. It is kind and charitable of you to come and see me here."

"I have come all the way from the Cape," he faltered; for her insistence took all power out of him to deny, in mere politeness, what she said.

"Yes, you have come from the Cape; but not for me," she answered. "It would be absurd if you had come for me. You have come because your work there is finished. . . . I like to sit here with my little boy; it is a pleasant spot. It was once something to us, was

it not? But that was long ago. You scarcely knew me for the same woman, did you?"

"Knew you? Yes, of course I knew you!"

"You looked as if you did not. But you must not be surprised at me. I belong to an earlier generation than you, remember."

Thus, in sheer bitterness of spirit did she inflict wounds on herself by exaggerating the difference in their years. But she had, nevertheless, spoken truly. Sympathize with her as he might, and as he unquestionably did, he loved her no longer. But why had she expected otherwise? O woman, might a prophet have said to her, great is thy faith if thou believest a junior lover's love will last five years!

"I shall be glad to know through your grandmother how you are getting on," she said weakly. "But now — I would much rather that we part. Yes; do not question me. I would rather that we part. Good-by!"

Hardly knowing what he did, he touched her hand, and obeyed. He was a scientist, and took words literally. There is something in the inexorably simple logic of such men which partakes of the cruelty of the natural laws that are their study. He entered the tower and mechanically descended the steps; and it was not till he got half-way down that he thought she could not mean what she had said.

Before leaving Cape Town he had made up his mind on this one point: that if she were willing to marry him, marry her he would, without let or hindrance. That much he morally owed her, and he was not the man to demur. And though the Swithin who had returned was not quite the Swithin who had gone away, though he could not now love her with the sort of love he had once bestowed, he believed that all her conduct had been dictated by the purest

benevolence to him; by that charity which "seeketh not her own." Hence he did not flinch from a wish to deal with loving kindness towards her, — a sentiment, perhaps, in the long run, more to be prized than lover's love.

Her manner had caught him unawares; but now, recovering himself, he turned back determinedly. Bursting out upon the roof, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her several times.

"Viviette, Viviette," he said, "I have come to marry you!"

She uttered a shriek, — a shriek of amazed joy, — such as never was heard on that tower before or since, and fell in his arms, clasping his neck.

There she lay heavily. Not to disturb her he sat down in her seat, still holding her fast. The little boy, who had stood with round conjectural eyes throughout the meeting, now came close; and presently, looking up to Swithin, said, "Mother has gone to sleep."

Swithin looked down, and started. Her tight clasp had loosened. A wave of whiteness, like that of marble which has never seen the sun, crept up from her neck, and traveled upwards and onwards over her cheek, lips, eyelids, forehead, temples; its margin banishing back the live pink till the latter had entirely disappeared.

The little boy began to cry; but in his concentration Swithin hardly heard it. "Viviette, Viviette!" he said.

The child cried with still deeper grief, and pushed his hand into Swithin's for protection. "Hush, hush, my child!" said Swithin distractedly. "I'll take care of you. Oh, Viviette!" he exclaimed again, pressing her face to his. But she did not reply. "What can this be?" he asked himself. He would not then answer according to his fear.

But he had to do so soon. Sudden joy after despair had touched an overstrained heart too smartly. Viviette was dead. The Bishop was avenged.

Thomas Hardy.

ART AND WEALTH.

A FRIEND who had been abroad came in to talk about Europe. The conversation fell on art, the masterpieces whereof we had both seen. My friend was something of a traveler, but unlike many, if not most, travelers, he was a man of much reading and of independent thought. It had been my fortune, in New York, to inspect, with the architect, a sumptuous house, then almost finished, costly to a degree unexampled, except in the case of some princely foreign palace which generations of men rich with inherited wealth had adorned with works of painting, sculpture, and rare examples of human skill in ivory, precious metals, and glass. My friend listened attentively to the account of inlaid woods, mosaics, marbles, bronzes, statuary, tapestries, frescoes, gilded ceilings and cornices, paintings by the most famous of modern artists, ornaments in terra cotta made by imported workmen; and when the tale was ended expressed satisfaction that the time had come for America to show what she could do in the way of solid splendor. For wealth, he contended, is the precursor of fine art. The natural precedes the spiritual, was his fundamental principle; and as inevitably the spiritual succeeds the natural. A fixed condition of prosperity being secured, — a condition of material prosperity resting on permanent foundations, or such as seem permanent, — the higher culture will be sure to come. Wealth in America is becoming firm, settled, established. In another generation art will flourish. Genius of the æsthetic order will be encouraged; genius of the poetic, artistic, creative order will spring from that; and in due season no workmen in stone, canvas, wood, clay, need be imported. Every want will be met at home; a new school of art will arise, characteristic, fresh, original, a genuine

product of the Western world, the demand creating a supply as ample as itself. So it must be, he went on to say; for wealth makes the market, without which no industry whatever can subsist. Wealth gives the opportunity, provides the motive, furnishes the attraction, directs mental force to certain ends, stimulates talent, brings floating genius to a useful point, determines method and form, and prescribes to achievement its bent.

So, he maintained, it always has been. There has been no great art in ages of poverty; no age of wealth has been without it. The supreme accomplishments of the artist have glorified prosperous times. Witness the period of Pericles, which was the culminating point of Athenian opulence. The energy of the ruler, conspiring with the popular feeling of abundance, raised the Parthenon, and erected those works the loveliness and grandeur of which astonish the world. A generation afterwards the fire of genius died away, and creative talent disappeared in the agony of the Peloponnesian war, draining the treasury and diverting the mind of the people. No triumphant Athens, no Phidias; no Phidias, no statues of ivory and gold, no stately columns, no sculptured friezes, no rhythmical symmetry of line. The glory of that moment will never be forgotten, but the moment passed, never to return. There was but one Pericles, one Phidias, one Parthenon. The flower of Athenian fortune bloomed and faded, and along with it the beauty of art glowed and went out. Thenceforward Greece had no marvel of genius to show.

Turn to Italy. What did not the painters of the Umbrian school, at Florence, owe to the princely family of the Medici? What did not Buonarrotti and Raphael, to say nothing of lesser men,

owe to Julius II. and the line of Medicean Popes? What would Venetian art have been without the Doges and the magnificence of the merchant kings in that marvelous city of the sea? Milan called Leonardo da Vinci; Genoa called Vandyck; Siena had its school; Pisa was a centre of attraction; Perugia drew aspirants for fame. There was not a city of that once opulent peninsula which did not have its group of painters, sculptors, cunning artificers in mosaic and bronze. The workmen sought the work; the work called into existence the workmen. There was a cathedral to be built, and architects were at hand to furnish plans. There was a palace to be decorated, and designers thronged to the spot. There was a mausoleum to be erected, and the brains of sculptors teemed with suggestions. The mysteries of drawing and color were explored and fathomed. The secrets of anatomy were brought to the light. The tools of the graver learned new tricks. Combinations of material, — stone, wood, metal, — never before imagined, were invented. Quarries were opened; factories were built; studios were arranged. A rich church, unchallenged, with inexhaustible supplies of money from nobles and people, offered permanent premiums for the highest excellence in the ornamental arts. A fixed social order, resting on tradition and maintained by force, standing in no fear of overthrow, and having no elements of anarchy within itself, justified any amount of expenditure on private elegance, or luxury, or vice, as the case might be, and the purveyors for either were at hand. Read the history of Velasquez at the court of Philip IV.; of Holbein at the court of Henry VIII.; of Sir Peter Lely, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The story is the same everywhere, and always it is a tale of patronage on the one side, of ambition on the other.

There is a notion that art flourishes only in certain climates, in certain coun-

tries, — in Greece, for example, or Italy, or Spain, — in Southern Europe, under sunny skies; that to such regions a genius for art is native; the position of an artist is a position of honor, and the artist's profession one of dignity, not to say popularity. This is a mistake, a superstition, a foolish fancy. Artists are born in all climates, in all lands, under all skies. Theirs is a calling, like any other, requiring stimulus and patronage, — the stimulus of gain, the patronage of the opulent. They multiply according to the demand for their services. As fortune decreed, the wealth centred in Greece, Italy, Spain, and thither the painters, sculptors, architects, all went, for there they found welcome and occupation. In our day wealth is scattered, divided, precarious. Over a large part of the earth poverty is the rule. In Greece the trading spirit has supplanted the political. Glory departed from Italy along with splendor and imperialism. Spain has fallen. Skepticism has taken the place of faith throughout Europe. The great powers in church and state stand on the defensive against an insurgent people. England is the one rich country; the artists go thither for employment, and find it, as once they found it in Venice, Florence, Rome, — the radiant lands of the South. So long as London holds the purse-strings, matters will continue as they now are. When the sceptre passes from England to the New World, art will take leave of her shores. The old experience will be repeated elsewhere; the ancient glory will be revived under new auspices, and works as beautiful as ever saw the day will delight the gaze of men.

For all art, my friend argued, was decorative. Its inspiration was earthly glory. Its office was to adorn the palaces of the great, the churches of the lofty, the mansions of the princely. The portraits are likenesses of grandes, who could afford to hang on their walls canvases by Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto,

Guido, Velasquez. The saints, madonnas, nativities, crucifixions, were painted by order of proud ecclesiastics who wanted to decorate a shrine, chapel, or altar; perhaps were the gift of some devotee who had no other use for superfluous gold. The subject was conventional where it was not assigned. The artist took the intellectual materials which lay about him, and worked them up according to his skill or the desire of his employer, aiming always to excel some rival aspirant for fame or fortune. The pictures look calmly down on the beholder in saloon or gallery, but who knows how the heart of the artist was tormented with envy, jealousy, rage, or spite as he stood before his easel? Read the story of Michael Angelo, of Cellini, of Andrea del Sarto, of Leonardo da Vinci, and see how human these men of genius were; how the spirit of competition animated their breasts; how hard they worked, not to embody their ideal so much as to please their patrons, who simply wished to be flattered or entertained, to boast of finer houses than their neighbors had, to celebrate the exploits of their ancestors or exalt their personal renown. Follow the pictures themselves to their origin, and see how mean in motive, how sordid in purpose, how vain in intention, they were. The theme may be seraphic, but far from seraphic was the temper of workman or employer: the one thinking of his rival, the other of his ducats. Visit the immense palaces of the Corsini, the Borghese, the Doria, and a thousand others in Italy, and you cannot fail to comprehend the necessity for decoration to enliven the enormous stretches of wall, and make the vast chambers habitable. Such buildings would be desolations, without the glowing attractions of art. When to all this expanse of room is added corresponding wealth of gold and power, there can be no marvel that the chief artists of the age vied with one another in their efforts to make beautiful

what in its nakedness was so ugly. And while religion set a high standard of excellence in regard to themes for the pencil, while costume and rich furniture surrounded the artist with a luxurious atmosphere, it cannot be surprising that the great pictures should be what they are,—wonders of glory in line and color; we cannot marvel that such times should eclipse all that preceded or came after them; that the culmination of artistic genius should seem to have come then and there. It is a natural delusion that Italy was the chosen spot of earth for the painter. But genius departed from it with power and opulence, and for many a generation nothing deserving the name of art has been produced; a circumstance which helps the delusion by presenting a stronger contrast between present and past, confining the creative spirit within narrow limits, and making smaller the area of its operation. The decadence of Italy; the departure of wealth to other lands; the decline of the papal authority; the decay of Florentine grandeur; the diminution of cities like Siena, Perugia, Orvieto; the substitution of a money-making for a money-spending spirit, are facts of such gradual and general import that they are unobserved, while the sudden cessation of creative genius in art is startling, like the gaunt apparition of the higher rocks during a slowly sinking tide, which still covers the lower reefs. This fine talent is the first to feel a change in the flood of prosperity; is soonest abandoned by the reflux wave. It is the glory of successful periods. Poor, struggling, preoccupied men cannot afford to indulge in its productions. Its energy ceases when the springs of opulence dry up, as they did in Greece and Italy. And since their splendid day wealth has been nowhere concentrated enough to revive it, save, perhaps, in England; while even in England there is more stir, unrest, ferment of ideas, agitation of feeling, shifting of parties

and powers, than is agreeable to artists. The great privilege of a fresh revival is reserved for America, which already possesses foreign masterpieces, and will in due time have schools of its own. For, in America, wealth increases with measureless rapidity. The period of convulsion is over, and seclusion from the agitations of English and European politics is pledge of the permanency of a national state. Greece and Italy had the past; England and France have the present; but America will have the future, as we shall see by and by.

Thus my friend ran on, ingeniously bringing forward such considerations as supported his theory; believing cordially that no others existed, and for the moment persuading me that the doctrine was sound. It was not until he went away, and left me to my quiet reflections, that the weakness of it appeared. When the effect of his brilliant talk had passed off, other thoughts arose, like the following.

In the first place, the existence of genius as distinct from talent is not, on the foregoing theory, sufficiently accounted for. Genius implies a creative impulse, which is not found in mere ability to work successfully. It is impelled to this or that kind of activity whether circumstances favor or discourage. Considerations of private advantage, in the shape of money, ease, popularity, never suggest themselves. In fact, the presence of such is always regarded as detracting from the genius, as in the sad case of Andrea del Sarto. Genius resents the overtures of fortune; in the well-known example of Michael Angelo it flung them off in disdain. It will have its own way, follow its own leadings, observe its own seasons and methods, be rich or poor as events may decide; in all emergencies it must be true to itself. No analysis of material conditions has yet succeeded in explaining it, as no chemistry has accounted for the flavor of the Johannisberg grape.

It is willful, capricious, passionate. It has a light that comes from no visible skies, and a fragrance that is not native to any soil. It will not be commanded; it cannot command itself, but obeys the prompting of some hidden spirit, whose law has not been traced. It is found in lands the most unpromising, in climates to all appearance the most unpropitious: in lands like Holland, England, Russia, in climates like those of Northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden. It comes and goes unexpectedly, without warning; wealth may use it if it can; power may seize on it: but it is the creature of neither wealth nor power.

Wealth, surely, will not account for Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Angelico da Fiesole, Andrea del Sarto, Cimabue, Orcagna, Correggio, Giotto, or artists of an inferior order to any of these. What had opulence to do with the creation of men like Memling, Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, or the less known masters of Dutch or Flemish art? Was patronage conspicuous in calling into existence Wilkie, Hogarth, Turner, Stanfield, Gainsborough, to name no others whom their genius impelled to pursue in England the career of painting? Nay, to come to our own country, what part did money perform in raising from nothing Allston, Peale, Read, Doughty, Stuart? Wealth may have supplied opportunity; it did not give original bent of mind. Had these men not existed, gold would never have summoned them into being. In due time they appeared, without consulting the social or financial situation, without asking permission of duke, king, pope, millionaire, or inquiring what particular work was laid out for them. In fact, the relation of some of these men to wealth was just the reverse of what the theory we are considering demands. They were creators of it, laid it under contribution, fought their way to it, wrung from it an acknowledgment of their greatness, drew it within the circle

of their fascination. They struggled into prosperity as a cedar pushes its way through some crevice in a rock towards air and light, afterwards to be wooed by the elements and become an object of admiration to many idlers or students. Their genesis it would be useless to search into. Their career is often hidden from the view of men. Their beginnings are obscure, sometimes, in proportion as their endings are glorious, while the beauty of their lines is frequently concealed from all but spiritual eyes, which, behind the surface beauty, can discover the revelation of an eternal loveliness.

Quite inconsistent with the notion that art is a child of opulence is the fact that poverty is so often its parent and nurse. It is related of Rivera, the Spanish artist, that, being in Rome, "steeped in poverty to the very lips," but happy in his industry, his talent at copying frescoes from the street walls attracted the regard of a cardinal, who took him home, provided him with comforts, and furnished him with models for his pencil. But the artist, loving his poverty better, made his escape into the streets, that he might pursue his art in his own way. The cardinal, meeting him again, persuaded him to return once more to his palace, upbraiding him for his vagabond disposition. Rivera soon relapsed a second time, saying that if he were to become an artist he must return to his rags and crusts. This pleased the cardinal and delighted the colony of artists, who nicknamed him *Il Spagnoletto*.

Apart from the intervention of the cardinal, the story of Rivera is applicable to many of the fraternity. They grew in the shadow. Their days of high dreaming, purposing, aspiring, were the days of their penury, when frost and darkness thrust them back on themselves, made them blow with painful breath on the embers that smouldered in their bosoms, and fortify their talent

with faith and courage, drawn from the depths of their souls. In the mountain tops, amid ice and cloud, their flashing waters had their source. The life of Claude Lorraine began in poverty. Mantegna was always in debt. Filippo Lippi was an orphan; Murillo was destitute; Masaccio was poor; so were Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino, Nicolas Poussin, Thorwaldsen. Velasquez began in humblest condition. As far as we know, the greatest artists were not rich at first. Though their latest works may have been their best, the genius which made them possible arrived at consciousness before prosperity came. This was the case with Michael Angelo. So it was with Raphael, whom Julius II. employed, but did not inspire. In all the noblest instances, the years of toil were the great ones, — not the years of fame; and the period of toil was that of want.

We must notice in this connection the influence which Italy exerted on the unfolding of genius. It was the native soil of the artistic soul, the casual touch whereof awoke the passion for beauty in natures comparatively cold. The power of that charming land has been felt by multitudes, who merely touched it in passing. There the great masters live in their works. Even people without talent are tempted, in Florence and Rome, to spoil canvas; where real talent exists it is easily fanned into flame. The country is poor. Wealth has gone to distant climes. But a creative mind animates the dust, and draws the devotees of art away from regions of opulence. The history of painting discloses the fact that, while genius neglects no portion of the earth, it has its favored spots, its vital centres. The regenerating force of Greece and Italy is active, in spite of ruin and devastation. Greece is immortal in sculpture, and Italy in painting; and both must be studied, though neither may be imitated. All we learn about Greece increases our wonder;

and the remains of art in Italy excite our admiration at the sudden achievement of two or three centuries. Where would art have been but for those two lands? The light that streams from them still irradiates the world. Modern art turns its eye thitherward from London, Paris, Berlin, New York. Gibson lived in Italy; so did Overbeck, and Greenough, and Powers, and Crawford. Vandyck spent years there. Vernet lived in Rome seven years. Sir Joshua Reynolds studied with zeal the masterpieces of the Peninsula. West went thither for inspiration. Allston was at home in Rome. Need we mention Flaxman, or write the names of the innumerable company of men all but unknown, who owed what incitement they had to the stimulus of that wonderful country? Nature favored other regions with delicious climates, enchanting scenery, the materials for sensuous joy; but genius consecrated Italy. Great writers, like Milton, Goethe, Heine, felt the glow, and confessed the revelation. Every soul acknowledged the presence of the spiritual contagion, and where no soul was present to be touched, but dry bones only, the dry bones lived. The result may not always have been admirable, but there it was, the more surprising since the material upon which it was exerted was so unpromising. We may concede that residence in Italy, or familiarity with the art of those lands and ages which genius has made sacred, has not in all cases been favorable to modern talent, without in the least qualifying our admiration of the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, of Titian or Bellini. Their greatness remains unquestioned; nay, the more unquestionable, by the side of the futile efforts to imitate them. The necessity of resorting to them attests their superiority the more emphatically when resort to them is unfruitful. The failure of the pretender shows the power of the lawful king.

Nor should it be forgotten, when we

are discussing the relations of riches to art, that in the great epochs of which we are speaking riches were associated with elegance of taste and extraordinary fullness of acquisition. The patrons of Raphael, Titian, Buonarrotti, were remarkable men. The Medici, Julius II., Leo X., the Venetian Doges, nobles, merchant princes, the dukes of Milan and Mantua, were eminent as friends of learning, devotees of science, promoters of every lofty scheme in the æsthetic world. Intellectually they were as distinguished as the men they encouraged. All accomplishments felt the magic power of their smile. However unscrupulous of character they may have been, however imperious, overbearing, cruel, lascivious, their mental endowments were splendid, and made, not their own age only, but many ages, illustrious. Of such men, wealth, rank, dominion, were the least prevailing characteristics. The opportunity they afforded to genius was intelligent and sympathetic. They did not merely open a door; they opened space. They bade welcome to the best the earth had to offer. They met artists half-way, and even suggested the path they might follow, stimulating their higher faculties as well as furthering their material welfare. The names of Pericles and Lorenzo the Magnificent awaken thoughts respecting the union of power with intellect which reach far into the interior of our subject, and explain in some degree the possible influence of opulence on art. Such princes have not yet appeared in the New World.

On the whole, the connection between art and wealth does not appear to be intimate. From that association alone little or nothing can be hoped for in the near or distant future. It is not certain that an increase of prosperity will be attended by a fresh growth of the sentiment of beauty; and unless it should be, the prospects of art must be dim indeed. Before we can predict the rise

in America of a fresh, to say nothing of an original, school, either of plastic, pictorial, musical, or architectural art, — before, that is to say, we can prophesy a brilliant future in America for any form of poetic expression, we must meditate seriously on several points.

The characteristic feature of American society is homogeneousness. To this it more and more tends, or ought to tend, in order to justify the democratic proclivity, which aims at putting all people on a level, so far as law and custom and human institutions can do it. Homogeneousness would not of itself be an objection. But it should be accompanied by moral conceptions commensurate with its extent, — a faith in man, a confidence in principles, an enthusiasm for progress, a noble optimism founded on the nature of spiritual laws, a sublime hope of the future of humanity, a rational assurance of the ultimate victory of republican ideas, such as thus far have been unknown in the history of the race. Two or three elect souls have hitherto been great enough to entertain aspirations so exalted. The multitude of people do not cherish them, and to all appearance never will. They are regarded as unpractical, visionary, transcendental, fanatical, quite unsuited to the needs of a working world. The faith declines in proportion as the call for it increases. When the country was small, fifty years ago, the air was bright with anticipations of grandeur, refinement, intellectual expansion, social improvement, and reform. Now such anticipations are distant and faint. The task of developing the material resources of the country, of maintaining order, of getting possession of foreign markets, of educating or absorbing populations, engrosses attention to the exclusion of higher concerns. So far as one can see, the ideal period of American life is in the past. The civil war called forth heroism, but did not awaken poetry or art; and such a convulsion

furnished an occasion the like of which may not recur. Industrial enterprise has since then taken a prodigious stride forward, and “material interests” overbear all others. Artistic creation is discouraged. A race for success seizes on all men, and success, as Rachel said, means money.

The homogeneousness we speak of is attained by the suppression of whatever helps to distinguish one man or one group of men from another, and this tendency is unfavorable to art. To plane down the summits is to produce monotony; and monotony is not encouraging to aspiration. Picturesqueness is destroyed; not merely in dress, which is reduced to uniformity, or in features, which are rapidly assimilated to one inexpressive type, but in mental and moral attributes. An uninteresting average of sentiment comes into vogue, from which nothing short of a genius singularly profound and penetrating can draw sustenance. The two summits, often clouded, covered with snow, or hidden by mist, but resting on foundations adamantine, immovable, are church and state. So long as these are seen to abide, the race of men rests in security. When these seem to disappear, a sense of uneasiness disturbs the foundations of mind. In America effort is making to remove both of these pillars. The church, in ancient times and in old communities a centre of awe and mystery, a perpetual stimulant to the imagination, the soul's support and nutriment, is rapidly breaking in pieces, under the action of secular forces. Theological controversy is substituted for faith. The swelling tide of agnosticism washes away the shores of belief. Symbols, forms, doctrines, words, are deprived of their meaning. Lectures take the place of sermons. The clergy wear the costume of the laity. The original unity is broken up by the sectarian spirit, which multiplies divisions and subdivisions, till the substance of faith is disintegrated. It is far from

our present intention to pass opinion on the merit or demerit of this tendency. That is a large subject, and involves considerations essentially foreign to the purpose of this article. Desirable or undesirable, it is not favorable to art in any of its grand forms, which demand permanence, unity, and elevation of feeling, a blending of repose and aspiration, solidity of conviction coupled with a sentiment of yearning after ideal attainment. Art is poetic, and will not flourish in an unpoetic age.

The state, in America, is exposed to a similar process of decomposition. Ours is an administration by parties, and parties, as we know, split on temporary and local issues. All questions, the greatest and the least, are made partisan questions. Every social and political idea is open to debate. There are no undisputed principles. The very conception of government is by many repudiated, business committees acting instead of appointed officials. Even the mildest proposals of reform in the civil service of the nation are regarded with suspicion, as inconsistent with our fundamental ideas, which are held to require an equal division of party spoils. How far this movement may proceed it is idle to conjecture. One thing, however, is certain, — art cannot thrive under such circumstances, for this reason, among others: that the poetic faculties require as conditions of their exercise a state of serenity, and also points of established authority, as in Greece, Italy, Holland; whether the authority be monarchical or democratic matters not, so it be established. In fact, democratic institutions, when firmly believed in, may be preferable, since they insure permanence of administration, or, in other words, immunity from revolutionary change. But in countries where democratic forms are adopted, the faith in pure, disembodied, unemblazoned, unadorned ideas must be implicit. A democracy must be in the best sense rational, that is spiritual, in

order that art may take root in its soil; and from anything like this we are far distant at present, hope hardly daring yet to reach so high.

Another consequence of the leveling tendency in America is the devotion of mind to practical affairs, commerce, invention, politics, the various devices for obtaining place and power. The genius of the country is expended on the arts which materially exalt the individual in wealth or influence. The fine idealists, who might in other societies become poets or painters, give themselves to reform, the reconstruction of the state, the rehabilitation of religion. Goethe was of opinion that, in the coming generation, art would perform the office of religion in elevating and refining mankind. Thomas Carlyle, on the other hand, thought that the problems of religion would engross the creative energies of the mind, to the temporary exclusion, perhaps the long suppression, of art. Time will show which is right. Thus far, the signs favor the surmise of Carlyle rather than that of Goethe. In America the disintegration of religion has gone farther than in Germany, while the development of art is conspicuously less. In America, too, the finest minds devote themselves to the restatement of religious doctrines and the reinstallation of ecclesiastical forms, apparently feeling the necessity of intelligent religious faith as a condition of intellectual cultivation. This was characteristic of Emerson, and is almost a peculiarity of the highest order of intelligence. An instinct suggests that love of truth precedes love of beauty; for the love of beauty is evanescent unless it has foundation in truth. There can be no art where there is no conviction.

Some have maintained that the size of America is incompatible with fine art in painting; that none but coarse products are likely to grow from such a soil; that concentration, so necessary

for keen stimulus of intellectual faculty, is made impossible by the vast expanse of territory which spreads out on every side, and by the immensity of life's diffusion, which dissipates force of imagination. Greece, they remind us, was small; Italy was made small by divisions of land, and separations of government; Holland was diminutive; the area of Flanders was limited. The comparisons are striking, but the relation between bulk and attainment in artistic perfection is not, in the present instance, apparent. The American artist, like the European, lives within bounds: he dwells in a city, a town, a village; in Ohio or New York he occupies no more space than in Italy or Hellas. If genius possesses him, he lives in himself, as much alone as if he inhabited the corner of a desert, celibate and friendless. The quality required for greatness is genius, wealth of imagination. That will open heavens in a cavern, and will set waters running in a wilderness. Society is nothing, the stir of business activity is of no effect, political excitement is uninteresting, to one who has the glorious world of beauty in his soul. Let that vision dawn, and to him it matters not whether he lives in ancient Athens or in modern New York. Place and time and order of civilization are indifferent. Like the French Millet he abandons Paris for the seclusion of Barbizon.

Others have suggested that the climate of America is unpropitious to art, being too extreme and violent. The masterpieces of sculpture and painting were produced in even temperatures and sheltered spots of earth, like Attica, Lombardy, Southern Spain. And yet pictorial art in America is mainly devoted to landscape. Landscape is the peculiarity, we may say, of American art. If criticism has a word to speak, it is to the effect that the landscape is somewhat wanting in soul. Much of it is painstaking, conscientious, accurate.

Some of it is touched with a delicate feeling for beauty of line and color. But much of it is weak, sentimental, artificial. It lacks depth of sincerity, a constraining love of truth, reverence for the spirit of beauty in nature. Faith is absent from it, — faith in anything beyond the vision of the outward eye. The art is tainted by materialism; fine in quality, dainty and subtle, it is true, but materialism still. The afflatus has not come. Climate is not at fault. Nature is present in her loveliness. But nature invites a soul in complete sympathy with herself; to no other will she yield up her secret. Mere skill with the pencil will not suffice. How intimately familiarity with external nature may be associated with a general absence of faith in spiritual realities, or whether there is any traceable connection between them, is a question that need not be raised here. It is enough now to say that, as yet, faith in spiritual realities does not distinguish those who are externally most familiar with nature. Neither naturalism nor spiritualism seems to inspire them. They belong to no school of thought, but rather abjure what is called speculation. They profess to be realists, worshipers of things as they are, — meaning things as they appear, — not heeding the lesson of the poet's line, "And things are not what they seem." The artist of nature must believe that nature stands for something, either divine or demonic, and must express on canvas that persuasion. Otherwise, his work, however skillful and picturesque, is uninteresting. Turner was a believer, after his kind; so was Millet; so was Corot. But the American artist still cultivates the surface of his mind, and scrutinizes the superficialities of the world about him. Yet he, of all men, should be a believer, if only in consequence of the magnificence of the scene he daily contemplates, — the expanse of sky above him, the width of view around. He should be an American, not

an Americanized European, and, seizing the essential idea of American life, should translate that into beauty. The characteristic quality of America is not bulk. Not by depicting Niagara, the mountains which surround the valley of the Yosemite, or the lofty scenery of the Blue Ridge, but by filling his soul with thoughts of the invisible glory, will the artist render himself immortal. His ideas cannot be the same as those held by ancient painters; but the faith in them need be no less sincere. It must, in fact, be equally profound, entire, unquestioning; else will the achievement be poor and cheap.

The assertion that art is eternal is one of those commonplaces that seem to signify a great deal, but in truth mean little. Faith in divine things is eternal, yet there have been ages of unbe-

lief. Hope is eternal, but many bosoms are uncheered by it, and large areas of humanity are unvisited by its consolation. Charity is eternal, yet love is a stranger to multitudes of hearts. The spirit of beauty will never die, and some will seek it. But eternal things, when domesticated in time, must conform to temporal conditions, and the conditions of eminent excellence in art are not easy. They were fulfilled once; whether they will all be again remains to be seen. Art of the mere decorative kind wealth may provide, as it provides carpets, rugs, curtains, wall papers, tapestries, coverings for chairs and sofas, carved furniture, and mantel ornaments. But art of an ideal, imaginative kind it originates not. As to creating such, it might as well dream of creating the stars.

O. B. Frothingham.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

X.

INDUSTRIAL AND BUSINESS INTERESTS.

THE industry or labor of Mississippi appeared, in many places at least, to be in a less satisfactory condition than that of most other Southern States. It was pretty clear that the negroes were often cheated out of their wages, and that they were sometimes roughly and severely treated on the plantations; while they, in turn, were restless in various portions of the State, and somewhat turbulent, idle, and dishonest. In the "black districts" the white women were really afraid of the negroes, and apparently with good reason, judging from the frequent accounts of assaults on women by negroes. Where the white people are roughest and most given to violence the negroes exhibit similar traits. Probably these facts should not be regarded as standing in

the relation of cause and effect, so much as in that of similar results proceeding from like causes operating upon both races. In the towns of Mississippi and near them, the negroes have improved, and are still advancing in civilization; but in the regions in which the blacks greatly outnumber the whites, I could see little sign of any effort or tendency toward improvement. To remain for a few days in the heart of a black district always gave me a strong feeling of remoteness from the world of civilized life. I was irresistibly impressed by the vastness of the mass and multitude of a race alien, animal, half savage, easily made sullen or aroused to fury. It was not an agreeable feeling. One could see that, from their great preponderance in numbers, the negroes had a half-unconscious, half-conscious, animal, instinctive sense of their superior strength, just as, while

one wolf flees in fear from a man, a hundred wolves will face him impudently and aggressively. I felt that the problem of this part of the South was not so much political as social, industrial, and moral.

MARDI GRAS.

I saw the Mardi Gras festivities in New Orleans. The weather was very fine; the number of visitors in the city was said to be greater than ever before, and the spectacle more interesting and beautiful than on any former occasion. To me the objects of greatest interest were the people themselves. The vast crowds were wonderfully well behaved. There was some drinking, of course, and I saw a few arrests. But the police were efficient in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and there was apparent everywhere a sunny cheerfulness and spirit of good-natured enjoyment, which are always potent to banish ill-temper and turbulence. The hospitality to Northern military organizations and other invited guests was most cordial and profuse. The illumination at night on the principal streets was very fine. The spectacle, as such, seemed to me to be, if judged by any high standard, rather heavy, and lacking in the quality of illusion. Perhaps this could not well be otherwise in a street procession. The scenes and tableaux from the Norse mythology had a kind of splendor and magnificence in the equipages and trappings, which greatly impressed most spectators. I found myself in a party of Texan merchants and members of the legislature, who had so wild a desire to know what it was all about that I was compelled to keep up a running comment or explanation during the whole time of the passing of the procession. I can testify that some Southern people have a thirst for information which ought to satisfy the most exacting.

I tried to learn what is the real significance of Mardi Gras, and the reason

for maintaining this annual holiday and exhibition. Perhaps I am wrong, but I judge that the whole matter has a practical business basis. It brings a throng of strangers to New Orleans each year, and these visitors necessarily spend considerable money in the city; so that the festivity is pecuniarily profitable to many classes of the citizens. There were but few maskers on the streets, and I saw little evidence of gayety; only cheerful, social enjoyment of a holiday. The female personages in the historical and mythological tableaux are represented by men in women's dress. I attended two masked balls on the same night. As I entered the hall where the first was held, an officer approached, with a bow, and said in the politest manner, "You will please allow me to ascertain whether you have any weapons about your person." "Certainly," said I; and he ran his fingers lightly and quickly over my various pockets, and bowed to me to pass on. I remained here a part of the night, and then went to the hall where the other ball was given. When I presented my ticket, a policeman laughingly asked, "Ye have n't any big pistol about ye, have ye?" "No," I said, "but you can see for yourself;" and the process of search was repeated. The first ball was very stately and formal, and, it seemed to me, a trifle heavy and dull. It was warm, and the dancers, especially the ladies, found their masks oppressive. The other ball was of a very different character, as it was, I suppose, intended to be. The *abandon* grew wilder and wilder as the night passed, till the dance was, as to dress and behavior, as licentious as it could well be without becoming something else than a dance.

What I found most interesting and picturesque in New Orleans was a stroll through the old French Market, with a breakfast there. It affords glimpses of a life not native to the soil anywhere else in our country, with features at-

tractive both to the artist and to the student of civilization; but its old charm is not likely to be long retained.

NEGRO LABORERS IN LOUISIANA.

The organization and entire condition of labor on the great sugar plantations of Louisiana appeared to me to be superior to anything that I found elsewhere connected with Southern agriculture. The employers were evidently masters of the situation. They seemed to be just in their treatment of their laborers, and competent to direct and control them. One great feature of superiority, as compared with agricultural labor in other regions of the South which I visited, was that in the sugar country of Louisiana everybody paid cash, and there was no ruinous credit system. This impressed me as something wonderful, and scarcely possible, after the universal exhibition of the evils of the credit system (or, as it should be called, the debt system) in all the other Southern States. The negro laborers appeared to be cheerful, contented, and industrious. Each of them had as much good land for himself as he could cultivate, — from one to five acres on some of the plantations, — and they used the horses belonging to the plantations to do their own plowing. I looked over the account-books of the managers of some of the large sugar farms, and transcribed many pages. I see that the first name on one of the lists is that of a negro. He worked fourteen days for his employer in January, at eighty-five cents per day. The next name is that of a white man. He worked eight and a half days, at eighty cents per day. A negro boy, ten years old, received thirty cents per day, and supported himself and his mother. A first-class plowman was paid eighty-five cents per day; a negro carpenter a dollar and a half per day, and his board, all the year round; a negro blacksmith, two dollars per day and board all the

year; a stableman, twenty-five dollars per month. The negroes had all the chickens and vegetables about their cabins that they wanted, and many had cows of their own.

Almost everywhere in Louisiana I found a few negroes who were saving money and investing it in land. I saw one black man in Iberville Parish who had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. The more industrious and thrifty negroes discouraged their own people from having anything to do with politics, saying that work would do them "a heap more good." I talked with one negro who was regarded in all the region near him as a leader among his people. He rented a sugar plantation, and employed many laborers, some of them white men. As I had learned that he had an idea of trying to improve the colored people, I asked him whether he tried to give them the right kind of education and advice about their political duties. He frowned, and asked me whether I ever got anything "out o' politics." He said, "We've been through it all hyah. I'm ready to fight anybody for anything that 's worth fightin' for. But when a nigger gits politics into his head he's a mighty po' han' in the fiel'." We had considerable talk. I had wondered at first at a certain asperity of manner, which I very rarely encountered in the South, among people of either color. Everybody seemed to wish to talk. But this man told me that he thought at first I was "gwine to talk 'bout politics to de han's; an' I wonder what de cap'n done sen' ye hyah fuh."

I told him that I did not care to talk with the hands, and that the captain had sent me to him because I wished to talk with some colored man who understood what was good for his own race. This seemed to mollify him, and he went on: "I thinks 'bout that a grea' deal. S'pose I goes to de Norf to wuk for you, cunnel. You has big cotton-mill,

or a plantation ; you don' make sugar up dere?" "No," said I, "not this kind." "Well, I wuks fuh you, an' you an' de oder big men, you 'ten's to de politics. I don' know nuffin 'bout 'em; no mo' 'an a dam fool. Ef you makes good laws for yo' se'f, I's gwine to do well enough, an' don't you fergit it. I's gwine to wuk." He was a little excited by his own eloquence or earnestness. He seemed conscious of it, and said nothing more for a few moments; and then added, as if dismissing the subject, "Ef white men do well for themselves hyar, we hain't nothin' to fin' fault on."

In Louisiana everybody told me that the negroes were improving as laborers; at any rate, all old Southerners said so. This reminds me that throughout the South the harshest critics of the negro whom I met were Northern men, — men who had gone down there to work sugar plantations, grow cotton, etc. These men, being pushing, sharp, and energetic, after the Northern fashion, are always disposed to keep the negro laborers "up to their work." The negroes do not like to work for them. They require a steadiness of application and exertion of which the negro in general does not appear to be capable. He can work hard for a while "by spurts," or on a race, especially in a crowd, and if he is allowed to sing while at work. But for quiet, solitary, constant toil a first-rate white laborer is, I think, superior to almost any negro. The Northern men in the South are, as compared with Southern men, very exacting as employers. They are stern and impatient with their "hands," and usually irritate and confuse the negroes. Southern men are, usually, not at all exacting as employers of agricultural labor; they are not accustomed to being prompt or steadily industrious themselves, and they value their own ease too much to engage in any contest with the peculiar "ways" or traits of the negro. Thus,

the "shiftlessness," the slowness, the inefficiency, the habit of taking things so leisurely, as if one had infinite time at his command, — the features of the average negro life and character which are so exasperating to the energetic Northerner, — are accepted or recognized by most Southern people as something inevitable, like the course of the seasons, not to be accelerated or interfered with to any profitable end. I think I saw nobody in the South, white or black, except a few leading business men in the cities, who could do anything in fifteen minutes. It is not natural to hurry in that part of the world. I talked with a queer old man, in the pine woods in North Carolina, who had observed the restlessness of most Northern people when they first came to the South. He said they always acted "as ef they was hung on wires, an' somebody was jerkin' on 'em;" but Southern people "know how to take their time, an' plenty on it." In reply I made the usual sage remarks about differences of character as affected by climate and environment in general, and concluded with the opinion that life in the South during the time of a few generations would change the Yankee blood and temperament, and produce a race of people who could "go slow" on occasion. "Yes, yes," said he; "that's so, young man, that's so. I've seen 'em. It takes 'em jest about three weeks." If you give the negroes time, — to say nothing farther regarding these traits in the character of the white people, — they, going on in their large, slow, inorganic way, will accomplish important results in the course of the year. Exertion seems less necessary or desirable to dwellers in Southern lands than to Northern people. A distinguished American author has said that a man could be happy sitting in a chair, in the open air, all day, in Venice, and that if one wishes to work he should not stay there too long. I have never been in Venice, but I saw

many places in the South that appeared to resemble it closely in these respects.

"THE OLD TIMES."

In various parts of Louisiana I found many people who had lived on some of the great plantations before the war, and heard their accounts of the peculiar life of the inhabitants of some of these rich, retired regions in the interior of the State. The planters had considerable wealth, for that time, and they and their families lived a life of "elegant, refined leisure," with little business or care except pleasure and happiness. All supplies for the plantations came from New Orleans merchants. Once a year the young ladies had bonnets, and sometimes gowns, from Paris. Visits and parties and balls were the events of life. The young people had a good education; many of them were sent to Northern schools, but the South had good schools and colleges in those days. I do not doubt that it seemed to the people living it a pure and innocent life, happy and wholesome, and so natural and stable that it was likely to go on forever.

"We did not know it was wrong," said an accomplished woman to me, one day. "No one had ever told us it was all wrong, or that we were going on gayly toward an awful destruction. We knew no world but our own. We thought we were very happy, and we meant to be good. We were much attached to our people, — the negroes, I mean, — and they were happy, too, then. We heard sometimes of low, miserable wretches who abused their negroes, and how we despised them!"

"Would you rather have it all back, that old time and that beautiful life, if you could?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I think it is just like one of the great changes, revolutions, that we read about in history. It all had to be, I should think, and so it must be there is a Providence in it; it must be for the best, in some way."

After a pause, she went on: "I disposed of the war in that way, you see, and then I could be reconciled to it. We had our losses, too. My only brother, — there is his portrait," and she pointed to a life-size likeness of a handsome, boyish-looking young fellow in an officer's uniform, — "he died in prison, at Elmira, New York. We were up there afterward, but we could not find his grave. Excuse me," she said, as her voice broke a little, "I did not blame anybody about the war; did not hate anybody for it. I thought I understood the war — well, in a way. You know, perhaps, what I mean. It was too large, too awful a thing to hate anybody for."

"Now," said she, "you were on the other side, and I am talking to you almost as if you were on ours, or as if the war were away back in history." I bowed, and she immediately resumed: "But what happened after the war — some of it — I could not understand. I did not know where to put it, or how to classify it. It seemed like something which could not be, and yet was. Did you — did the North — wish us" — and she became pale with agitation — "did the North wish us to regard black men as we regard white men, — as our companions and friends?"

"No, my dear madam; I assure you, we never wished that."

She looked at me keenly, with a troubled expression on her face, and exclaimed, "But let us not talk of that!"

This lady is the wife of a merchant in one of the smaller towns on Bayou Teche. The plantation which was her home before the war is but four miles away. We rode out and looked over it. It had passed out of the possession of her family, and was owned by a young man from Pennsylvania, who had erected a smart, Northern-looking frame house, with narrow verandas, — a mistake in that climate. He and his wife received us cordially, but, I thought, with a little embarrassment. As we

drove away from the house, the Southern lady — my hostess in the village — said, "I wished you to see the place. I do not like to come here, because that young man and his wife are sorry for me, I think. It was awkward, at first, and one day the young woman cried, and said she felt as if I ought to be the lady of the house. But I laughed at her, and told her not to feel so, as I did not grudge her the place."

The two families go to the same church, and both the women are interested in regard to the morals of the young negroes around them. I thought this a good instance of a practical kind of reconstruction.

DRINKING HABITS.

There seemed to be more drinking of intoxicating liquors by the better class of people than I have seen anywhere in the North, but I cannot say positively that this is true. Southerners are, however, certainly more social, public, and effusive with their drinking than Northern men are. I was constantly asked to drink, on the railroads, in the streets, and at the hotels. I rode in the smoking-car during the night after leaving New Orleans for the West, and just across the aisle sat a gigantic Texan. He drank from a large bottle more than half a dozen times, and each time as he took it out he first held it across toward me, and politely invited me to drink. His courtesy was unwearied, though I always declined. Almost everybody else in the car drank, — men, women, and children, — and although nobody was drunk, we had an extremely social and hilarious night. Of course, as was always the case in the smoking-car, a considerable number of the passengers were negroes. They were generally the most quiet portion of the company, but they sang occasionally, and quite drowned the conversation and the noisy laughter. The negroes commonly made themselves very much at home in the smoking-car,

and it often seemed that the whites, rather than they, were there by sufferance.

The drinking habit appeared to bring the two races nearer together, socially and in good feeling. Of course, white men do not so often ask negroes to drink with them as they ask each other; but it is a very common thing to see a group of white men drink together, and then, if there is a single negro near them, the man with the bottle holds it out toward the sable brother, and says, heartily, "Have some?" The invitation is always accepted. If a white man happens to be dry, something that occurs not infrequently, he does not disdain an invitation to drink because it is proffered by a negro. I never observed that my refusal to drink produced any unpleasant feeling, except, perhaps, once. As I was entering a theatre in New Orleans, to attend a ball, a gentlemanly looking man, somewhat intoxicated, asked me to drink with him. When I declined, as politely as possible, he appeared to be displeased, and invited me aside, saying that he wished to speak to me; but I asked him to excuse me, and passed on, the ticket seller at the same time warning me by a look not to remain. I thought that men under the influence of liquor seemed to be less pugnacious or ill-tempered than in the North.

AN OLD TOWN.

San Antonio! One feels and sees here that he is under alien skies, and among people somewhat unlike — well, say New Englanders, at least. Everybody talks a little Spanish and a little Indian, and a great deal more of a speech which is neither one thing nor another. There are Indians and Mexicans everywhere in the streets. Here I encountered the first beggar I ever saw on horse — or rather mule — back. He was riding a mule which was not very much larger than a sheep, and was a fat, contented-looking Mexican cripple, who

took off his hat, and offered up a devout prayer for each benefactor who dropped a coin into it. I gave him a trifle for the picturesqueness of his appearance, reflecting, also, that if half the stories I heard about Texas were true I might need his prayers before I got out of the country. There was a great deal of business in San Antonio, and money was plenty. The town is not supported, or its business sustained, in very large measure, by the productive industries of the surrounding country; but vast quantities of goods and supplies of all kinds are bought there by people who are going farther West, — though, of course, the stock-raising in the adjacent region is one source of the business and wealth of the town.

It is not in every way a pleasant place in which to do business. If a merchant should go there and open a new store, and attend to his own affairs in a quiet way, as in other parts of the country, he would soon find that his course was beset with great difficulties. The men already engaged in trade of the same kind would regard him as an intruder; they would resent his having come in without their permission as something not to be tolerated, an impudence requiring prompt punishment, and they would soon "run him out." I do not mean that he would be assaulted, or subjected to personal violence; but the old merchants would conduct a kind of "crusade" against him by inducing all their friends, and everybody whom they could influence, to let the new man alone, — to buy nothing of him, and give him no accommodation or recognition of any kind. Such proscription in business matters appeared to be more marked and vigorous than I had ever observed elsewhere. If a new man wishes to gain a footing in trade, he must first go about the town, and expend considerable sums of money with the men already established there, either by liberal purchases of their goods, or in suppers, wines, and

entertainments for them. Then he will have their permission, and may proceed with his business.

The Cuero people warned me about San Antonio, as I was on my way thither, as a cut-throat kind of place, one of the worst towns in Texas; while the San Antonio newspapers called the attention of immigrants and travelers to the fact that Cuero tolerated a class of desperadoes who were a terror and disgrace to all that part of the State. Each of these towns thinks well of itself, and the people of both speak with severity of the "bad places" in other parts of the State. "But here," the leading citizens said everywhere, — "here things are just as quiet and peaceable and decent as they are anywhere in the world." One may easily see what is the real state of society behind these conflicting representations. Old Texas has changed very considerably. There was a time when the inhabitants themselves recognized the fact that nearly all of them were fugitives from justice in the older States, who had "left their country for their country's good," and their own, and had found a convenient refuge in the "unchartered freedom" of society in the Lone Star State. In those days they regaled each other with stories of the misadventures which had rendered emigration convenient, and regarded a man as a cheat and a sneak who would not own to having been the object of the special solicitude of the sheriff, when he left his old home. A friend of mine, who was led to the State long ago by a mere wild, roving disposition, told me that he was unable to get into "good society" there while he pretended to have been an honest man; and was at last obliged to confess that he had beaten his grandmother nearly to death, in Ohio, and was compelled to flee the country.

But even Southwestern Texas is now much like other parts of the United States; that is, there are churches and

schools, and the other features of a settled and regular civilization, in all the towns. There are Northern and Eastern people everywhere, and those who seek for good society, and have any qualification for admission to its privileges, can find it there as readily as in the older States. The standards are not so much lower or easier as many people imagine. On the other hand, there is a rough, wild life, which is more prominent than in most Eastern communities, and it is very easy to get into its current. Drinking and gambling saloons and houses of ill-fame await silly and undisciplined youth on every hand. Many a young man has gone there with high hopes, and with money which he expected to form the foundation of a fortune, and has lost all in a single night's debauch.

When one looks at the Alamo and the Old Cathedral, and reads again the story of the siege and the massacre in 1836, it is easy to reproduce, in imagination, those scenes and the wild surroundings of that time. But, looking at the city as it is now, one is inclined to push the date of these savage occurrences further back into the past. Forty-five years seems scarcely long enough for all the changes that have taken place in the building up of so large a town. Much of the Alamo still stands intact. It is a long, narrow building, two stories high, — part of it, at least, — and is built of stone, with walls four feet thick. The rude carvings on the front have been battered and broken by cannon-shot. It is now used as a store or warehouse. A portion of the Old Cathedral, of similarly heavy and durable construction, stands a little distance away. In the upper story of a building adjoining the Alamo, an elderly Frenchman had a very interesting museum of stuffed animals, all of them inhabitants of this region. There were enormous specimens of the puma, or "Mexican lion," wild-cats, wolves, and other beasts of prey. The serpents

were of a size to shake the nerves of timid immigrants. Some of the rattlesnakes were five feet long, and as thick as a man's leg. When I spoke of their great size, the Frenchman politely informed me that he had some which were much larger; but I told him those I had seen would do very well for me, and that, if I should settle there, I should not care to have larger snakes. "Will monsieur have also one museum of ze animals?" he inquired, with much interest.

There were not so many negroes at San Antonio as I had found at other places, but some of them were intelligent and superior men. I could see that it was not a pleasant town for them. There was a strong and general feeling against a negro's being well dressed, self-respecting, and prosperous; a harsh and fierce kind of contempt for him; a feeling that he should be a menial, and nothing else, — a creature to be kicked, cuffed, and cursed, treated just as caprice or impulse might dictate, without responsibility or obligation on the part of those who should choose to maltreat him. I do not mean that the best people exhibited such a disposition regarding colored men, but it was the average and prevalent spirit of the place. If a negro behaves with propriety, lives quietly, makes money, and dresses well, many of the foreigners and Northern men say, "That damned nigger's puttin' on airs. He must be taken down a little, and made to know his place." The favorite method of accomplishing this object is by a brutal assault, two or three armed men setting upon a negro, and beating him to insensibility. They prefer that a colored man should be an idle, drunken, worthless vagabond.

The railroad men in Southwestern Texas are nearly all Northern men, — the engineers, conductors, bridge and tank builders, etc. Many of the firemen and brakemen are from Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. I

had much conversation with men of all these classes, as everybody was communicative in the extreme. There was much more sociability in the cars, on steamboats, in hotels, and at all public places than is usual in the North. Some of the railroad men were young fellows from the Northern and Eastern States, who, liking their work and the country in Texas, had brought their wives thither, and were boarding at the hotels, or were taking houses and going to house-keeping for themselves. At San Antonio I became acquainted with two such young people from Michigan. The young man had been building bridges and tanks on the railroads for two or three years, and had recently sent for his sweetheart. She came down to meet him at Austin, and they were married at once. She was a spirited girl, and was ready to "make the best of everything," as she said; but she was a little homesick, and did not greatly enjoy hotel life. The insects of the country were a source of disquiet to her. She turned pale at the supper-table when some one foolishly told a story about a scorpion, and her husband said, "She's afraid of bugs an' things. We boarded at an old hotel up the road for two weeks, an' my wife could n't sleep, because she saw some roaches scallyhoot-in' around whenever she went up-stairs. They was as big as turtle-doves are at home."

As we ran out from New Orleans toward Houston, we stopped at a way-station for supper. When we returned to the train, after our repast, a tall, good-looking young negro had come in, and had sat down in the seat just across the aisle from mine, which "belonged" to the Texan who so often invited me to drink with him. As we were to have an all-night ride, each of us of course wished to keep a whole seat for himself, if it could be done conveniently. So my Texan neighbor had left his overcoat "to hold the seat," and when he

came back and found the negro there he good-naturedly remarked, "Well, I reckon you may take som'ers else." We were in the smoking-car, but the negro rose, without demur, and, taking his bundle, stood by the door as the train started off. The Texan went on to say, still addressing the negro, lying down meanwhile so as to fill the whole seat, "I ain't a goin' to set with you. I'm a democrat." "Well," said the negro, "I'm a radical, an' I would n't set with you ef you wanted me to." "Yes," the white man replied, "I 'lowed you was a radical. I expect you're a good man, but you can't set with me." To this the negro retorted, "You need n't make a fuss; I'm not a-goin' to make you stand up because you're a democrat." "Well," the other went on, "ef ye had n't got up, I'd a-made yer." At this the negro glared on him savagely, but said nothing. A seat was offered him, but he declined it, saying that he should get out at the next station.

I had learned that my Texan friend was chief of police in one of the larger towns of the State, and when, some time afterward, I found myself in his city, with an hour to spare, I thought I would go to see him, feeling certain of a cordial greeting as an old acquaintance. In this I was not mistaken. I found him in his office. He was very glad to see me again, and opened his desk and took out a bottle, remarking as he did so, "No use to ask ye to drink, I reckon. *Won't* you take somethin' this time?" I said no, with thanks, and he asked, "How've you ben makin' it? How do ye like the country?" I had told him, when we separated before, that I was from New England. After some talk of my travels, I asked him why he made the negro get up and leave the seat at Jeannerette.

"Why," he said, "do ye s'pose I'd make myself equal with a nigger? Ef I'd a set with him, would n't you think I was no better 'n a nigger?"

"No," said I; "I don't know that I should look at it that way."

"Well, now," said he, as he put his feet upon the table, "tell us how you fellows up there would do in such a case. How do you look at it there?"

I told him that Northern people had no desire for special association with negroes, but that I thought if we were really superior people we need not take much pains to show it, except, perhaps, by being obliging to everybody; and I asked him who he thought was about the greatest man in the world. He "allays 'lowed General Washington wuz, mebbe, or General Lee." Then I asked if he supposed that General Lee would have been afraid that people would think he was about the same as a nigger, if he sat down by one. He understood, and laughed heartily as he answered, "Oh, but General Lee was a heap bigger man than I am." Then he added, "Oh, you know, I wanted the seat. I had n't nothin' agin the nigger. You know, I told him I expected he was a good man."

We had considerable talk, and he appeared glad to learn that the "nigger equality" which the North believes in is that justice shall be equally within the reach of every human being under our flag. "I ain't nothin' to say agin that," was his reply. At the close of the conversation, when I told him that I was not certain that Northern men in general would treat the negroes any better than Southern men do, if all the circumstances were the same, he exclaimed, "Durned ef I don't believe you're as honest as any of us!"

I looked over a great deal of territory in Texas; going from San Antonio to New Braunfels, Austin, Hearne, Palestine, Longview, Mineola, Dallas, Sherman, and various other points, with frequent excursions across the country, away from the railroads. I received the impression of a vigorous life in the State, of a great country in the aggre-

gate, which yet includes much of poverty, indolence, and other features of a somewhat unsettled and uncertain life.

LODGINGS IN LITTLE ROCK.

I passed a day in Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. It is a place of considerable business and capital, but the streets were extremely dirty, and the grounds about the State House had a wonderfully shabby and neglected appearance. The legislature was then in session, and I went in to see the representatives of the people of Arkansas. (Everybody in the Southwest says — and always has said — Arkansaw.) They were a fine-looking body of men, and were doing their work with an appearance of dignity and decorum, joined with good temper, which strongly attracted and interested me. I was in several similar assemblies, and, so far as I could observe, Southern men, in such public bodies, appeared to be characterized by decorous good humor. They always seemed to be comfortable, as if their business did not irritate them.

The negroes in Little Rock, and in that region, were not in a very promising condition. Many of them were idle and indisposed to labor, and there was a great deal of work done by white men which would naturally belong to the negroes, if they would do it. There is much good country in Arkansas, but it is often unhealthy along the streams, where much of the richest land lies. The State has hardly attracted the attention it deserves. I found many Northern people in Little Rock. Some of them were not of much advantage to the place, while others were doing well in business. I could not learn that there had recently been any trouble between the races there, but labor in that part of the country was not so well organized, or so prosperous, as in the sugar regions of Louisiana.

While traveling northward and eastward through Texas, I had "got ac-

quainted " with a poor fellow who had been ten years in the State, having gone out there with his young wife, soon after their marriage, from Alabama. He had "lived all over the State, on highlands and lowlands, and had been sick everywhere." He had finally given up the struggle with ill-fortune in Texas, and was on his way back to the old home in Northern Alabama, with barely money enough to carry him thither, "and with nothin' in the world to show for all my work in Texas," he said, "but these six children." He was an excellent representative of a large class of "poor whites" found almost everywhere in the South. Not very well equipped by nature, in any respect, for the struggle of life, he was discouraged, and the little spirit he had ever possessed was exhausted by his long experience of sickness and failure. He knew little more than a child of the great world or its ways, and was painfully conscious of his ignorance and helplessness. He was afraid of everybody, and yet longed to trust every one, and to have somebody always to guide him and instruct him. The conductor on the train, a Northern man, was extremely harsh to him, which added to his distraction. I felt sorry for him and for his wife, who was a true and helpful consort and mother to the extent of her powers, but was not greatly superior to her husband.

We reached Little Rock very late at night, and this family had to wait till morning for a train. They could not remain at the railway station, and when they tried to find means of conveyance up town an army of hackmen and "runners" descended upon them, and, as I saw, were about to take all the money the poor fellow had, or nearly all, so that he could not have reached home. It occurred to me that instead of going to a hotel, as I had intended, I would go along with this family, and learn what a Little Rock cheap lodging-house might

be. So I dispersed the hackmen, took the business upon myself, and, having dragooned one young fellow into some measure of reason and justice, led the way to "a very good place," as the driver declared, "and as cheap as any."

It was nearly midnight when we reached the boarding-house. It had two rooms on the lower floor, and two above. The front room down-stairs was the dining-room, filled with chairs and long tables. Back of this was a small room which served as the kitchen, and as bedroom for the proprietor and his family. There was but one bed in it, and in this, when we arrived, the man of the house, his wife and three children, were sleeping. The man arose to receive us, and ushered us at once into the kitchen; then he lighted a lamp, and awoke his wife and eldest daughter, a well-grown girl of fifteen, who got up and dressed, as we waited for some arrangement for providing us with places for the remainder of the night. It was found that there was one vacant bed up-stairs, and this was assigned to the Texan family. They said in the morning that they had slept well, having been very tired. I was given a coverlet and a place on the floor, at the side of the cooking-stove, in the kitchen, just about large enough for my accommodation. I put my satchel under my head for a pillow, lay down on one half of my coverlet and drew the other over me, and was soon sleeping soundly, although the night was chilly and the room open and cold.

There was a litter of puppies, with their mother, on a bed of their own on the floor just back of my pillow, and in the night, some time, I was awakened by one of the puppies climbing over the satchel and over my face, and trying to find a place in my bed. Probably the little beast had been sleeping "on the outside," and had found it cold. I slapped him with some emphasis, whereupon he tumbled back over the satchel to his mother. He howled piteously,

and the other puppies howled in chorus, while their mother whined sympathetically. But I went to sleep again, and when I next awoke the woman of the house and her daughter were getting breakfast, and I found the climate torrid enough.

This family was from Illinois. They were "glad to see somebody from the North," and, as an expression of their pleasure, charged us more than the most exorbitant Southerner would have asked. I paid my own bill without grumbling, feeling that the experience and opportunity for observation had been worth the amount demanded; but I would not see my Texan friend imposed on, so I made them reduce his bill to just proportions. The poor, kind-hearted fellow! When at last I saw him on the cars, with a fair prospect of reaching his home without further detention, he was so grateful! He urged me to go on with him, and "stay a few weeks;" said his father had plenty of everything, and they would all be glad to see me, and to do anything for me. I did not doubt it, but could not command time for such a visit; so we said good-by.

Few things in my travels in the South were more pleasant, or more interesting, than the voyage down the Red River from Shreveport to the Mississippi. It was pleasant, to begin with things purely personal, to have a bed a little longer than the railway car seats, in which I had done most of my sleeping for some months before; and the food and table appointments and service were the best I found in the South. The boat did not undertake a regular passenger business, nor did it run on any time schedule. The captain warned me of this before we left Shreveport. "We are due everywhere," said he, "only when we arrive." The freight was mostly cotton, cotton seed, and bacon, with some corn, hay, wood, staves, hoop-poles, etc. The boat sometimes waited at landings for several hours,

while freight was brought in and loaded, and I had time for short excursions into the country at various points. The people of both races have the "ways," manners, and general characteristics of a new or frontier region. They talk loudly in the streets and in the fields, are extremely hospitable and accommodating, and very improvident.

I found a good many hard-working white people on small plantations along the river, some Northern families, but most of them natives of different Southern States. Most of them might make money, probably, but they buy too many things, and live too expensively; many of them devoting all that should be saved for the future to entertaining their friends and neighbors. The visiting is excessive, and amounts to a vice and dissipation. A whole family will often go in the morning, and stay all day; and if the neighbor or friend who is to be visited lives some miles away, the visit often extends to several days, lasting till the larder is empty. The hospitality to a stranger is so earnest, and almost forcible, that it is difficult to leave a neighborhood after a stay of only a few hours.

The negroes like to work on railroads and boats, and great numbers of them are thus employed in all parts of the South. Wherever there is a train employed in conveying materials for repairs, or for building bridges, the negroes, women as well as men, are very fond of riding up and down the country "on de 'struction train," as they call it. The captain with whom I came down had been "in the Red River business," as he said, for many years, sometimes running on the Mississippi, farther up. He told me that for a few years after the war the negroes in that region were entirely unsettled, and were, most of them, constantly going from place to place, with a vague notion that something wonderful was going to be done for them. "They thought life was goin'

to be jest a big circus." Many of them were powerfully influenced by superstition. Their preachers were every now and then receiving revelations, and the older negroes, the religious ones, continually saw signs "in the heavens an' the yea'th." Many felt that "de judgment day was a-comin'"; others held that the black people were to have this country "fuh deh own," and believed that the white people would have to work for them.

He said the negroes had done as well as could rightly be expected of them, but they were not like white people, and we ought not to expect that they ever would be. "Still," he continued, "they are not like they was before the emancipation, and I reckon they may change more and more; but they will never be like white men." He thought it "nature" for negroes to steal,—"don't know's I blame them very much,"—and said that "to require a negro to have forethought, and to lay up something for the future, is very hard on him; is like requiring a child to bear all the cares of an old, grown-up person. But it may do them good, after a while."

I asked the captain, one day, at dinner, if he had ever been to the North. He replied that he had been in New York and Philadelphia, and added, "I reckon if Northern people would come down hyar, they'd make a heap o' difference with this country, ef they did n't git to be as easy-goin' an' slipshod as we are. They could make money down hyar, shore." "Perhaps they would take too much of the business," I suggested, "and crowd Southern men out." "Oh, well, let 'em," he replied, and he dropped his knife and fork to speak with greater emphasis; "let 'em, ef they're smart enough. But I reckon this country's big enough for us all."

While on this boat I had much talk with a miner, who was on his way back to Georgia with his family, after a resi-

dence of many years in the mining regions of the Southwest. He had been living lately in a region "six hundred and eighty miles west" of some place I had never heard of before. He had a dry, condensed style of narration, as if he had but a small stock of language on hand, and must make every word tell as much as possible. He thought the rough justice of the mining regions as good as any,—rather better, I suspected, than the more elaborate and uncertain methods of civilization; and said the West was a good country for a man to mind his own business in. He liked life there, as a whole, but said the women and children got lonesome. I asked what people did there for amusement or entertainment. "Same as they do in other civilized countries, o' course," he replied; which, considering what he had told me of the wildness of life in that region, seemed so good an answer that I did not push my inquiries farther in that direction.

But he went on: "Some dam fools hunts cinnamon bear, when they can't find nothin' else to do. Now a cinnamon bear allus minds his own business, an' the old settlers out thar knows too much to meddle with 'em. It's the young chaps; they're mostly too fresh to keep long in that climit. Not long ago some English fellers come out thar, an' they must have a big hunt. They wanted me to go along, cause I knowed the country, an' they'd never seen no cinnamon bears. But I told 'em I had n't lost no cinnamon bears, an' had n't no time to hunt up other people's stock. Ef any o' theirn was lost, it was all right for 'em to find 'em, but they must *excuse me*. Well, they went up in the foot-hills, an' they had mighty good luck."

Here he paused, but, knowing that it irritates such men to have a listener "try to be so smart" as to anticipate what they are going to say, I waited. "Yes, mighty good luck! The bear

knocked one hoss over a bank, an' broke the feller's leg an' his collar-bone, an' put his shoulder out o' place. His hoss was hurt so they had to shoot it. 'Nother chap found his bear, too, an' the bear chawed him up, an' knocked him around with sich a looseness that he did n't know which one of the brothers he was. The rest o' the party had to git some Chinamen from a minin' camp to bring the hunters into town on stretchers. So you see they foun' their bears, an' had fust-rate luck."

I can imagine few things more restful to one tired and worn with the life of towns than a few weeks of travel on one of those Red River or Mississippi steamboats; provided, that is, that the weary individual does not require any exciting amusement or entertainment. The country looks wild and unfinished, and to an exacting tourist would be monotonous. There is scarcely anything that can be called scenery. We do not often see a definite landscape, with well marked features or outlines. Every town and landing gives us a new glimpse into the life of the region through which we are passing, and we can sometimes learn much that is of interest about a place in the hour or two during which the boat is taking on and discharging freight. At night I was often awakened by the noise of running out the bridge, or by the voices of the negroes who were waiting, or had to be summoned for the work of unloading and housing whatever was to be left at the place. As they begin their work, the negroes always set up a song, or chant, or recitative of some kind, as accompaniment to their labor. Some of these are very curious. It seems as if the negroes could not work without some such vocal stimulus. I often listened to them as the men handled iron bars in foundries, and while they were loading wood, cotton seed, and other articles on boats and cars, and as they

were at their work as "section hands" on the railways. They always have a foreman, one of their own number, who directs their work and leads their song or chant. Sometimes he merely utters, in a high, sing-song tone, a constant succession of orders, to which the hands respond now and then as the work goes on; everything that is said is chanted, with a well-defined cadence and rhythm, often extremely musical and interesting: "Ready now! Give us light dar! What do yo' say now? All togedder dar!" and so on. Some of their songs or chants include queer, inarticulate shouts or cries and vocal explosions, — sounds which I am unable to represent by any combination of letters, but which, when softened by distance, are strangely impressive, and somehow made me think of strains which I have heard from some of the great singers. Perhaps they belong to a kind of savage, unwritten opera.

In Northeastern Texas, in Arkansas, and in Northwestern Louisiana I found that the merchants in many of the smaller towns felt insecure, on account of the frequency with which stores were robbed, safes blown open, etc., even in the day-time. In several instances, when they invited me into the small "office," or space railed off at the rear of the store around the safe, I saw a double-barreled shot-gun, sometimes two of them, standing within easy reach of the desk. One gentleman told me that some one of the firm, or of the salesmen in the store, was always in or near the office, and that whenever strangers more than two in number entered the store, the man in the office began handling the weapons, so as to display them, or asking questions, or making remarks about their having been loaded. Another merchant said, "Five or six men on horseback could clean us all out here 'most any day, unless we were ready for them,"

ŒDIPUS.

KINGDOM and spouse me prompted less than thought
Of that Mysterious One whose image, fell
But beautiful, drew me as Amphion's lyre
The steadfast stones. But most herself, herself,
And not her fatal riddle, vexed my peace.
Cruel and sweet and strong, the subtle spell
Of mingled potencies, love, wonder, fear,
Forever stirring my unquiet heart,
Tangled my fate with hers. For, looking deep
In my own mind, seeking the plummet-line
To sound her mystery, I, startled, found,
Instead of my own stature, safe and small,
A lengthened, wavering shadow, dimly cast
By flickering lamp upon dissolving mists
From unknown shape,—nothing, or anything,
Or all. My own familiar being slipped
From my sure grasp and faded into air.
But ever, as it vanished, seemed to blend
In one long thrill of shifting bliss and pain
With hers, as shadow into substance melts.
Strange, strange the bond that mocked, yet held me fast:
Me, whom prophetic fingers from my birth
Beckon or warn; me, ominous to myself.
Vainly by day and night my baffled thought
Pondered the import of this prodigy,
Till, 'twixt the life that filled my throbbing breast
And that half hint of complex life, I hung
Most like the dim reflection of a bridge
Spanning the stream that parts our literal world
From shores unmindful of us. Gradually
I felt the presence of another life,
Wide, rich, and strong, and tranquil, of which mine
Was but a faint, inconstant echo, fill
All height and depth and distance; drinking up
My drop of separate being, nevermore
Rounded in small completeness,—nevermore
Self-centred, whole. Thenceforth my pulses beat
In the large measure of my stretched sense.
Visions and sounds not meant for me disturbed
The easy rhythm of youth's unheeding tread,
And I fell out of step with man, because
I listened for the wide pace of the gods:
Yet heard them not, but only seemed to hear;
And seemed to know that their full meaning broke
Just where, on the far edge of human thought,
That Being sat, and drew me to her, thrilled

With something that made music in my heart,
Yet filled me with immeasurable dread,
Shaming my manhood. For the jealous gods,
Though they may use us for their pastime, still
Cannot recall the gifts themselves bestow, —
Courage, and scorn of pain, and thirst for fame.
So, whether I had stumbled on their snare
Or stumbled on their secret, whether I
Tossed in the wind of my own fantasy,
Floated in limbo of immortal thoughts,
Or on the breath of divine traffic rocked,
That which I was, I was, — man capable
To act man's part, and let what must be, be.
So grew the strong desire to understand
The whither, whence, and why of man or sphinx;
Till, arming my weak fears with fortitude,
I dared confront my Terror; dared behold
Near what far off was terrible and fair, —
More fair, more terrible now to my faint heart,
Pierced with a power that made me long to yield,
Yet constant to destroy. Time stopped his flight,
Expectant, while I looked through eyes that blazed
Scornful and ravenous, down to a soul
Doubting and dark and void, though now made big
And insolent with triumph; yet beneath
That front of pride, and o'er the lion heart,
The tender refuge of her woman's breast,
In protest mute, lay pitiful and mild.
Slowly the balance of our beings swung
In that long gaze, and all my passionate fears
Drained to her lower level. Then a voice
Came like low thunder from reluctant lips,
And one by one words dropped upon my ear,
Falling like stones, but changing as they fell,
In my foreboding mind, to winged thoughts.
Their meaning, slow and clear, broke like the dawn
Across the desert's farthest, vanishing rim.
Wide open swung the gates of prophecy;
Waves of a mighty ocean suddenly
Broke on my inward sense; I felt the wind
Blow on my cheek from Hades' opened door.
But she, that riddle, read within my eyes
My answer true, and her imperious gaze
Faltered and faded. From her visage bold
Fled its late spell of mystery and dread,
While blank astonishment and horror froze
Its shame and rage to stone. Then, frantic, she
Dashed at despair, as I, erewhile, at fate,
Her triumph, doubt, and doom all merged in mine.

So Œdipus, in his seven-gated Thebes, —
 When, in deep sleep, out of the gathering gloom
 Of thickly crowding portents, sudden flashed
 A vision of the Sphinx, cleaving the night, — rehearsed
 That obscure page, traced by his proper hand
 Though not in his own character, while the curse
 Close creeping, darkened all his laboring mind,
 And o'er his star its baleful shadow flung.

Agnes Paton.

HAMLET IN PARIS.

THE scene is laid at Paris, in the salon of Madame Necker, one evening in the year 1787. The conversation, as usual, turned upon literature, for most of the *habitués* were men of letters: M. de la Harpe, M. Suard, the Abbé Morellet, the Abbé Galiani, M. de Saint-Lambert, M. de Florian, Mr. Gibbon, M. de Marmontel. Amongst the ladies might be noticed Madame de Lauzun, Madame de Monaco, Madame de Barbantane, Madame de Blot. Monsieur le Comte de Buffon had put in an appearance in the course of the evening, as also had Madame de Genlis, but they had left early: M. de Buffon on account of the fatigue of his great age; Madame de Genlis because the women present were all hostile to her, particularly Madame de Blot. At the supper table the conversation continued, and M. Necker happening to mention the name of an extravagant poet, M. de Piis, who had just published a ridiculous poem on the alphabet, Marmontel said, —

“In faith, I believe Ducis is as cracked as Piis. Have you read his last pieces?”

“Prodigious!” replied Madame de Staël; . . . “but if Ducis understands Shakespeare, how is it that a sun so pure does not enlighten the poor man with a single one of its rays?”

M. de la Harpe did not respond, because he did not like Shakespeare. The school of M. de Voltaire did not under-

stand this prodigious genius, and it was agreed amongst the disciples that Shakespeare was a *barbarian* and an *ignoramus*. “For that matter,” wrote the Duchesse d’Abrantès, who has reported this conversation, “we French were not happy in our judgments at that time. . . . As for Shakespeare, however difficult it may be, it is a sacrilege not to understand him. Shakespeare is the Homer of the theatre! We failed to recognize him for a time; now [1837] that we admit his beauties, may we feel them all! Madame de Staël had one of those souls that anticipate genius; she divined its presence by the perfume that it spreads around. And so, before she could read the celebrated authors in their own tongue, she studied them in translations. But at the epoch of which we are now speaking, being already familiar with the high literary marvels of other nations, she could not endure to hear M. de la Harpe concentrate all literature in our language. She was not then the woman that she afterwards became, — a woman whom the universal voice proclaims the first of her age, no matter which nation claims her as its child; but already she felt that in order to understand our author we must read him in the language in which he wrote. . . . Madame de Staël then asked M. de la Harpe if he read Shakespeare in the original; he replied, No, but with

a dictionary. . . . 'Then,' said Madame de Staël, 'I will talk to you no longer about Shakespeare; we should never understand each other.' M. de la Harpe saw that his position was a bad one, and went back upon Ducis; luckily, he had there more than an easy triumph, for King Lear and Macbeth had just been represented. The unfortunate Ducis was passed under the scalpel with cruel severity; and to tell the truth, when M. de la Harpe recited in a mocking tone these verses from *Le Roi Lear*,

. . . 'Végétaux précieux,
Si vous pouvez m'entendre et sentir mes alarmes,
Fleurissez pour mon père, et croissez sous mes
larmes,'

it was impossible to remain serious. Vegetables that grow under tears! that hear! that feel! M. de la Harpe had the *beau rôle* here, and Madame de Staël, always prompt in discussion, had forgotten that which is the palliative of sharp debate. Madame Necker remedied this forgetfulness, for she saw the brow of Aristarchus becoming cloudy, and she never allowed a guest to leave her house with a painful impression. 'M. de la Harpe,' said Madame Necker to him, 'you must pardon my daughter for having caused you a little annoyance, the more so as I was witness of her emotion when she saw the piece which, on the following day, made us forget the absurdities of *Le Roi Lear*.' 'Then you have seen *Le Roi Lu*, madame? It is indeed a ravishing parody, at which you must have cried with laughing.' 'No, no, not the parody,' replied Madame Necker. 'What my daughter saw was a translation, too, but a beautiful and truthful translation of Sophocles.' "

At this point Madame d'Abrantès gives us to understand that La Harpe looked modestly at his boots, while his face flushed with joy at this reference to his translation of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, which had just been played at the Théâtre Français.

But, in spite of their shortcomings,

Ducis's adaptations of Shakespeare met with immense success. Not only were they discussed in the most select salons of the time, as we have seen, but in the majority of the salons they were profoundly admired. This very King Lear, which was the butt of M. de la Harpe's witticisms, obtained such success that a contagious craze of exaggerated sensibility invaded the society of the day.

The fashion then was to shed tears of tenderness and sympathy, and so in society you heard nothing but gloomy stories, dismal histories, and touching narratives, recited by charming young persons, whose ideal was the sentimental prettiness of Greuze. The *théâtre de société* was all the rage. The taste for amateur theatricals pervaded all classes, and *la mimomanie* reigned supreme at Versailles as well as in the dramatic societies of the Marais and of the Rue Popincourt, in the mansions of the nobility as well as in the parlors of the middle classes. In all the *châteaux* and *maisons de plaisance* near Paris, stages were built. From one end of France to the other, society dreamed only of one thing, — acting, *jouer la comédie*. At the Prince de Conti's private theatre, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's grand opera of the Nine Muses was produced; *Le Mariage de Figaro* was played for the first time at M. de Vaudreuil's theatre at Gennevilliers. But the private theatre that attracted most attention, and that had the privilege of bringing two hundred coaches three leagues out of Paris, was the model stage of M. de Magnanville, at La Chevette. And what was the *pièce de résistance* at M. de Magnanville's? A tragedy of the Chevalier de Chastellux, "*tiré du théâtre Anglais et accomodé au notre*," entitled *Roméo et Juliette*!

It may easily be imagined that in the country of Racine, Boileau, and Delille the name and genius of Shakespeare had not come into vogue without encountering violent opposition. In 1787 we find

the disciples of M. de Voltaire treating Shakespeare as a barbarian. Nevertheless, it was no other than Voltaire who had introduced his countrymen to the beauties of Shakespeare. During his three years' stay in London, from 1726 to 1729, Voltaire became familiar with the English language and literature; and when he returned to France he brought back with him the sketch of his tragedy of Brutus, inspired partly by Addison and partly by Shakespeare. In 1732 he produced his tragedy of Eriphile, in which certain details, and notably the apparition of Amphiaräus, in the fourth act, were copied from Hamlet; and in the same year he wrote Zaïre, the plot of which is traced upon that of Othello. Meanwhile, in his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, Voltaire had spoken with enthusiasm of Shakespeare, and had given an excellent translation of the famous monologue of Hamlet. In his prefaces, too, he had frequently spoken of the English poet, and his works at this epoch were full of imitations of him. The remarks of Voltaire were by no means without influence. Public attention was awakened, and France became conscious that there were things curious and admirable outside her own boundaries. The reform movement declared itself frankly and openly. English literature became a favorite study, and Anglomania a fashion daily increasing in extent.

One of the most singular incidents in the literary life of Voltaire is the manner in which, after having introduced and imitated Shakespeare, and after having, during twenty years, lent his approval to the dramatic reform movement which he had himself begun, he suddenly turned round upon his former idol, and appealed, before Europe, to the tribunal of the French Academy to defend Sophocles, Corneille, and Racine, and, last but not least, Voltaire, against the invasion of "Gilles Shakespeare and Pierrot Letourneur." This episode is

too long to be related here. It is enough for us to remember that the Shakespearean movement in France was begun under the auspices of M. de Voltaire, and that one of the first plays with which the French became familiar was Hamlet.

The earliest translation of this play is that given by De la Place, in the second volume of his *Théâtre Anglais* (Paris, 1745); a publication which, although full of defects, did much to help on the dramatic reform then in preparation, — the cause of the modern drama against the Racinian tragedy. His Hamlet is a mixture of prose and verse, both of the roughest kind; whole scenes are omitted, others are simply analyzed, and the words and thoughts of Shakespeare are throughout curiously distorted. Nevertheless, the *Théâtre Anglais* was the book of the day; the enterprise was bold and new, and the author, in his first volume, while sounding high the praises of Shakespeare, was careful to anticipate all objections on the ground of taste, style, and dramatic liberty. At the end of his ingenious and vigorous preliminary discourse he says, "Let us, then, beware of condemning irrevocably what our grandchildren will perhaps one day applaud."

In 1769, Ducis, "*le bon Ducis*," began that series of unfaithful imitations of Shakespeare with which posterity has so often reproached him, but which his contemporaries received with applause, such as no modern translations or adaptations have yet obtained. His Hamlet was the first that was produced on the French stage.

At this time the general opinion as regards Shakespeare, both of French people of fashion and of the men of letters who did not belong to the opposition, was summed up in a *boutade* of the "*roi Voltaire*," in which he characterized the English poet as a "*barbare frotté de génie*." But Ducis did not attempt to force Shakespeare upon his contemporaries in all the novelty and

strangeness of his form and conception; he simply endeavored to adapt his tragedies to the French dramatic system, and also to the moral ideas and language of his age, knowing that it is easier to change the legislation and constitution of a people than its tastes and pleasures, and bearing in mind that nothing is more obnoxious than a fashion — so long as it lasts.

Now it must be remembered that neither the *grand siècle* nor the *grand monarque* had loved truth in art. The encouragement of Versailles and the applause of public opinion had guided the efforts of sculpture, of painting, of architecture, and of literature towards a deceitful grandeur and a conventional nobleness that confined the beautiful within the solemnity and formalities of a narrow etiquette. When the century of Louis XV. succeeded the century of Louis XIV., when a France of gallantry issued from a France of ostentation, when men and things became smaller as royalty became more human, the ideal of art and of literature still remained factitious and conventional; only the ideal descended from majesty to grace. In everything, in the second half of the eighteenth century, we find a refinement of elegance, a quintessence of amiability, of charm, of color, of gracefulness. The stage, books, statues, pictures, houses, rooms, nothing escapes from the invading prettiness of this delicious decadence. Prettiness is the essence and formula of the time. The charm of French women at the end of the eighteenth century was not piquant grace, but touching grace; they sought not to fascinate, but to produce an emotion. In this age of *sensibilité* it became the fashion to return to nature, to admire the country, to be humane, to have a heart, to taste the sweets and tenderness of natural affection, to be a good father and a good husband, to have a soul, virtues, religious emotion, to believe in Providence and immortality, to be capable of enthusiasm. Just

at the moment when Europe was preparing to send the armies of Brunswick against France, France was seized with the noble and charming craze of universal fraternity. In that much-calumniated epoch, the nation was lifted above itself by great hopes, by noble illusions, by sublime aspirations towards a more elevated ideal. The language of the day was tender, pure, and sentimental; the types of the painters and the heroines of the novelists strove to replace the expression of wit by the expression of sentimentality, and the smile that comes from thought by the smile that comes from the heart.

Ducis endeavored to impregnate the characters and some of the incidents of Shakespeare's plays with that sensibility which Rousseau and Diderot had brought into fashion. He simply adapted to the taste of his age the "beauties" that struck him in Shakespeare; and so well did he succeed in "nationalizing" his model that up to within quite recent times his quaint arrangement of Othello was constantly played and applauded at the Comédie Française, in preference to the excellent and faithful translation of Alfred de Vigny. Ducis never even professed to translate Shakespeare. "I do not understand English," he wrote in his preface, "and yet I have dared to produce Hamlet on the French stage. Everybody knows the merit of the Théâtre Anglais of M. de la Place. It is after this work, so valuable to literature, that I have endeavored to render one of the most singular tragedies of Shakespeare." The rôle of Hamlet was created by Molé, and the piece achieved a success which encouraged Ducis to continue his series of Shakespearean adaptations.

Nobody, nowadays, would think of reading the Hamlet of Ducis except out of literary curiosity. However bold it may have appeared at the time, it now seems insipid beyond expression. The object of the tragedy, as arranged by

Ducis, is to show in Hamlet a model of filial piety. Hamlet is represented as reigning king of Denmark, and Claudius as the heir apparent, plotting against the throne. In the *dénoûment*, poetic justice is distributed to all in a calm and dignified manner. Hamlet kills Claudius, and, turning to his guilty mother, he says to her, "Return to your duty; repair your offense; my vengeance is satisfied with one victim." Then Gertrude stabs herself, exclaiming, —

"Ce fils trop généreux, par un reste d'amour,
Désobéit au ciel en me laissant le jour:
Puisqu'il n'ose venger un père déplorable,
C'est à moi maintenant de punir le coupable."

So Hamlet lives. His cup of misfortune is full to the brim, but he says, —

"Ma vertu me reste;
Mais je suis homme et roi; réservé pour souffrir,
Je saurai vivre encor; je fais plus que mourir."

In his excessive sensibility and respect for the sensibility of his audience, Ducis contrived a double *dénoûment* for nearly all his pieces: one intended for the stage; the other, for the use of "*âmes sensibles*," to use a favorite phrase of the day. In the second ending of this tragedy, Claudius is supposed to be torn to pieces by the mob, behind the scenes, and so Hamlet's hands remain free from the stain of blood.

The success of the Hamlet of Ducis continued far into the present century. Even severe critics like Geoffroy recognized beauties of the first order in the adaptations of Ducis, of whom he said, "Ducis a son génie dans son cœur, et c'est là qu'il est bien." It was in the Shakespearean versions of Ducis that Talma obtained some of his greatest artistic triumphs, and the rôle of Hamlet was one of his finest, after that of Othello.

We may dismiss in a few lines the different French translations of Hamlet, in order to arrive at two capital events in the history of Hamlet in Paris: the visit of the English actors in 1827–28 and 1844–45, and the translation of Al-

exandre Dumas and Paul Meurice, the only adaptation of the piece, with the exception of that of Ducis, which has ever been produced upon the dramatic stage. The various translations that we have to mention are that of Letourneur (1776); the same revised and corrected by Guizot and Amédée Pichot in 1821, and by Francisque Michel in 1839; that of Benjamin Laroche (1841), of Montégut (1868), of F. V. Hugo, which remains up to the present the best literary translation that exists in the French language, and one by Théodore Reinach (1880). None of these were intended for the stage.

The visits of Kean, Kemble, and Macready, between 1827 and 1845, enabled the Romanticists and the generation of 1830 to become acquainted with Shakespeare's masterpiece, interpreted by native actors. Even in 1827 Shakespeare was not yet accepted in France. Most of the Academicians and tragic poets of the time looked upon him with suspicion; the newspapers made his name the butt of their jokes; and the grave Duvicquet, the predecessor of Jules Janin as dramatic *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal des Débats*, refused even to mention his name. Shakespeare's only admirers and defenders were a group of young men, writers and artists, who used to meet in the garden of the Luxembourg, under the colonnade of the Odéon, or in the reading-rooms of the Latin quarter, in order to read and declaim in sympathetic company the scenes of Hamlet or of Macbeth. This group was the kernel of the band which, under the leadership of Victor Hugo, was destined soon to bear aloft the banner of Romanticism, and to fight the battle of Shakespearean drama against Racinian tragedy, of truth and nature against the Aristotelian canons. The movement had been begun by Diderot. Madame de Staël had given it a name and augmented its force by making it acquainted with German thought and poetry. But the young Shakespeareans

were far from being in harmony with the average opinions of their contemporaries. "The liberalism of the classic Constitutionnel," says one of them, the Count Armand de Pontmartin, in his *Souvenirs d'un Vieux Critique*, "almost accused us of being doubly unpatriotic: first of all, in sacrificing to a foreigner [people no longer said, as Voltaire had said, "a drunken savage"] the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine; and secondly, in forgetting too easily the grievances of France against perfidious Albion."

However, on the first night of Hamlet, performed by the English company, the Odéon was crowded. The band of Shakespeareans had met at the Café Voltaire, on the Place de l'Odéon, and had organized themselves to combat the Philistines, the *bourgeois*, the readers of the Constitutionnel, the clan of *per-ruques* and *momies*, who still cherished a remnant of national rancor against the victors of Waterloo. The chiefs of the Shakespearean band were Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas, Alphonse Karr, Alfred de Musset, Eugène Delacroix, the brothers Johannot, the brothers Devéria, Emile and Antoine Deschamps, Sainte-Beuve, Chenavard, Barye and Préault, the sculptors, Louis Boulanger, Théophile Gautier, Philarète Chasles, etc.,—all the young generation, whose talents were ripening to give lustre to their age.

The Romanticists carried the day easily, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. From the literary circles and the newspapers the excitement spread to the general public, and English literature again became the craze of the hour, as it had already been in the last century. Almost every day some new translation of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, or Byron, saw the light; the newspapers were full of enthusiastic essays on the subject of English poets and prose writers; and Kemble and Miss Smithson were the idols of the day.

"I knew only the Hamlet of Ducis!" exclaims Alexandre Dumas, in one of his prefaces. "I went to see that of Shakespeare. Imagine a man born blind to whom his sight is restored, and who discovers a whole world of which he had no idea; imagine Adam waking up after the creation, and finding under his feet the enameled earth, over his head the flaming sky, around him trees with golden fruits, in the distance a broad silver stream, at his side a young and chaste wife: you will then have an idea of the enchanted Eden whose gate this representation opened for me. . . . Oh, this, then, was what I was seeking; this was what was wanting; this was what was destined to come to me!"

In less hyperbolic terms, in a letter to a friend, written in 1828, Eugène Delacroix wrote, "The English actors have opened their theatre. They are working miracles, since they are filling the Odéon, until the very paving-stones of the quarter tremble under the wheels of the carriages. In short, they are in vogue. The most obstinate Classicists have lowered their colors. Our actors are going to school, and opening wide their eyes. The consequences of this innovation are incalculable."

In order to complete the reader's idea of the progress of Shakespeareanism in France, we will pass over a period of sixteen years, and take up the *Journal des Débats* in December, 1844. Macready had been playing Hamlet in English to an appreciative Parisian audience. The critic of the great journal, although he found the tragedy of Hamlet wanting in what he considered the first element of dramatic interest, namely, action and the struggle of the passions, still hung with ecstasy on the lips of the melancholy dreamer, Hamlet the Dane. The reason was, he says, that "the voice of Hamlet awoke sentiments and thoughts that have worked upon all the hearts and minds of our times. In this unique tragedy Shakespeare is more than

a great poet; he is a great prophet and a precursor."

The task of familiarizing the French with Hamlet, begun so brilliantly by Kemble, Kean, and Macready, was completed by Eugène Delacroix and Alexandre Dumas. Eugène Delacroix, the only French painter of the century who takes undisputed rank beside Rubens, Veronese, and David, was profoundly influenced by Shakespeare. Many of his finest pictures and lithographs were of Shakespearean subjects,—scenes from Macbeth, Henry VI., Othello, Romeo and Juliet. But it was particularly to Hamlet that Delacroix gave his thought and care, and it is, perhaps, more from Delacroix's compositions than from any translation that the figure of Hamlet has become familiar to the French. From the picturesque point of view, Delacroix's conception of the feudal Middle Ages corresponds to that of Anglo-Saxon artists; his figures, however, are rather the lean and nervous creatures of the South than the stalwart and ruddy men of the North. Although the type varies in some of the pictures and lithographs, Hamlet is in nearly all of them represented as a beardless youth; and in one of the compositions, that of the gravediggers, Delacroix's model appears to have been a woman. This extreme youthfulness of Hamlet does not harmonize entirely with the text of Shakespeare, nor with the age and experience which the irony and skepticism of Hamlet imply. Still, from the French plastic stand-point, we can understand that this type was found perfectly satisfactory. On this subject George Sand has written, "Personne n'a sent comme Delacroix le type douloureux d'Hamlet; personne n'a encadré dans une lumière plus poétique et posé dans une attitude plus réelle, ce héros de la souffrance, de l'indignation, du doute, et de l'ironie, qui fut pourtant, avant ses extases, le *miroir de la mode* et le *moule de la forme*, c'est à dire un 'homme du monde accompli.'"

The Hamlet that Delacroix has represented is not the harsh, unhappy, violent, and almost turbulent creature that the actor Rouvière afterwards made to live on the stage; it is a delicate, pallid Hamlet, with white, feminine hands and tapering fingers, an exquisite nature, but without energy, undecided, and with an almost expressionless eye. In this figure Delacroix seems to have sought to express the very essence of that singular and obstinate melancholy which was one of his most remarkable qualities, and which manifests itself in all his works in the choice of subjects, in the expression of the figures, in their gestures, and in the style of the color. Dante and Shakespeare, the two great painters of human sorrow, held the highest place in Delacroix's affection.

The history of the translation of Hamlet, in five acts and in verse, played at the Théâtre Historique in December, 1847, has been related at length by one of the authors, the elder Dumas, with his usual exuberance and inexactitude of detail. The authors who figure on the title-page are Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice. Being curious to know to what the collaboration of Dumas amounted, the present writer recently asked M. Meurice to give him his version of the matter, which is recorded here almost in M. Meurice's own words:

"I was then quite a young man, almost a boy; a freshman, in short. Ostensibly I was a law student, living in the Latin quarter. Being already a great admirer of Shakespeare, and with a view to getting practice in dramatic verse-writing, I had translated the principal scenes of Hamlet. I was at that time fairly familiar with English; at any rate, I could read it with facility. And so, without any special idea of having my work played, I continued until I had translated nearly all the piece; I had omitted only the connecting and transition scenes. One day I happened to speak of my translation to Dumas,

who was an enthusiastic champion of the Shakespearean movement.

"‘Ah!’ said Dumas. ‘You must show me that!’

"‘I brought my manuscript. Dumas read it.

"‘The translation is very good, very good,’ was the verdict; ‘the verses are well turned. I will get it played for you at the Théâtre Français. Ligier [a celebrated actor of the time] is tired of playing the insipid Hamlet of Ducis, and I am sure he will jump at the opportunity of at last playing Shakespeare’s Hamlet. But I am afraid of the dénouement for the French stage, you know; it is perhaps a little too audacious — the public is hardly accustomed to that sort of thing.’

"I of course protested, in the name of Shakespeare and on the ground of the respect due to genius.

"‘Yes, yes,’ continued Dumas, ‘I know, — you are quite right; but the French public will never put up with that slaughtering at the end. We shall have to tone that down and make it less violent.’

"Although my conscience continued to protest, still Alexandre Dumas was a master in matters concerning the drama. I was only a boy, and so I yielded. But wishing to respect Shakespeare, even in changing his sacred text, I suggested the adaptation to Hamlet of the apparition of the ghosts of Clarence, Rivers, Hastings, Queen Anne, and the other victims of Richard in the last act of Richard III.

"Dumas was enchanted.

"‘The idea is splendid. Go and write the scene, and then we will see what the committee of the Français has to say about the piece.’

"So I wrote the final scene as it was afterwards played. Meanwhile, Dumas arranged the *scenario*, intercalated a few verses here and there to connect the scenes, and altered the beginning. But, with the exception of these few verses,

I was really the author of the whole translation, including the dénouement.

"Thus arranged, the piece was read at the Théâtre Français, and accepted by the actors, who were then the sole judges in such matters; but it was accepted, or, to use the French term, received à *correction*, that is to say, on condition that certain alterations should be made in it by the authors in concert with the actors.

"Dumas was furious when he heard the verdict.

"‘Quoi? Mais on ne reçoit pas Shakespeare à correction! Ou on le reçoit ou on ne le reçoit pas du tout! Tas d’imbéciles!’

"And he took up the manuscript, and stalked out of the theatre."

Dumas’s version differs considerably from that of M. Meurice, and in it Dumas claims for himself the glory of having first conceived the idea of the translation and the dénouement. Dumas furthermore relates the incident of the Théâtre Français differently, and without the fine *mot* which M. Meurice attributes to him. However this may be, the piece was first played at Saint-Germain, in September, 1846.

"I was then living at Saint-Germain," writes Dumas (*Etude sur Hamlet*). "I hired the little theatre of that town for my own private pleasure. This was that epoch of luxury with which I have been so much reproached, and for which I have had to pay so dearly. Rouvière and Madame Person received the principal rôles, those of Hamlet and Ophelia. The others were distributed amongst the artists who happened to be there, and who were obliging enough to accept them. Then, one night, after dinner, I took my guests to the play. I had Hamlet performed. I gave a supper to them and to the artists, and I sent them all away by special train at three o’clock in the morning. Hamlet had great success. It was played fifteen times at Saint-Germain, and left me out of pocket

only 3000 francs for my supper, the cost of the seats at the theatre, of the scenery, and of the special train."

In 1847 Hamlet was produced at the new Théâtre Historique, with Rouvière in the title rôle. The piece proved a popular as well as a literary success, and for the next twenty years Rouvière and Hamlet were one. From time to time Rouvière laid aside his suit of sable to play other parts; but it was always to resume at the first opportunity the cap and black feathers that set off so strikingly the swarthy paleness of his face. The career of this Rouvière is worthy of a chapter by itself, thankless as is the task of evoking the shadowy memories left by a vanished actor. Of Rouvière's Hamlet, Théophile Gautier wrote in the *Moniteur*, —

"In an epoch of stupid fairy pieces, of idiotic *vaudevilles*, and of operettas that have no music in them, Rouvière, with unshakable faith, constituted himself the priest of the great William Shakespeare." By this time, it must be remembered, the golden days of French Shakespeareanism had passed; the fine enthusiasm of the Romanticists had vanished, to take its place in the limbo of the legends of the past; Offenbach had appeared, and the desecration of Olympus had begun. Amidst this spreading abomination of desolation, continues Gautier, Rouvière "penetrated the mysterious depths of that gigantic creation of Hamlet, which seemed untranslatable on the French stage. Sagacious as the criticism of Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*, picturesque as the illustrations of Eugène Delacroix, fantastic as Kean or Kemble, he made the Prince of Denmark live, breathe, walk, and dream. . . . No one ever rendered as Rouvière did that hesitation of thought before action; that mixture of feigned madness and involuntary madness; that visionary eye, in which are reflected phantoms invisible to the rest of the world; that profound reverie, interrupted by convulsive awak-

enings through contact with reality; that sacred horror in presence of the bloody task imposed by the Ghost; that philosophical uneasiness interrogating the other life, one foot on the brink of the grave, and a skull in one hand, — all the delicate and diversified shades of that immense rôle, which one would think it impossible to act. . . . What distinguished Rouvière from other actors, besides his passionate and romantic comprehension of Shakespeare, was the extreme care which he displayed in the outward composition of the character that he was representing. He drew Hamlet with his person as Delacroix drew him with his pencil. In Othello, his postures, his costumes, his gestures, and his style reminded you of the magnificent etchings of Théodore Chassériau. He not only acted his poet; he illustrated him, and made of each scene a picture."

The alterations which Alexandre Dumas introduced into Hamlet were guided both by his experience of the stage and by his instincts as a Frenchman. The problem which presented itself to Dumas, as to all French translators of Shakespeare, was to acclimatize an Anglo-Saxon poet in a Latin country; to transplant works that grew in a land of reverie, of fantasy, of vague and profound imagination, into a land of reason, of logic, of regular elegance. However strange these attempts may appear from our point of view, they are worthy of respectful attention; and in this case it is the duty of the literary historian to record and explain rather than to criticize.

These changes bore upon three main points: First, Dumas suppressed the scene between the Ghost and the two sentinels, on the ground that the first appearance of the Ghost should be made in the presence of Hamlet, who is called upon to avenge its death, rather than before two foreign mercenaries. Secondly, Dumas thought that Hamlet left

the spectators, and above all French spectators, who desire the explanation of everything, a little too uncertain as to his madness. In his version, therefore, Hamlet indicates distinctly to Marcellus and Horatio the object and limit of his madness, and makes them swear to keep the secret, and to appear to believe in the reality of his feigning. Thirdly, Dumas changed the dénouement. "The ending of Hamlet," he says, "has always appeared to me unjust; it is in vain that people maintain that it is the antique fatality, which demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Antique fatality punished deliberate action, not error; premeditation, not accident. Now Hamlet is not guilty of a crime, but of an accident. Gertrude and the king wished to kill, the one her husband, the other his brother. Laertes wished to kill Hamlet. Hamlet, on the contrary, did not wish to kill Polonius; he meant to kill the usurper of his kingdom and the murderer of his father. In so doing he was obeying the orders of the Ghost. It was by mistake that he slew Polonius. Besides," continues Dumas, "it is unpleasant to see these four persons on the stage, dying, so to speak, in one common agony. Shakespeare, if it was not from a falling off after the long and fatiguing execution of a work like Hamlet, must have had some reason for making his piece end by an assault of arms, fatal not only to the actors, but also to the spectators. Perhaps he had, to represent Hamlet, an actor who was a very exceptional fencer, whose talent he wished to bring into relief, or an excellent mimic, who was to crown the work by a *succès d'agonie*. However that may be, I persist in saying that the conclusion of Hamlet is defective: defective from the philosophical point of view, because Hamlet, not being guilty in the same way as the rest, ought not to die by the same death; defective from the stand-point of dramatic *mise en scène*, inasmuch as

these four corpses produce a most disagreeable effect on the stage; defective, finally, in scenic construction, inasmuch as the Ghost, that is the mainspring of the drama, the Ghost, who, when he sees the drama languishing in the third act, reappears in order to revive it, ought fatally to enter once more, so as to be present at the dénouement. The Ghost is Providence visible; or, if you insist on bringing the piece under the category of the antique and fatalistic compositions of Æschylus and Sophocles, it is the *Deus ex machina*, which, in this case, does not come down from heaven, but issues out of the earth, in order to bring about an ending in accordance with morality and justice."

In the dénouement conceived by Alexandre Dumas, — or rather, as we have seen above, by Paul Meurice, *malgré lui*, — Hamlet does not die; the ghost of the old king, which the avenger had hitherto alone perceived, becomes visible to the guilty also, and the scales fall from their eyes in the supreme moment. A literal translation runs thus: —

Hamlet. The ghost, the ghost!
Come, sombre phantom, see thy murderers die!
The King. [*Under Hamlet's hand.*] Help!
Hamlet. [*To the courtiers, at a sign from the king.*] Leave us.
[*The courtiers hesitate.*
If one of you takes one step
He will not take two! I am king, am I not?
King of your existence and of your agony?
This piece must end between us five.
Begone, all! [*All intimidated. Exeunt, slowly.*
Now, you three, do you see him?
Laertes. Mighty God! The dead king!
The King. My brother!
Gertrude. My husband!
Laertes. Pardon!
The Ghost. Yes, thy too prompt blood
dragged thee toward the abyss,
Laertes, and the Lord hath punished thee for thy
crime;
But thou shalt find him, for he fathoms all hearts,
Less severe above. Laertes, pray and die!
[*Laertes dies.*
Gertrude. Pity! Pity!
The Ghost. Thy crime was thy love itself,
Poor woman! Jesus loves those who love.
Go; thy heart hath washed thy shame with thy
tears;
Woman here, queen in heaven. Gertrude, hope
and die!
[*Gertrude dies.*

The King. Pardon!
The Ghost. No pardon! Go, infamous murderer,
 Go; for thy horrible crime, in their circles of flame,
 Satan and hell have not too many torments.
 Go, incestuous traitor, go, despair and die.
 [The King dies.
Hamlet. And I, am I to remain, sad orphan on the earth,
 And breathe this air, impregnated with misery?
 Tragedian, chosen by the wrath of God,
 If I have chosen ill my part, and ill understood my play;
 If, trembling at my work, and wearied without fighting,
 For one that thou didst wish, I have killed four,
 Oh speak! will God not pardon,
 Father? And what chastisement awaits me?
The Ghost. Thou shalt live!

By this arrangement, Dumas, according to French ideas, at least, made the piece "logical" in its beginning and in its end; the fate of each person is fixed and the punishment proportioned to the crime with sublime justice. Only Shakespeare's Hamlet could not live. In Shakespeare's Hamlet vengeance devours the avenger. "The rest is silence."

Subsequently, and partly with a view to having it played at the Shakespeare Jubilee in 1864, M. Paul Meurice made a new version of Hamlet, in which he religiously respected the text and re-

stored the dénoûment of Shakespeare. But the proposed Shakespearean performance, together with the Jubilee banquet, were prohibited by order of the emperor, owing to the fact of Victor Hugo having been nominated honorary president of the committee. In 1867, however, this new and faithful version was played at the Gaité with great success, and Madame Judith fulfilled the rôle of Hamlet with singular talent. It was on the occasion of these performances that Dumas wrote his *Etude sur Hamlet*, a pamphlet now become somewhat rare, in order to defend his conception of the piece against Shakespeare's!

Since 1867 Hamlet has not appeared on the French stage, and so far as scenic representation is concerned the genius of Shakespeare is almost completely ignored in Paris. It is indeed a curious fact that, with the exception of the Comédie Française, there is no important literary theatre in Europe where the works of Shakespeare do not form part of the current repertory; and there is no European capital, with the exception of Paris, that is contented with the pale reflection of Hamlet which flickers dimly and dolefully in the opera of Ambroise Thomas.

Theodore Child.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XXIII.

A PLEA BY AN INGENIOUS ATTORNEY,
 BUT THE COURT RESERVES ITS DECISION.

BAINBRIDGE went next day to see Otilie, notwithstanding the prohibition that had been laid upon him. He found her at home, in one of the luxurious rooms where he had already passed so many pleasant hours.

"It is an unpropitious place," he said, glancing around, "but I have come again to try and persuade you to leave it, as I promised."

He poured out a new flood of affectionate entreaty, and Otilie renewed her objections. But she had passed a night of mental conflict, which had weakened her physical forces. How could she effectively resist when so betrayed by her own situation, and sustained only by the drear sense of duty?

The young man, in his impetuosity, was unconscious of himself, of all his qualms, scruples, and cynicisms of the past. He reminded her, in his persistence, of a teasing child, who will not take no for an answer.

"Oh, waver! Oh, be weak at least!" he urged, after an array of other arguments. "Firmness is not becoming in a woman. She should vacillate; she should be irresolute, and yield. Come, let us be engaged!"

"You can break it off, you know," he offered immediately after as a happy solution, "in case you do not like me."

He had taken her hand. "This is the finger for the ring," he went on, singling out the slender member in question. "I have in mind a diamond, which has long twinkled to me in a rather knowing way in a certain window. You must let me bring it. We must have you photographed in your wedding dress, to look at in future years. You will be so lovely in your bridal attire."

These apparently trivial utterances, which were tossed off, with a multitude of others, in the heat of his eloquence, affected Ottilie, from her feminine point of view, with a potency beyond their actual importance.

She saw the ceremony, her new dignity as a wife, the long perspective of happy years by his side. He combated every position but that of consideration for himself, by which alone she was deterred.

"We should have to live in a kind of Bohemian way, of course, at first," he pursued, going on to arrange all these details, although she had not yet consented. "We should take some sort of a flat, and have rugs and a divan and some photographs in it. We could give tea, you know, and see some of those people we met at Mrs. Stoneglass's, if you wanted company. If you did not, that would suit me exactly. I want

only you. Nothing would suit me better than to fly to a desert island with you this minute."

Ottilie was astonished at her own marvelous powers of negation. To be so importuned to do what her whole being called out for, what appeared to her the most delightful thing in the world, was ever woman so deliciously beset? She rallied, however, for a final resistance. It was such a defense as that of gunners who resist with clubbed muskets when the enemy is already in the works in overwhelming force.

"No," she began, with an effort at a precise air, "go your journey, dear. By the time you have returned" —

But the caressing little epithet which had escaped her lips inadvertently set him on fire. He was no longer to be controlled. He threw an arm about her waist.

"Say you love me," he cried impetuously, "since you do! Let us have no more of this."

"I love you, dear Russell," she replied, and yielded to his embrace with an exquisite consenting.

"I could not hold out. It was beyond mortal endurance. I want to be yours, and I want you for mine," she said, later. This had an appearance of delightful candor, but, considering that she had once wildly debated whether she should write to him that she could not live without him, it hardly seemed to Ottilie candor at all. "But you are not to give me any ring, and it is not an engagement yet. I must wait."

"How long?"

"Ah! who can say? After my cousin's wedding. If nothing happens then, I will fix a date in the future; and then if there is nothing, — but I do not wish to talk about it. I do not wish to explain. Something must be cleared away. Perhaps I may yet have to give you up. Perhaps all must come to an end between us, hard as it is to think of."

"Perhaps stuff and nonsense! I

want to hear nothing of such absurd suppositions."

"I could bear it better now than before, since I know that you love me. I so longed and prayed for your love. You do not know what happiness it is for me to tell you this. The memory of what has passed would sustain me, even if we should never see each other again."

"Well, it would n't me, I can tell you;" and he repudiated fiercely any such fantastic idea of comfort.

She was really inflexible now, in this last position she had taken. Nothing could shake her. Bainbridge had to be content with the assurance of her affection; that, after all, was the important thing. The important thing? It was the ineffable thing,—the thing for gods and men to wonder at.

Others no doubt had loved and been loved, in their time, but nobody could assure him that it had been in a manner wholly like this. Once, when they two were sitting together, Ottilie bent forward impulsively, and kissed him on the forehead. Then she blushed deeply. The timid boldness of this caress from such a source gave him an exquisite pleasure. To have won with his own small deserts that pure and beautiful affection, in no sense to have bought or compelled it,—was it not a reward for many trials? Was not this alone something to have lived for?

His heart at this time bubbled over with kindness towards all the world. It was fortunate for beggars or other of the wretched who came in his way. He would have liked to share his beatitude with the whole human race. "Ah, it is happiness that is good for us," he cried, "and not betrayal and defeat." But he found his nervous system at an extreme and excitable tension. A word, a tender passage in a book, a sweet chord of music, affected him unduly. "It is too much," he declared to Ottilie. "Very shortly I shall not be worth the powder to blow me up."

They had but a few brief days before Bainbridge would be obliged to take his departure. Fortunately, the bustle for Angelica's wedding allowed them to be much together unobserved. It may be supposed that they indulged in their fair share of the usual lovers' babble. The old questions—When did you like me? Why did you like me? Where did you like me first?—were asked. They exchanged now with pleasure all the fine shades of their respective doubts, hopes, and fears, which they had been so long engaged in carefully concealing from each other. There was now, also, the case of a former flame, Madeline Scarlett, to be analyzed and cleared up. Ottilie withdrew her hand from the narrator's while this was being done.

"You *are*," he declared to her (as he had often declared to himself) "what I only fancied her to be. She was a cold and heartless woman, as incapable of warmth of feeling as of intelligent appreciation. Not that she had much to appreciate, you know."

"Could you go back to her? Could you ever like her again?" Ottilie asked, with a charming irrelevance.

"Yes, I think of going back at once. Her husband is dead, as you know, and she is a rich widow."

But Ottilie was too content now to be discomfited by his banter. Inwardly, she looked upon this Madeline Scarlett with a lively wonder and indignation, as a sort of monstrosity, to have sacrificed what she had. She must be a person of a brain with a missing lobe,—a person without the most ordinary perception of the relative merit of things.

Some minor flirtations of the young man's were also to be gone over and cleared away. He humorously ascribed whatever slight sentimental fancies of this kind he might have indulged in to some unaccountable hallucination, to his lack of knowledge of women, and particularly to his lack of acquaintance

with her. This having been done, Otilie gave him back her hand, and beamed upon him once more with the full measure of her approbation.

It was presently her turn. Her manner was much less bold-faced now, although Bainbridge aimed to conduct the inquiry with a discretion befitting so delicate a subject. Two or three young men, in their day and generation, she admitted, had been very *pleasant*. In fact, there had almost always been some one—not that there was any one you could really count. A boy sweetheart had given her a carnelian ring, which she had worn for some time. “Then there was a young man, the winter I passed at Cincinnati,” she said. “He was very young. He wrote me original poetry. He represented me as such a remarkable person, that really — If he had only made me a little less extraordinary. But I do not think I cared just then for the *very* poetical kind. I was sorry, of course, that he should want to go on that way.”

Bainbridge called the latter Petrarch, and her a stoical Laura, turning a deaf ear to his sighs. “Well, we all have to go through our experiences,” he said. “The poor poets, alas! have always got more kicks than half-pence. It is lucky for me that I could not string rhymes. I should have been capable of writing *Iliads* and *Odysseys* about you; and then you would have had nothing to do with me.”

He well conceived that there should have been others by whom she was admired as she was by him. But she was not old in love-making. She had had no experience which had touched in any but the most superficial way her girlish fancy.

Faces are, no doubt, transfigured to the eye of affection, and it might have been difficult for the mere calm outsider to discover all the perfections attributed to that of Otilie by her lover. He instructed her in her charms with such a

prodigal praise that she was buoyed up with a kind of divine self-possession. If half were true that he said, if it were indeed true that every least motion, tone, and look of hers could give him pleasure, she might well afford to dispense with other critics, and comport herself before the general public with a sweet dignity. He analyzed exhaustively, in the opportunities now open to him, each one of her features. As he could not make poems, he would have made a series of memoirs upon her unusual eyes; her slightly *retroussé* nose; her long dark lashes, which curved so fascinatingly upwards; her brows, which he had once thought severe. He had thought so when he first saw her,—the day when, waiting Rodman Harvey’s convenience, he stared at her as she sat abstracted in her hackney coach. They recalled that day together. “If you but knew how horrid I thought you then!” she said.

Nor was this praise of physical perfection confined to one side. Otilie insisted that her lover’s eyelashes were even longer than her own. She found an exceeding comeliness in his looks.

“Oh, no,” he said, disclaiming this, as if this were a gross and quite needless invention. “I have never set up for anything of that sort. It is too late for it to be discovered at this time of day.”

“Yes, I tell you,” she persisted. “You are a very handsome young man. You are a very prepossessing person.”

In speculating about the flattering sensation of being loved, as it was his way to speculate a little about everything, he said, “It makes a great difference from what source the affection comes. It is not all equally flattering, though it be equally devoted. It must be a discriminating person. It must be a person who is a judge.”

“So you think me a judge?” she queried, delighted.

“Oh, yes, *you* are a judge. You are

quite capable of forming your little opinions."

In this mutual glamour, intoxicated with each other's intensely genuine flattery, they rested as it were upon a height from which the world of ordinary sensation and experience was stretched out below them, commonplace, arid, and map-like.

"I ought not to let you go on so. It cannot last; it is too lovely," said Otilie, feeling her apprehensions recurring. "Still, for the little while you are here, perhaps it may not be wrong." She did not know when the smiling prospect would change, and she might have to lament the altered gods and the sea black with ruffling storms.

The final appeal of Bainbridge to be allowed to leave her as his engaged wife met with no more success than all those preceding. He set out, therefore, upon his long jaunt by rail with the affair in this condition. She was a friend simply. He was to wait indefinitely the mysterious period which she put to the realization of his wishes.

He most ardently desired a prosperous result for his mission. And as he jogged interminably onward, looking out of the window at the fleeting country, making brief halts at commonplace towns, dozing or half dozing in his sleeping car at night, he was lost for the most part in sweet reveries of Otilie.

He wrote to her from the way stations. His love seemed to be changing his whole view of life, of morals, of religion. He viewed the cynical, jovial persons for whom he had lately professed admiration differently. How were they really turning out? He began a new inquiry into character, and examined the sources which had made the most admirable one he knew of what it was. He called himself weather-cock. "Am I turning conservative? Shall I deny all my negations? Is the truth or falsity of things shaken, then, by my liking for her?" he soliloquized. But again

he said, "Perhaps what is good enough for her is good enough for me. Let us stand or fall together."

Sudden dreads of the contingencies of life swept across his mind. Was it possible that this affection of theirs could be imperiled, could be wiped out forever, by the agency of a broken rail or a bit of defective boiler flue? No, it must go on. It must not be compassed by the span of a few brief years; there must be a never-ending future for its beatific continuance. As he had been formerly one of the most careless of travelers, he became now one of the most painstaking and finical. When a man is loved, when he has such a happiness awaiting him, it adds a new value to existence. He is valuable freight and by no means to be carelessly handled. As to turning out refractory tenants from shanty-town, it is probable that he would now have given it a very different order of consideration.

XXIV.

"THE TOILS ARE LAID AND THE STAKES ARE SET."

When Kingbolt of Kingboltsville had been absent from town and free from the goad of opposition and notoriety for some time, he began to have his furtive moments of retrospect. Was it, after all, the most desirable thing to marry? The men of his age were not marrying. Old Robert Rink was still driving his coach and enjoying life as a bachelor at sixty.

"Marriage may have its hampering aspects, even under the best of circumstances," reflected Kingbolt. "This thing of giving up your independence, and taking a companion to tote round with you, whose tastes and wishes are more likely than not to conflict with your own, is matter for serious consideration."

However, he was now committed. It was satisfactory to know, at any rate, that he was to have a partner who would gratify his sense of pride and self-importance better than any other he had ever seen. On the whole, he could not say that he was sorry.

A certain stimulus continued to be furnished, too, by the thinly disguised opposition of his family. "They are always nagging, in their pusillanimous way," he said, "at somebody or something which pleases me."

A mysterious episode, too, of the last days preceding the wedding was the receipt of an anonymous letter. It alleged some connection between Rodman Harvey and the death of his father. The cause had been proceedings of Harvey's which would not bear honest looking into.

"Bah!" said Kingbolt, tossing it contemptuously away. "There are always plenty of infernal meddlers trying to break up any match that promises to go off well. It is a pretty time of day to come along with such a story now. I think I should have learned something of it in the course of a life-time if it had been true."

He had heard, it is true, an account of some worriment by which his father's death had been accelerated, but the idea of connecting Rodman Harvey with it was preposterous. Shortly after, his dismissed *protégé*, St. Hill, had the impudence to call upon him. He broached this very subject. He suggested that a public scandal might be impending, and thought that by proper means, a bribe to himself, it might be averted. Kingbolt taxed him fiercely with writing the letter himself, and put him out-of-doors. The young Croesus made as little of the story as it deserved; but what with this and the remaining annoyances he would have been glad if the wedding were fairly over.

He gave, about these times, a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends, which was

signalized by much jovial speech-making. He gave a breakfast to his ushers and best man, at which they were all presented with handsome scarf-pins. He sent Angelica a pair of diamond earrings and a magnificent bridal veil. After the latest mode, the wedding ceremony was to take place in the evening, at seven. The bridesmaids, six in number, were to walk up the aisle unattended. They were to be costumed alike, somewhat in the style of the French Directory, with baskets of flowers. The bride and groom were to meet at the chancel rail. Dr. Miltimore would marry them by a combination service of his own, for which he had obtained much repute. Angelica was, naturally, an authority in the arrangement of these details. The participants were once assembled at her house for rehearsal, and again at the church, that there might be no awkwardness. This last occasion was upon the Tuesday preceding the Thursday for the wedding. It was evening. The gas was lighted, the organ pealed out its grand march, the procession was formed, and the effect of the ceremony was realized so far as might be without the flutter of the fifteen hundred guests, and the bright toilettes to be expected in the pews.

Rodman Harvey himself appeared at this last rehearsal, but could remain through only a part of it. He was obliged to present himself, according to promise, at the annual meeting of the Civic Reform Association. He was to make his report as first director, and also as treasurer, of the association. He had come on from Washington the same day, and looked fatigued. He told some confidants that the night sessions at the Capitol and his persistent committee work did not agree with him. He had had some severer attacks of vertigo than common. As fortune must have it, too, it was in the papers, on the very afternoon of his arrival, that the invalid Secretary of the Treasury had at last

handed in his long-expected resignation. It would probably have been better for Rodman Harvey, had the occasion for his absence been any less pressing, to be actually on the ground at the President's call. He would go back, however, at the first moment. His nomination might even be received by telegraph. The news was the talk of all the clubs and hotel lobbies, and his name was put at the head of the list for the successorship. In excusing himself to his daughter, who was provoked that he must go, he affected a humorous tone, saying, —

“I am of such little importance in the show that my mistakes will never call for criticism.”

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, chosen for the meeting of the Civic Reform Association, was bustling this evening, like numerous similar caravansaries in the neighborhood, with the life that made it a rendezvous. Knots of well-dressed loungers looked from the portico at the rolling cabs, the theatre-goers, the shameless women flaunting by, and so across to the dim obscurity of the lights and benches among the trees in the park. The green weather-doors behind them closed after each in-goer with a thud, as if keeping, for purposes of their own, an audible tally.

Within was a great scuffling of feet over the tessellated pavement. Acquaintances presented others. There was a great talking of politics, trade, and gossip, and a placing of fingers in the palms of hands and on the sleeves and lapels of coats, as an aid to the illustration of ideas. Young men about town, without a club, came hither. Insatiate dealers in stocks engaged in further transactions, or studied the tape of the telegraphic indicator, coiled up in its basket. McKinley, salesman for Harvey & Co., had come in search of a country customer, to whom he was going to “show the town,” — expecting in consequence a larger order on the

morrow. Guests of the house sat and smoked on the benches at the sides of the lobby; or stood conferring near the elevator, with door keys in their hands; or wrote letters in a room at the rear, hung with files of newspapers from all parts of the country, and scattered with advertisements, even to the blotting-sheets on the table.

One of the green weather-doors was brusquely thrown back by Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk. It nearly knocked off his feet Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, who had been awaiting his arrival.

“You should look out for yourself,” said Sprowle Onderdonk carelessly, as his coadjutor picked up his hat with a certain air of meekness. Fletcher St. Hill was hardly the important figure that he had been a year since. It seemed, from the talk, that he was now looking forward to a fee, which was to be more or less liberal according to the success of the enterprise they had undertaken.

“Has Harvey come yet?” asked Sprowle Onderdonk.

“Not yet. I have been keeping a sharp lookout for him.”

“And the others?”

“Mr. Hackley has already gone up to the meeting. McFadd is here, — in the best coat he ever had on in his life. I got it for him, — I hope you will remember that. He will pass for a very respectable personage. He is keeping out of sight just now, till we are ready for him.”

“And what success have you finally had with old Gammage?”

“I have tried in every way to get him over to our side and bring him along, but nothing will stir him. He is not drinking now, and is obstinate as a mule. That man Bainbridge — where *his* interest comes in I don't see — has influenced him against us. You recollect the devil of a time I had to find him again, after he was got away from us. He has never been of any use since. Still, we have his affidavit, and that will

serve our turn. He says he is sorry he gave it, but that does n't alter the fact."

"Well," commented Sprowle Onderdonk, "his affidavit will do for the present. On the whole, I think we are in luck. General Burlington is in Barbadoes. It will be two weeks before he can be communicated with. Not that we need be afraid of anything he might have to say; he can only testify in one way; but an absent witness is better for our purpose, just now, than a possibly unwilling one. We can be as bold as we like. Yes, I think we can call it a very pretty case."

"I ought — I want to offer a final caution about those letters of mine in your hands," suggested St. Hill, with a nervous air. "You are not to use the letters themselves, nor draw attention to me. I have too many other difficulties just at present, and really ought not to be in this business at all. You are at most to sketch the treasonable situation disclosed as a preamble to your more telling charges, and without names. And you are to stand by me in any consequences that may arise, supposing Harvey to defeat us, after all, and select me as a victim for having taken part against him."

"Oh, of course we are not going to get you into trouble," returned his interlocutor in his bluff way, with a mixture of contempt in the tone.

Upon this Fletcher St. Hill appeared reassured.

Rodman Harvey, too, entered the lobby smartly, holding a morocco-bound account book under his arm. If the green weather-doors, keeping their tally, had any sense of impending evil, they may be supposed to have rocked back and forth upon themselves in a crooning way. The merchant prince walked with his quick, nervous step, and, casting a keen glance or two right and left, passed up the stairs to the parlors secured for the meeting.

The two whose talk we have noted,

when they had seen him pass, followed at their convenience. St. Hill first went in search of the ex-bank messenger, Peter McFadd, where he was in waiting, and took him along.

The Civic Reform Association stood ready to do excellent work in the future, as it had in the past. A large number of the most reputable citizens saw the necessity for such an organization in the actual condition of the city's misgovernment and the oppression of the taxpayers. There being no particular crisis at present, its annual meeting did not call forth so large an attendance as at some previous times. Still, there was present a select assembly of persons of the highest respectability. Ex-Governor Antram occupied the chair. Among the younger element of the association, to which Sprowle Onderdonk, too, thought it desirable to belong, were found to-night some purely fashionable club men, who came for the first time. They had been brought by Sprowle Onderdonk, on the promise of "fun," as a *claque* for his own support. Dr. Wyburd, who went everywhere, was present as usual.

The meeting was called to order, and routine business disposed of. The reporters, at the table prepared for them, took a few notes, with a languid air. They had no appearance of expecting to find anything interesting. It came at length to a question of the reelection of Rodman Harvey to the position he had held for another year. He had made a report, which had been accepted in the usual form.

At this point Sprowle Onderdonk took the floor. His figure seemed larger than usual. He had a portentous, leonine air. His club men pressed close behind him, in expectation. His very first words contained the thunderbolt.

"I object to the re-nomination of this man!" he cried. "I protest against Rodman Harvey's being allowed henceforth to have any part or lot among

us. I protest in the name of common honesty and decency. I will state my reasons why."

A tremendous excitement arose in the assembly. For a moment it looked on with astonishment at this audacious disturber of the ruling harmony. Though he was an attorney and a person of considerable social weight, it was not recollected that he had before taken any notable part in its deliberations.

"I charge," he went on, before he could be interrupted, "that he was a traitor to his country in the hour of her worst need. If that might be passed by, I charge, furthermore, directly and unequivocally, that he is a — *forgery*. I hold in my hands the proof of what I say."

"Hear! hear!" cried his supporters, the club men, standing by him as per agreement. A part of the audience thought that he must have been drinking more than was for his good, and were for ejecting him from the room. A larger part, with that secret delight in the calamities of others which is a perverse human trait, or perhaps having long entertained malice against the merchant prince, were willing to hear all that was likely to be said. The newspaper reporters had pricked up their ears and become vastly more animated. The chairman was obliged to pound vigorously with his gavel, for the restoration of order.

"That young man shall be held to a strict accountability for his words!" Rodman Harvey exclaimed, above the hubbub. He was seen pointing a bony forefinger, with an intense directness, across the room.

"It is what I demand. It is what I expect," thundered the assailant of character. "By the leave of this honorable association, I charge that he is not a proper person to be trusted with its funds. It is high time that fraud and hypocrisy in high places were exposed; it is time the whited sepulchres were

opened. We have sat here and listened to his glib talk on the potency of moral ideas, his cant as to the works of regeneration, which are to make our city a pattern to the world. But moral reforms are not propagated from such sources as this. Moral regeneration is not the work of felons, — admitted, though as yet unpunished."

"This is a most scandalous proceeding," cried the editor Stoneglass, rising indignantly to his feet, "and I call, Mr. Chairman, for its suppression! It is no place, here, for the indulgence of vituperation and private malice. If there be any charges, worthy of the name, against our respected treasurer, against one who, as we all know, may now at any moment be called to manage the finances of the nation, let them be put in writing and brought before a proper committee."

"Let it go on; I desire it to go on!" insisted Harvey, in a voice now high and shrill. "I have been assailed in my private as well as in my public integrity. These preposterous accusations must be given to this assembly here and now."

This readiness looked like innocence. The merchant prince had, indeed, if innocent, too critical interests at stake, to allow charges of any seeming importance to hang over him.

Sprowle Onderdonk drew some papers from his breast pocket, and unfolded them with a deliberate air. "I have to display," he said, "a picture of baseness, hidden till now with consummate duplicity. I shall show that it began in treason to our country, and ended in the more vulgar, if less heinous, crime of forgery. I shall show that the latter was used and relied upon to save the criminal from the ruin into which he was precipitated by the miscarriage of the former."

The rumor had got out that something extraordinary was in progress at the meeting of the Civic Reform As-

sociation, and the room began to fill up from below.

The impeacher of Rodman Harvey began his case with the letters to the elder Fletcher St. Hill, of which we have seen the contents. He gave dates, names, everything, explicitly and in full. Sprowle Onderdonk had no idea of making anything less than the best possible of his case, through weak consideration for the feelings of a tool in his employ.

Fletcher St. Hill was in despair. He tried by gestures to attract the attention of the reader; then approached and touched him on the arm, but was rudely repulsed. He fancied that the eye of Rodman Harvey blazed at him with wrath, — as indeed it did, now that his part in the conspiracy was disclosed. He left the hall quaking with an apprehension that proved but too well founded.

The merchant prince hastily summoned a person in whom he had confidence. There was no longer any motive for refraining from visiting upon this detractor his richly deserved punishment. "I have in my desk," he said, "a fully prepared case against this man for a swindling operation upon a former employee of mine. There is also a collection of testimony to other doings, which will send him to the penitentiary. I am not feeling well, and may not be at the office to-morrow, but place the papers in the hands of the district attorney at once!"

"Rodman Harvey was ready," the accuser might have been heard continuing, "to throw his fortune and personal weight into the scale on the side of the Confederacy, for his own supposed advantage. He extended such credits to the South, up to the last moment, as no loyal man would have dreamed of. Caught in his own wiles, justly punished for his treasonable designs, he was on the brink of insolvency. Let me show by what means he extricated himself."

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"This is infamous, infamous," muttered the merchant prince. He stood, leaning one hand upon the back of a chair, and was seen to shake his head in a strange way from side to side. This was perhaps taken by those who saw it for a gesture of energetic denial, but it was in fact an impatient, irrational effort to dissipate the gathering fogs of his old enemy, vertigo. Surely, surely, it should leave him untroubled in a time like this.

"There came a day when he had a vast indebtedness to meet, after the admitted failure of all his natural resources," Sprowle Onderdonk went on. "The balance against him at the Antarctic Bank was overwhelming. In the morning he confessed his inability to meet it, and begged an extension, which could not be granted. But before the close of business hours he had met it. Among the deposits made by him in this interval were three certain pieces of commercial paper, to a large aggregate amount, which were fraudulent. Let me here explain," the speaker interpolated at this point, "that I personally intend no invoking of the outraged law, no prosecutions, in this case, — if indeed the law can yet be invoked, after so long a delay. I leave that to those whose department it is. My personal motive is no more than to protect this body and society at large against the further depredations of the man. My belief is, though it may now be too late to trace them fully, that his forgeries at this date were on a large scale, and that it was thus he saved his credit. I advise that the books of the Antarctic Bank, and of other institutions and firms with which he had dealings, be carefully examined for evidence. I am able at present to cite but three specimens, yet these will be more than sufficient.

"The pieces of commercial paper in question," the accuser resumed, "were of the nature of acceptances. We may suppose that his intention was to take

them up before they matured and should have been forwarded to their ostensible maker. They purported to have been signed by a certain Colonel Kingbolt, of the Eureka Tool Works at Kingboltville. The fraud, however, was almost immediately discovered, and was confessed by Rodman Harvey, when taxed with it at the bank."

At this, a very great sensation arose in the assembly. The names and incidents had struck particularly the alert ears of the ubiquitous Dr. Wyburd. "What do I hear?" he said, — "the Eureka Tool Works? — a forgery upon Colonel Kingbolt? — Rodman Harvey? — the Antarctic Bank? Will extraordinary things never cease to happen within my cognizance? It is the last part of the story of which I so long ago heard the first."

He edged his way sedulously nearer to the front, as one who had a special right to be there, owing to acquaintance with the case.

"This is false, — so wholly false!" ejaculated the merchant prince in a husky voice, speaking with difficulty. His friends thought he was acting very strangely.

"I present in evidence," continued Sprowle Onderdonk imperturbably, "the sworn statement of the note-teller of the bank at the date, one James Gammage, who still lives in this city and can be summoned. He certifies that the acceptances as described came into his hands. Something unusual in the signatures attracted attention. He conferred with the cashier, Ambrose Hackley, who agreed with him in finding the signatures peculiar. He dispatched a telegram of inquiry to the Eureka Tool Works, giving no names, but only such particulars as were necessary to identify the acceptances. A reply was received, declaring any acceptances of the dates and amounts given to be forgeries. He thereupon notified General Burlington, the president of the bank.

General Burlington summoned Rodman Harvey. The latter, as the witness was informed at the time, and believes, confessed to the fraudulent making by him of the pretended commercial paper. No criminal proceedings were instituted. He states that he was afterwards reprimanded, as having exceeded his authority in sending the telegram of inquiry without previous consultation with the president. I offer next the affidavit of Peter McFadd, messenger of the Antarctic Bank at the time. Mr. McFadd is a very respectable person, and is here present."

Upon this, McFadd contrived to stand forth prominently, in his good coat, with the object of drawing upon himself and his respectability the attention of the house.

"Mr. McFadd testifies to having had opportunity to read a telegram of inquiry addressed to the Eureka Tool Works, and also a reply to it, of the character described in the former affidavit. He swears that he was sent as a messenger to summon Rodman Harvey to the office of the president of the bank, and that Rodman Harvey exhibited, both on arriving and departing, such an agitation as he should suppose that of a guilty man to be. He testifies that he was employed later to return to Harvey certain papers, which he, the deponent, understood to have been tampered with and irregularly fabricated. When it became a question of such restoration, he learned that one of the papers which it was intended to restore was missing. After considerable search it was not found, but given up as lost. He says that it is his distinct recollection that Rodman Harvey was considered, in the bank, to have committed some serious irregularity which was in some way passed over, for prudential reasons.

The merchant prince, having now recovered his equanimity, perhaps at the slowness of the case against him, interrupted with a remark of the same

kind that had been drawn forth from Sprowle Onderdonk himself.

"I hardly know whether it is worth while," he said, "to call the attention of this assembly to the paltry character of such testimony. The affidavit of James Gammage, once a respectable man, but for years a besotted victim of drink, can no doubt be had at any time on any subject, by whoever will take the trouble to dictate it. The ex-bank messenger McFadd is of little better habits. He lost his place for cause, if I remember rightly, and later he was one of a number of squatters ejected from property of mine, which was to be put to a better use."

"We expect to have our witnesses aspersed," vociferated Sprowle Onderdonk. "But let us see if as much can be done with the next one. I now present the sworn affidavit of Ambrose Hackley, ex-cashier. He desires to corroborate the statement of James Gammage, which he has read. He recalls, furthermore, having received and, under instructions, replied to a number of letters from Kingboltsville, pressing for particulars of the forgeries. Under instructions, he returned only evasive and uninforming answers. His recollection is that the matter was purposely and deliberately hushed up by the aid of the president of the bank. He does not desire to impugn the character of General Burlington. He does not attribute his action to collusion with the criminal, but to a wish to avoid a public scandal and excitement at a peculiarly critical time in financial affairs. Mr. Hackley is here, and ready to furnish any further particulars that may be desired. General Burlington is, unfortunately, absent at Barbadoes, but he will also be heard from on this matter."

Mr. Ambrose Hackley now stood forward in his turn, in a conspicuous way. The former sycophant had braced himself for the ordeal of meeting his patron's eye, but not with entire success.

An emanation of confessed meanness pervaded his whole face and figure.

"Do *you* say this, Hackley?" demanded the merchant prince, almost breathless, and pale and trembling with a new excitement. "Will you let such a statement, such a wicked and libelous distortion, go out upon your authority, no matter what our recent relations may have been?"

"It is as I have always understood it," asserted the sycophant, assuming an extra air of bravado.

"Do you not know, — do you not know well?" — the merchant prince began to question him, shaking a quivering finger, and his naturally limited voice rising almost to a shriek.

But Sprowle Onderdonk, went on like fate, bearing down these interruptions by his sonorous tones.

"Ambrose Hackley deposes," he said, "to having found, in a waste-basket, one of the fraudulent acceptances in question, some time after it had been given up for lost. At first through inadvertence, later through unwillingness to revive the memory of an unpleasant occasion, and later still as a matter of curiosity, he kept this paper in his own hands. *He has it still in his possession.*"

With this, Sprowle Onderdonk appeared to have ended his tirade. The assembly buzzed loudly as he concluded, and Rodman Harvey gathered himself with a laborious effort for his reply.

"It must be produced," he began, — "that paper. It will speak for itself. It will be seen — General Burlington will say — Can this association for one moment suppose — But it will be more convenient to proceed in regular order."

In regular order, — ah yes, that is it; a defense should proceed in consecutive order. Ah, this leaden heaviness! The speaker endeavored to brush it away from before his eyes. The first point to be met, the first consideration — let us see? The merchant prince succumbs

for a moment to a feeling as of nightmare. In it he sees a vision of error, hatched in secret, following him through the years; gathering malevolent powers in the darkness; expanding at last and leaping upon him, colossal, terrible, in his moment of physical weakness. It is all easily explained — but ah, when the head is so thick, so thick — He resumed: —

“The libel of treason is very old. It was used against me before, when I was a strong supporter of the government, and was sending troops to the front at my own expense. These letters must be looked to. I know not what may have been added to them. Now, as to the second part” —

Surely this was but a short defense, if it were intended to be all that was to be devoted to the first part. The merchant prince rested more heavily on the back of his chair, and breathed in a stertorous way. He stared around him deliberately. He had an air as if he had been speaking for hours.

“For forty years” — he began again. “I will say — It is in—famous. The old house of Rodman Harvey & Co. has never — been — assailed.”

He pulled at his plain watch-chain, then strongly at his neckcloth. Ah, this was not a condition of mind and body to meet the crafty, well-concocted plot of enemies! All at once he sank, collapsed, into his chair, and from here, before outstretched hands could save him, in an inert, disorderly mass to the floor. Dr. Wyburd's presence at the front was unexpectedly useful. He pronounced that the victim had a severe stroke of paralysis. It is thus that this evil, finding men still eager, sleepless, indefatigable in affairs even after it has touched them with a premonitory finger, finally lays a heavy hand upon them.

It thus appeared that a man might rise from a modest origin, gather in an enormous fortune, marry into a station much above his own, devise a plan for

leaving his wealth, by limited entail, so as to found an enduring patrician family; it appeared that he might rear a daughter as beautiful and haughty as a young goddess Diana, who was going to marry a young Phœbus Apollo of her own sort; and yet that the entire structure might topple to ruin through an original flaw in its corner-stone.

It appeared that such a man might rise to the highest honors and emoluments in the metropolis; represent its most solid district in Congress; be the friend and intimate of the President of the nation, and next in succession to the most important office in his gift, and yet be subject to attack and defeat by a most despicable cause.

For defeated Rodman Harvey was, cut to pieces, routed beyond hope of repair. Irrespective of their merits his enemies had proved their charges as it were on his body, as in the days of mediæval trial by mortal combat. There would be no necessity now for a weighing of the evidence by President and Senate before making a cabinet appointment. The case could be decided upon medical grounds alone. Rodman Harvey would never again be fit for human employment.

When he was brought to his home in that melancholy condition, with his helpers and sympathizers around him, his wife met the *cortège* with signs of consternation and woe. She invariably saw herself, however, in the foreground of every prospect.

“Oh, had I not trouble enough,” she bemoaned, “that this must come upon me!”

But then, to do her justice, she set to work with zest to perform all such services as lay within the range of her limited capacity. Otilie, too, was present, and wrung her hands over this sad arrival in dismay. She had the circumstances of the attack in a guarded way from the friendly editor, Stoneglass.

He endeavored to make the basis of it less serious than it was, but her swift imagination flew far on beyond him. It was this that she had dreaded. The hints and forebodings of evil which had gained such a hold in her breast had come to pass. She read the accounts in the newspapers, in which, after the way of newspapers, the most striking thing possible was made of it. The inexperienced girl could not conceive an effrontery that could make such charges in such an assembly, unless they had been true. She thought none of the family could ever hold up their heads again. She looked tearfully at Angelica, at Selkirk, at her aunt, at Calista, and not least at herself. Her hopes of happiness were shattered. Bainbridge was absolutely lost to her.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" she cried. "He will hear of it where he is, before his return. Now he will know. Now he will understand my justifications. Alas, there is little danger, when he should endeavor by every legitimate means to rise, that he will try to overcome them now!"

The enemies of the merchant prince in the press had it all their own way for a considerable time. Stoneglass, indeed, endeavored to make light of the story; but making light of it on general principles was not sufficient against an array of facts and figures, and in the absence of any responsible word of refutation. Harvey seemed to have fallen thunder-stricken, as if upon the exposure of his real character. None but a guilty man, it was argued, would have been so affected. It was clearly a case of divine interposition. The ram's-horn blasts of judgment had blown upon this falsely-enjoyed reputation, and it had gone down.

Kingbolt of Kingboltsville learned of the scandal of the Civic Reform Association from his morning paper. He was buried in dazed reflection over it at his apartments, when he was summoned

in hot haste to the hotel where his mother and sisters were staying. They had come down to attend his wedding on the morrow. They, too, had just read the news in their morning paper, and were in an extreme state of excitement. They beset him strenuously to put off the wedding. They begged him to proceed no further at all in the business, unless investigation should yield a clear refutation of the charges; and this they did not deem possible. They assured him that the family name and interest were at stake. It would seem to them something monstrous that he should consent to ally himself with one who, besides his dishonesty, had been in any way a cause of hastening his father's death.

Kingbolt endeavored to repudiate this counsel in his usual gruff way with them, but it had its effect, after all. He would admit that the case was devilish annoying; and there had been annoyances and to spare already. He promised nothing, but said he was going to see Angelica. He saw Angelica, but she had no elucidation for him. She only felt indignantly that it was a shameful libel. The house was in a turmoil. The wedding must be postponed a few days, pending Rodman Harvey's condition. He lay comatose, his pulse extremely high and vanishing by turns. It was thought that he might die at any moment. The invitations were accordingly countermanded. Kingbolt could not forbear saying, even to Angelica, that the matter was extremely annoying.

During the few days of this postponement he read more newspaper accounts, talked more with his family, and consulted, confidentially, with some disinterested friends, at the clubs and elsewhere. These last admitted to him, confidentially, that the case looked to them also devilish awkward. He went to Kingboltsville, and wandered about there. "It was not altogether 'good form,' you know, of Angelica to throw

over Sprowle the way she did, in the first place," he reflected, among other things, — "though of course I should be the last person in the world to complain of that. The Sprowles are a very vindictive faction, and they have shown a striking specimen of their power. It is not pleasant to think of being pursued all one's life long by such people. Of course they will include Angelica and me whenever occasion offers. They have a reputation for never letting up. But the scandal itself is more important. Everybody seems to think that I ought to be particularly shocked by it, on account of the way I am involved, even if nobody else should be."

After having suffered himself to be torn for what seemed an eternity by conflicting emotions, Kingbolt of Kingboltville decided that he was a person of sufficient importance to take a bold step. He decided, too, that he might as well take it at once. He sat down and wrote the following note:—

MY DEAR ANGELICA, — I think the wedding had better be still further, or indefinitely, postponed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we ought not to marry at all. Of course I do not mind what has taken place on my own account, but it would be an unpleasant beginning for us. The abandonment of the wedding need not attract great attention. It can be accounted for by your father's condition. In fact, I feel that after what has occurred it will really be impossible for me to consider our engagement as binding. A personal meeting between us will not be necessary. In any event I should hardly have time for it, as I sail for Europe tomorrow.

This note was mailed, and the composer took the next day's steamer as he had announced.

Angelica was thrown, by its receipt, into a state that may be imagined. There

were signs now of an even greater calamity in the house than that which had befallen its owner. Mrs. Rodman Harvey, overwhelmed by all these genuine evils, after dealing so long with purely fictitious ones, could offer but little comfort. Angelica, humbled by the whim of a nature as ruthless and even more willful than her own, had hysterical fits, weepings, and communings with her broken pride, and finally went off to pay a long visit, the real situation of affairs being kept from the public.

In the disaster that had befallen his father, the elder son, Selkirk, seemed to find at last something like a profession in life. He developed a surprising talent for the new order of ministrations that now arose. No hand so deft as his, no volition so ready, in attendance upon the helpless bulk that had once been a merchant prince. Selkirk lifted his father affectionately in and out, and supported his tottering steps in the hall. He would commit to no other the duty of driving out the patient in a peculiar springless carriage, which was arranged for the purpose of giving him exercise. He neglected for these cares those of his commercial station down town. His father knew of this, and, when his feeble means of communication with the outer world had advanced so far as to make it possible, protested against it. His ambition was not yet quenched, moribund as he lay. It was a source of grief to him that his elder son and heir should be recreant to his, even though he put his time to such a service.

The younger son, Rodman, Jr., on the other hand, took advantage of the state of things to leave his college and start for the West, on a trip chiefly connected with match games of base ball and similar athletic matters.

Ill news travels far as well as fast. The attack upon Rodman Harvey went out, like all metropolitan news of moment, into the country. It came to Bainbridge in a chance copy of a Chi-

cago journal, to which the district where he found himself was to a certain extent tributary for its news. The story had lost nothing by the distance it had traveled, and it was made appetizing by dashing alliterative display-lines, of some such tenor as this: Knickerbocker Knaveries. Another New York Nabob Shown Up.

Bainbridge's heart sank with apprehension as he read; but it was for Otilie, not himself. He ran to the nearest telegraph office, and sent a message.

Had Otilie been called upon as nurse in the first few days of the calamity, it is to be feared she would have proved of but slight use. She was too full of tremors and distraction. She had, as well, a certain awe of the poor atrophied figure that lay before her. By degrees, however, intelligence revived in it. Its eyes could at last be seen to follow persons with a wistful look around the room. By degrees, also, Otilie's awe was dispelled, and succeeded by a profound pity.

One day, after somewhat more than a week had passed, as she sat alone by the bedside of her uncle, the dead-lock upon his faculty of speech was removed. In other respects he was little less inert than before. His mind went at once to his interrupted defense on the day of his overthrow at the Civic Reform Association. He began to talk of it. Otilie would have gone for somebody else, but he prevented it. He directed her to bring pencil and paper, and note down what he said. He apparently felt that his present capacity might be of but short duration, and the event proved that he was right. His newly recovered voice died away presently to a faint articulation, in which condition it permanently remained.

Selkirk came in before the statement was complete. They two went with it to Judge Chippendale, to Hastings, to the friendly editor Stoneglass, and oth-

ers. The alleged forged acceptance in the hands of ex-cashier Ambrose Hackley was carefully examined, testimony taken at home, and General Burlington communicated with in the West Indies. A cheery reply was received from this latter. Though a rival and political opponent of Rodman Harvey, he professed himself a man of honor, above distorting a merely equivocal situation to his own advantage or the injury of even an enemy. A committee of the Civic Reform Association was called, and a report soon prepared, which put an entirely new aspect upon the affair, both for the association and the public.

Nothing of all this had yet taken place, however, and Otilie was still sitting in the deepest shadow and dejection, when a telegram from Bainbridge was received from the far West, couched in these terms:—

"Have read accounts. Is that all? I love you. Have succeeded beyond expectations here. Start to-morrow by through express."

Was that all? He presumed to make light of disgrace. He loved her still? What a person! He must be lost to all moral considerations, to all respect for public sentiment, to treat it so. She knew what she had to do, all the same,—to refuse him as before, and be firm. But he was coming back. He loved her still. How noble, how generous, he was! It would be her comfort to think of it in all after time.

XXV.

OTILIE HARVEY CLEARS UP A PAINFUL SITUATION.

When Russell Bainbridge returned to town, he hastened with all dispatch to the Harvey mansion. A curious spectacle met his gaze at the threshold. An old, old man, in a dressing-robe, was being supported by paid attendants for a

slow promenade. A stalwart man held him up by each shoulder. At one side walked Otilie, holding a book and bunch of keys; at the other, her cousin Selkirk. It was Rodman Harvey. To this complexion had he come at last. He was borne along his splendid hall like some strange fetich. His feet swung in and out mechanically, falling upon the pavement with a dull thud. There was no virtue in his splendid surroundings, no magic in the memory of the sway that had once been his, to break the benumbing spell upon his faculties. His eyes alone lived, resembling jewels in some unwieldy, disproportionate setting.

He recognized Bainbridge, and a faint mumbling escaped his lips, Otilie bent to catch it, with the ear of sympathy. Bainbridge remarked with a pang that she was pale and thin and showed the trace of her anxieties.

"Uncle Rodman says, 'How do you do?'" she said. "He will shake hands with you." There was something very sweet in this. It was as if she were interpreting the lisping accents of a child.

Bainbridge, with a certain awe, took three palsied fingers of his patron's hand in his own. Tears started from the eyes of the merchant prince, and dribbled down his cheeks. They were sedulously wiped away by his attendants.

"Why was he so affected at sight of me?" asked Bainbridge, when this interview had ended, and he was enabled to withdraw with Otilie into one of the reception-rooms adjoining.

"I do not think he was unusually so," she explained. "He remembers you, and that alone suffices to excite him. He is often so. He has no control over his faculties."

Bainbridge listened with a sympathetic air, for a time, to further details of the sad case. A pause ensued.

"Well, I have returned, and you know very well what for," broke out the young man, when he could no longer refrain from entering upon the sub-

ject with which he was overflowing. "They do have very fair railroads, and travel tolerably fast, in that model West of yours; but to me they seemed only to crawl. I thought I should never get here. You knew that I would come back and renew my supplication at the earliest possible opportunity, did you not? You understood perfectly well that this sensational incident could make no sort of difference with me?"

"No," returned Otilie. "I thought it would. I was not sure that you would come back." She directed at him an anxious, inquiring gaze.

He took both her hands in his, and swung them a little back and forth affectionately as he addressed her. "Never let me hear you talk in that way again!" he said. "Poor old Otilie! You have been so troubled with all this. We must put an end to it. I have come back to marry you, and at once. I trust there are no new bugbears in the way, since you see you cannot frighten me with the old one. Come; I am going to have your aunt's consent, if that be a necessary preliminary."

"Stay," said Otilie, detaining him, as he made a feint of going on the instant. "And you really mean to say that you are not afraid of taking a share of this stigma, with which the town, perhaps the whole country, is ringing?" There was something benign and at the same time mysterious in the smile with which her words were accompanied.

"No, I do not seem to mind it. You used to charge me with a moral insensibility. Perhaps this is a case of it. Moral insensibility may have its advantages, after all."

"But Mr. Kingbolt has thought the matter so serious that he has broken off the match with Angelica."

"I always had my opinion of that fellow," said Bainbridge, receiving this news with a manifestation of disgust. "It is hard on Angelica," he continued, reflectively; "but, between ourselves,

there are persons who require a certain mixture of adversity to bring them to a little consideration for the rest of the world, and she is possibly one of them. Still, even adversity does not always work."

"Hush!" exclaimed Ottilie. "She is extremely unhappy. I am sure we ought to have nothing but sympathy for her."

"Well, sympathy let it be, then. As to the scandal itself, it is written that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, but I have never heard that those of the uncles were. That would be a little too much. If they were, though, I will say that I should not mind shouldering some trifling responsibility of that kind, on your account. How am I to show that I love you? There are no ordeals, no tests."

Ottilie had never known him more magnanimous, confident, tender, irresistible.

"Well," she began, all at once changing her manner, and beaming upon him with a ravishing brightness, "since you are quite sure that you do not care, since you are pleased to make light of this odium upon our family name, it does not exist; that is to say, it is not going to. It is all a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. Had my uncle not been so suddenly stricken, it would have been explained away on the spot. The evidence of what I tell you is in the hands of Judge Chippendale, a committee of the Civic Reform Association, and others, and will shortly be issued. It is a complete vindication. Oh, you cannot know what a weight it has raised from my life! A dread, nourished by circumstances recurring with a kind of fatality, had grown upon me for months. I used to dream the most terrible things. I saw my uncle a member of one of those chain-gangs of convicts we looked down upon that day from the Terrace. I awoke, and found myself crying and begging them to let him go."

"Poor child, poor child! We ought to have talked it over together. I feared to give your suspicions exaggerated importance even by appearing to understand them."

Bainbridge had the details of the attack upon the merchant prince well in his head. He had pored over them carefully in his newspaper, seeking flaws in the evidence from a legal point of view. He was well prepared to appreciate the points of the defense.

"My uncle Rodman," said Ottilie in substance, "looks at many things in his past life differently now. He has confessed to me that he fears that he was at one time too inconsiderate of all but pecuniary advantage. He adjusted himself to the world as he found it, giving no thought to reform it or resist objectionable tendencies. As to the sentiment of patriotism, he says that it had never been aroused to prominence in his breast by any threat of danger to the country. His attitude towards slavery, now so heinous, was that of what was called the "conservative" element of the time. He says that, however it may appear in the letters, which have possibly been added to, he did not really foresee the bloody conflict that arose. He thinks that he could never have been drawn actually to side against the government."

"It is hardly what one would call a striking defense, from the modern point of view," said Bainbridge. "Still, your uncle amply compensated for any temporizing conduct at first by his later vigor."

"Fortunately, the rest is more satisfactory," said Ottilie. "Let me tell you, as it has been explained to me, the baseless character of the allegation of forgery. Uncle Rodman *was* upon the brink of ruin that day, as they claim. He had been refused an extension at the Antarctic Bank, and sat in his office, expecting failure, and unable to raise hand or foot to avert it. In his well-

nigh distracted condition, he scribbled upon paper before him imaginary notes, bills, and acceptances. 'Thus and so much,' he said to himself, as he has told me, 'such and such a name or names as indorsers, would save me.' It must have been like those visions of water conjured up in the desert by travelers perishing of thirst. There was no imitation of signatures, no other handwriting than his own, — no regular aspect to the papers at all. Some of them were but half written, others covered with scrawled flourishes or multiplications. But some of these got into the bank with commercial paper that was really genuine."

"I begin to see," said Bainbridge. "A dangerous error, and also, I imagine, an extremely infrequent one."

"Dangerous indeed it proved," Ottilie went on, "in a peculiar way. One would have thought that they would have been at once thrown out, as showing on their face what they were; but it was not so. Now it so happened that this day was one of the most remarkable in a peculiarly frenzied time. Under the influence of the imminent prospect of war, the prices for all commodities were advancing almost from moment to moment. Small dealers everywhere were desirous to buy, to realize the further rise themselves. Orders by mail, by telegraph, and personal visit poured in at an unheard-of rate. The actual sales and money receipts at my uncle's store on that day have never been equaled, before or since. He was aroused from his lethargy to new hopes of safety. With the almost miraculous resources thus obtained, and some new exertions which he was encouraged to make outside, before the close of banking hours his credit was substantially saved. The greater part of the sum demanded was paid in. Little is done calmly on such occasions, as you may imagine. Messengers, buyers, and salesmen were rushing wildly in and out, demanding the proprietor's attention. How

it happened that the pretended acceptances became mingled with the others, and went into the bank for deposit and collection, cannot now be explained, but by some fatality they did. Two of them bore the name of the great manufacturer, Colonel Kingbolt, of Kingboltsville, which was then almost like a household word. This was the germ of the calamitous consequences we have witnessed."

"But why — but how?" asked Bainbridge.

"That is what I am going to tell you," hurried on the fair narrator. "The president sent for uncle Rodman. As everything is important in a bank, it seems that he thought it his duty to do so. They had a little chat together, and all was amicably explained. My uncle insisted on sending back the bank messenger to bring the waste-basket from the store, to show just how the scribbling had been done, and how insignificant it was. Thus there was no appearance of forgery, and furthermore, as my uncle's bank account did not need the amount, no motive for it. The petty circumstance would never have been heard of again except for two causes. An over-zealous employee, new in the service of the bank, had telegraphed to Kingboltsville. Secondly, when the pretended acceptances should have been returned to uncle Rodman, one was missing. It was not seen again until it turned up in the hands of his enemy Hackley, who had retained it all these years for his own purposes. It was plainly seen by Judge Chippendale and the committee, when they inspected this one the other day, and compared it with specimens of Colonel Kingbolt's writing, that it was in uncle Rodman's hand, without alteration or disguise, and that there was but the faintest resemblance between the two. The committee had considerable difficulty in getting it from Mr. Hackley, who knew the weakness of his cause, but he dared not refuse."

"Artfully planned on the part of Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk," commented the listener, when the story was finished. "I would not have given him credit for ability to make so much of so little. And boldly planned! They could not have expected to do any permanent harm with it. It must have been meant only as a bombshell in the enemy's camp, on the eve of the marriage of his daughter and his probable appointment to the cabinet. They were favored by the state of his bodily health. The Sprowles have well repaid the affront offered them. It seems a case where revenge has been possible, in modern times, after all."

"Upon the conclusion of that day, with all its exciting experiences, my uncle fell ill of a fever," pursued Otilie. "Thus you see that it is an occasion marked in his memory in numerous ways. He scored up his sufferings to the account of the South. It was this that led to his bitterness."

The young girl paused, then resumed, but in a lingering way. "I do not know whether I ought to tell you this," she said, "but—I tell you everything, and it will go no further. Uncle Rodman admits to me that while he sat helpless at his desk he had a terrible temptation. Had other means not intervened, he is not sure but he might have done what he has been charged with. He says, '*They might have made me a forger.*'"

"'There, but for the grace of God, goes John Knox reformer,'" broke in Bainbridge. "You know the quotation. We all know something of the feeling."

"He could not bear the thought of going down to ruin from such a cause. It was a certain dallying with this temptation that accounted for his peculiar agitation, upon having a startling suspicion of the crime cast upon him shortly after. He half felt it to be just, though he had never come to the actual point of yielding, nor committed any tangible wrong. It was this that added the keen-

est edge to his hatred of his Southern debtors. Their betrayal had driven him, with his exceptionally strict ideas of commercial accuracy and uprightness, to such a pass. Had he succumbed, the fault, with the rest, would have been theirs. It was this, too, that accounted for his interest in the class of cases of which I have told you, which I, in my too ready apprehensiveness, took for a manifestation of remorse and guilt."

"He is not wholly bad, then," said Bainbridge, summing up.

"I cannot think he is bad. He has been over-ambitious, rigid, in certain peculiar ideas, and warped on one side by the strong sense of injury. I am sure there must be many worse."

"Well, since it is out of the way, and there is no need of our standing by it, it did have a somewhat ugly look. Let us rejoice at a happy deliverance! But for your sake, dear Otilie, since it made you uneasy, not mine. I would have gladly put up with fifty times as much. I cannot dwell upon gloomy subjects to-day. Let us return to our marriage. Let me tell you of my success in Colorado. My friend, the absconding debtor, came down at once on seeing me, without putting me to the trouble of legal proceedings. He was able to pay, and did so, with what excuses for his past conduct he could trump up. I, overjoyed to get my money, was not too particular in my scrutiny of them. The sum is a modest one, but it will do to begin life upon. Come, now, dear child! come, dear little mistress of all the arts and sciences, a date for the wedding, — a very speedy one!"

How sweet it was to have him lavish these epithets of affection upon her! Such things are said a thousand times, it may be, but ah, those earliest times!

"We need no long engagement," he went on. "Our whole acquaintance has been a kind of engagement. It seems to me that we know each other very well."

"My family will be very much surprised."

"Families always are, you know, but they get used to it."

"There are so many things to be done."

"Don't do them! Let them wait!"

"Well, in a year." This by way of trying him.

Bainbridge opened his eyes in amazement. "I like that!" he said. "A fortnight!"

"Oh, oh! Three months, at least," insisted Ottilie, amazed in her turn. This ultimatum was, however, after sufficient pleading on the part of the lover, cut down to six weeks.

"My uncle will perhaps object," she urged later. "He may consider me a necessity as his nurse."

"That is one of the very reasons," said the lover. "You are fagged out. You will break down. You can come back if you are really wanted. And, another thing, I am not quite sure that I feel sufficient confidence in my own surpassing merits to leave you too long. It has been the greatest wonder to me that some one of the young millionaires about have not snapped you up before now. They have eyes in their heads, I suppose, and I am sure they have tried. There is no telling, even now, whether they may not make their inducements too strong. Human nature has its limits."

"You are very trusting," said Ottilie, "I must say. No, they have not snapped me up. They have not tried, — except of course that ridiculous Stillsby, and — my cousin Selkirk."

"Your cousin Selkirk?" cried Bainbridge, in consternation.

"Oh, yes; but I heroically refused him. I tell nobody else; only you. I shall have no secrets left presently. It was only the other day. It came about, perhaps, through the intimacy into which we have been thrown by our care for his father. He had never made love

to me before, unless it be making love to explain to me his technical collections, and take me out to drive once or twice. He declared, in his backward, hesitating way, that I was one of the reasons why he had not married. He complimented me by saying that I was different from other girls, — though how I am so different, I really don't know. He would esteem my advice and help in the management of his property. I told him that I could not think of marrying so near a relative on any account; nor would I, though some do, you know. That alone was a sufficient excuse. We had a talk of considerable length. Selkirk is amiable and easily influenced, and yet not without strength in a certain way, too. I left him well disposed towards me. I am sure that it was only a fleeting fancy, and he will think no more of it."

Bainbridge was lost in admiration at this incident, as if it had been an extraordinary sacrifice for him. He made as if to draw her towards him.

"But you want somebody whom you can put upon a pedestal," she demurred, drawing back from his embrace. "No mere ordinary woman will do for you."

"I have put you there long since, Ottilie, darling," he said, rendered more ardent by her tantalizing way. "You see before you the most abject of idolaters."

"Take care!" she said; "it is better not to touch idols, the gilding may rub off." But then she resigned herself deliciously, saying, "After all, one feels rather toppy on one's pedestal, at first."

"I wish I could make you understand how utterly without personal needs I have become," said Bainbridge, "how good I want to be to you. I wish there were some way of letting you enjoy all that I have, alone, while I but look on. The important thing is" —

"Whether she will stick to a fellow; whether she will pull through thick and thin with him," she interrupted, recalling in delightful mimicry some of his

sage talk of the past summer, almost as a resource for not weeping with happiness. "Well, she will." She laid a soft, round cheek against his.

It was a pleasant sight to see, that of the fair young girl seated by the chair of the poor invalid. It was a pleasant sound to hear her fresh young voice raised in contrast with his mumbled tones. She amused, as it were, a child, — such an old, heart-weary, pathetic, tragical child! Bainbridge could not conceal his enthusiasm over her. Mrs. Rodman Harvey looked at him with interest on account of it, contrasting him with Kingbolt.

She said to Otilie, "Here, child, let me look at you! Have we indeed had such a paragon in the house all this time, without knowing it?"

He went out and paid some calls with Otilie, among other places, at the Hastings'. The visit so strongly recalled to the young man the last evening they had spent there, that he was scarcely lucid in talk with Mrs. Hastings. His thoughts wandered continually to his betrothed. She sat across the room in some fresh, simple toilette that became her admirably, and tapped her parasol from time to time, against her small boot as she conversed.

"She is mine," he said to himself in a kind of wonder. "She is mine."

The roar of the streets now seemed to him, as he came up town, a triumphal march. The sky from his office window seemed of a more delicate azure, the sunshine of a finer quality, in the part of the town where Otilie was, just as a city is indicated at night by the glow above it in the heavens.

He chanced to fall in, about these times, with Mrs. Elphinstone Swan. She already began to wear her widow's weeds with a certain coquettish air. "Are you never going to speak to me again?" she said. "I should still value your friendship. You did not quite un-

derstand me." She made other efforts, succeeding this, to draw him back to her, but without avail. Whether actuated by repentance or a new inspiration of coquetry, they hardly caused in him even a bitter reflection. That passion was utterly dead.

It was again full spring, and the creamy white blossoms of the magnolia shrubs again bloomed as if in the courts of paradise. Bainbridge remarked, in his visits to the Harvey mansion, that that which had been planted before the corner-stone, so singularly marked with the fossil print, had now a much less mission than formerly to fulfil. The antediluvian bird-track, if bird-track it were, was disappearing, little by little, through the continued flaking of the stone, till it was well-nigh obliterated. The superstitious might now have been at liberty to believe that the omen had finally exhausted itself, and would be of no further avail.

The mind in the helpless frame of the merchant prince still gave evidence of its old vigor. In the pale white light that shines from a near approach to another world he saw many subjects as he had never seen them before. He remitted some debts, and among others that so long hanging over the Hasbrouck family. Otilie had the pleasure of being the first to convey to her friends the delightful intelligence. He established the trusty Klauser in the partnership.

Miss Emily Rawson was married presently to the Rev. Edwin Swan. She turned her superfluous energy into channels of benevolence, and all the good works in the parish had reason to be glad of her acquisition. At about the same time came news of the frauds in the great Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltsville. It seemed that Judge Bryan, the principal trustee, was a defaulter, and young Kingbolt was hurrying home from Europe in alarm. People said, unsympathetically, that if the

heir had ever taken the pains to look after his own affairs this would never have happened.

The ambitions of the merchant prince appeared as keen as ever, but he had been disappointed in the unambitious traits of his children. He was called away presently to his long rest. The eminent bodies of various sorts with which he had been connected passed resolutions of respect to his memory, and transmitted copies to the bereaved relatives. A stately tomb, with a polished granite column, rose above his remains at Greenwood.

When at length his last will and testament was opened, it was found to devise, after ample provision for his family, a large share of his property, in the usual way, to charities and institutions of learning. It also made a provision, amounting to a handsome fortune, "in affectionate remembrance of her devotion, and many amiable qualities," to his "beloved niece Ottilie Harvey," now the wife of Russell Bainbridge.

The opportunities of her new position, thus suddenly opened, scintillated before the vision of this charming young legatee like a shower of sparks.

William Henry Bishop.

AN AFTERNOON IN HOLLAND.

To exchange the uneven surface of the English Channel for the level fields of Belgium was a great pleasure. The transition would have made the Great Desert itself seem a paradise; but even the attractions of Antwerp, and the delights of its pictures, and of a Sunday in its cathedral and the cheerful streets that lead to it, failed to content us, — we were in such a hurry to get to Holland.

A constitutional dislike to climbing hills may have been attracted by the reported flatness of Holland, and a love for the sea even extended to a desire to make a voyage on a canal. And a fierce partisanship for Lombardy poplars naturally urged me out of my own country toward the peaceful asylum of those persecuted monarchs of the plain, — poplars, canals, and windmills.

It was a great surprise to find the representative Dutchman, of the long pipe and mug of comforting drink, with moon-like face and ponderous bulk, apparently wanting in Amsterdam. Either the Knickerbocker's adopted home on the Hudson had favored his increase of size, or else the Hollanders of the pres-

ent day are thinner and smaller than their ancestors. The universal right to the once monopolized trade with Japan may have led to the gradual impoverishment of society. Other glories which belonged to the older merchants of Holland have also been wrested from them. Both the land and the water highways of Amsterdam were busy, and crowded with rattling wheels or leisurely gliding boats, when I saw them; but one could not help thinking of the riches of the old days, and the industry of the present seemed to be less well rewarded than that of the past.

It has been said that the Dutch language is like and unlike every other. It has a curious individuality of its own, and is full of surprises. A word which looks so familiar that you use it without hesitation proves to have a sound which is foreign to any idea ever known to you; and another visible sign of speech, which has so many double *o*'s and *j*'s in its spelling that you pass by it in horror and dismay, sounds, when spoken, like the easy little words which are familiar to a child of five.

We had lingered in Amsterdam after the time set for leaving, in our never-to-be-relied-upon plan of travel, and, the day being fair, we had made up our minds to go to Broek. We were told that the steamboat for Zaardam (which noted village proved to be not far out of our way) would leave at two o'clock; so we took breakfast at our Bible Hotel, and were in no hurry about it, being assured that the place of departure was round the corner, and understanding, from the backward gesture of the porter's thumb, that the steamboat's city home was in the canal, which lay just under our own windows.

It had been a great amusement to us that the proprietors of our inn, seeming to recognize the discrepancy between the spiritual suggestions of its long-inherited name and the actual use of another kind of spirits that went on continually under its roof, had put a stained-glass window in the stairway, with an open copy of the Scriptures for its escutcheon. In distinct lettering on the page was the admonition of St. Paul to Timothy that he should drink no longer water, but a little wine. It was no unkind or unwise advice to the Timothys of Amsterdam in former years, for in that, like many another Dutch town, the water was not fit to drink.

We loitered a good while longer than was necessary over our late breakfast, and were a little startled, at last, when we found that there were only a few minutes left before the boat was to go, and taking our wraps and the umbrellas which are the modern pilgrims' staves, we hurried out through the corridor and up the street. We turned the first corner toward the canal, but there was no craft in sight — this being one of the marine by-ways of Amsterdam — except some decrepid small boats and clumsy scows, or, as I heard a delayed and enraged stewardess on the Bergen steamer call them, mudhoppers.

We stopped before a kind-hearted-

looking market woman, who told us in a few stumbling English words that our wharf was beyond the railway station, three quarters of a mile away. There was no carriage visible, and it was within five minutes of two o'clock; we hurried along the street, keeping on after the bells had struck and chimed the hour with triumphant persistency, until we were not quite sure about our way. However, we came in sight of the Zaardam steamer at last, and waited fifteen or twenty minutes before she left the quay.

It really was delightful weather; the canal was so full of boats and small shipping that it seemed like a parade, and the sharp-bowed steamer moved quickly out toward the country, leaving a broad white track of foam, and sending off waves to right and left that made the little boats within their reach bob up and down distractedly. The deck was a good place to rest. There were not many people on board. We took pleasure in watching a dutiful little old woman in a plain brown dress, who sat knitting beside the engine-house. She seemed to be a well-known person, for she looked up with a smile, and had an eager little talk with most of the other passengers, and even with the solemn stewardess, who carried two tumblers of beer on a plate to some voyagers who were smoking astern. She was a very grumpy stewardess, we thought. She looked as if she had used every argument to keep the men from wasting their money in beer, and now would have nothing further to say. She held the plate in her hands, and stood in the low companionway, with long wisps of her hair blowing in the wind.

Amsterdam had been a most delightful old city to stroll about in, but the suburbs of it pleased us even more. At last it was really Holland! And across the flat green fields and the dikes rose the sails of a vast company of windmills at Zaardam and Purmerend, and all the

country side beyond and between. The air was thick with them, like a forest of great stumps and leafless branches. The mills near at hand were huge and round, with sails that Don Quixote would have fled from at first sight; but the farthest ones were like children's playthings, and seemed to beckon to us and to belong to our holiday. When we came nearer them we were gratified to find that the lower stories were often used for dwellings. It was a pretty picture to see children playing about the door, with the sails twirling slowly overhead, as if to frighten away some predatory fowl of the air, a grewsome hawk that was in quest of young Dutchmen. The thatch with which the tall round mills were covered was very smooth and fine, almost like fur, and of an exquisite color.

We turned presently into a narrower canal, and soon reached Zaardam. We did not have a good first impression of it. We had felt we were adventurers, and almost as if no American travelers before us had bethought themselves to make such good use of a summer afternoon. We had felt ourselves remote from the beaten track of tourists, although we had found in the guide-book directions for going to Broek by way of Zaardam. And yet it was such a quaint and pleasant corner of the world that we had all the satisfaction of being the first discoverers, until we were fairly landed on the little pier.

Then five men ran towards us in a great hurry. One claimed us for his own, and began to talk in fragments of English about Peter the Great's house, while his neighbors, in voluble Dutch, implored us to make arrangements to hire a vehicle of them, in which to drive to see all the rest of the world; and he translated their threats and entreaties, when he could desist for a moment from telling us something we could not understand about Peter the Great. Dutch numbers are impossible for an Ameri-

can to recognize by ear, and it was a great relief when one of the men pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket, and pointed to a printed tariff, from which we learned that for certain gulden we could be driven to Broek, and afterward to the tollhouse, whence we could cross the ferry to Amsterdam. We were really tired when the clamor ceased, and four men turned their attention to putting in the horse, while the fifth walked quietly before us to the shrine of Zaardam.

It was our first look at a Dutch village, except as we had hurried through a part of the country on the railway, a day or two before. We thought that Broek itself, the cleanest town in the world, could hardly be cleaner than this. The salt air blew across the sweet green fields, the casements were full of flowers, and the sunshine streamed in at the open doors. All the people looked comfortable, and nobody had seemed to take any notice of the excitement on the wharf. We followed our guide along the crooked thoroughfare; having suspicions that there might be treasures waiting to be discovered in the orderly small shops, and catching glimpses of the interior of the houses as we went by.

We were fully convinced that we had not been the first strangers to come to the town, when we reached the home of the Russian Peter, if we had failed to be before, for it was so carved upon and written upon with names of pilgrims that it was like a page of the world's census. It was certainly well taken care of. The old house was warped and bent with age, but an outside shell and cover had been built over it, so that visitors could walk between the walls of the two houses. There had been not a few royal pilgrims, whose portraits and compliments, with their autographs appended, were hanging about the walls in frames, — a grander way of leaving one's name, but much the same thing as carving it with a jack-knife, that all the world may

see. It was easy to fancy the young Russian coming home at night tired from his ship-building, and sitting in the three-cornered chair which is still part of the house's furniture. His thoughts must often have been far enough away from Zaardam; but I wonder that he ever lived to return to his people, if he slept in the low-storied cupboard of a bed, guarded with close doors and built in the wall of the kitchen.

The house stood just at the edge of a field, quite apart from even the small activities of Zaardam. It seemed a pity to go to see it. It is the most tired-out little house I have ever seen. It can hardly hold itself up, yet there is no appearance of dustiness or decay. The people take good care of it, and prize it highly, as well they may, since it brings them so much money; but it appeared to me like some human being who had reached a very great age, and become an object of interest to curiosity hunters. There was a garden around the keeper's lodge. Children were strolling about, and sailing little boats in a very small canal, apparently made on purpose for them. As we looked up and down the wide canal, a sluggish and idle waterway, it was pleasant to see the doors opening directly upon it, and the little boat-landings; and as for the scarlet geraniums on the wide window-sills, they all leaned over to look at themselves in the water. The grass and weeds grew in a most luxuriant fashion, and all the vegetation was as vivid a green as it ever can be in Ireland. Wherever there was a bit of ground large enough a garden had been made, and with the children's voices chirping and calling, and the sound of laughter in one of the houses near by, it was all as charming a glimpse of village life as one would care to have.

One of the four stable-men had driven to meet us, and we climbed into the heavy carriage, and began to laugh at the horse, which was as round as a dumpling, and nothing but a pony, at any rate.

It seemed a brisk little creature, and we did not know how to suggest to our Dutch acquaintances that a larger one would have pleased us better. In some way or other we had learned that Broek was only a mile or two away, and so we rattled along the narrow paved street, with houses on one side and a canal on the other, until we were out in the open country. The road was at the top of a great dike; so we had a capital outlook. The wind came up a little, and the tall grass was waving about. The canals themselves could not be seen, but in every direction we could see brown or white sails gliding between the fields, and at some little distance, in the great sea canal, a large steamer was going slowly in to Amsterdam, its huge hull floating high above the rest of that level and sunken world, and looking strange and clumsy as it moved along.

The fearfulness of a break in the sea dikes cannot be understood until Holland has been seen with one's own eyes; neither can the patience and toil of the Dutch. It is no wonder that the people are willing to take such care of their country, when such infinite pains have been given to its building and defense. They work at it as ants work, or as coral insects year by year add something to a reef. Their thrift and industry are marvelous, and it would be ungrateful grass that did not grow heavy as an arctic creature's fur over the fields, or heartless flowers that would not bloom by the way. All the streets of Amsterdam are on a lower level than the sea, though it is difficult to remember it in that solid and well-built city; but out in the country the sight of the sea canal, of the great ship high above the land, of the tremendously strong walls that were built to keep the ocean within bounds, was fairly amazing. The stories of the overflowing of the country became at once realities. I pictured to myself this green and fertile neighborhood at the mercy of an inundation; the havoc and deso-

lation and sorrow that the sea any day might make.

But the Holland men and women seemed to be sure of their safety and fearless of any trouble that day; there could not be a more peaceful country to look at. The next village was reached in course of time, and we rattled through it without stopping except to pay a turn-pike toll at its entrance. The Dutch money and the coins of Belgium gave us great trouble. We were continually mistaking the shiny bits for silver, and the handfuls of nickel or base metal and copper that came to us, when we had to change even the smallest silver coin, were most surprising. We caught sight of another village, and pointed to it, and said "Broek?" inquiringly; but our driver shook his head and smiled, and pointed with his whip across the country, where the little hamlets were scattered about, half hidden, like birds' nests, under the clustered green trees. We could not tell which he meant, whether it was the nearest or the farthest, but were not impatient even to see Broek; it was so delightful a little journey we were taking toward it.

Now and then we passed a solitary man mending the embankment, where a new piece of timber was to be fitted in, or where the filling of small stones was loosened and washing away. But the great dikes looked as if they would stand forever, so welded and clamped they had been, with such a solid weight of masonry and timber. The clean, well-scrubbed Dutch houses themselves are not better tended and kept than is all out-doors in Holland. One would think the rain that fell from heaven was soap and water, and that once a week, at least, the farms were swept and dusted and put to rights, and that even the little bushes had grown afraid to stir when a breeze came to play with them, lest they should rumple their leaves, and be called untidy.

All the farms are surrounded by

broad ditches, and the land is divided into squares of perhaps a quarter of an acre each. Sometimes there is a bridge, with a gate at the end, across from one field to the next. These gates looked very odd, standing stiff and straight by themselves, as if they had all the care and authority of miles of fence. Instead of fixed gates there was often a drawbridge hoisted up from the ditch, appearing as if it were meant for some kind of a trap, until you came near it. We were delighted with the beautiful cattle that were scattered about, half a dozen together, on the small green fields, and, as it grew later in the afternoon, men and boys pushed out from the kitchen doors of the farm-houses in flat-bottomed boats, with their milking-stools and white wooden pails, and followed the ditch-paths to the pastures.

The shadows grew long, and we passed one village after another, and did not come to Broek; it was nearly six o'clock, and we had ordered our dinner in Amsterdam, at that time being certain in our ignorance that Broek could not be more than a long stone's-throw away. Our driver smiled, and kept on pointing with his whip.

We had seen masts and sails always at a little distance, though we had met so many small boats hitherto in our drive, but at last the road led by a larger canal, and here we came close to the old-fashioned slug-like canal boats, where happy families lived in comfort and content, if not in splendor. Puffs of thin blue smoke were coming out of the chimneys of the little cabins, and yellow-haired children sat on the deck and watched us as we went by. Sometimes a little dog would stand with one foot on the rail and bark at us in a great frenzy, and presently we would overtake the larger dog, or the horse, and most surely the man who was tugging at the tow rope. It did not look very hard to pull even a large boat through the still water; the sloops were moved

also by their sails, though there was not much wind, and no chance for beating or tacking. The little boats with their loads were drawn lightly along by a cord fastened to the top of their masts. All the people seemed to be on their way home, and we did not dare to think that the next village, also, might fail to be Broek.

Suddenly, to our great distress, we were driven into the yard of a large farm-house which stood by itself among the fields. Could our driver mean that we should spend the night there and take the rest of the journey in the morning, or had he some important errand of his own to these acquaintances? In a few moments, however (the driver had meantime alighted and stood beside us with great patience, waving his hand toward the door of the house), the latch clicked, and an elderly woman came out to greet us, and we at once accepted her invitation to come in. This, to our surprise, was Broek, or, at any rate, its suburbs, for here was the famous stable where the cows' stalls were decked with colored tissue-paper cut in shapes, with muslin curtains at their little windows, and all manner of luxurious decoration and furniture. Having become world-renowned, there was an artificial splendor and bedizening. Specimens of delftware and china were hanging on the sides of the stalls; the floors were covered with clean pebbles and with painted cockle-shells arranged in patterns. It looked like a magnificent baby-house, and as if the elders of the family had never given up playing with dolls. The cows were living in their pastures: this was only their winter residence, and, for my part, I would much rather see the stable when they were in it, and I have no doubt their housekeeping is carried on in unparalleled fashion, for the beautiful sleek-coated creatures looked dainty enough to be at large anywhere, even in Holland.

The same great roof covered the sta-

ble and the house, and a door opened directly into a long kitchen, where some supper, which we should have been glad to eat, was set out on one of the tables by a latticed window, over which some vines were growing. In the next room was a great business of cheese-making, and in the next, which was walled with stone and cellar-like, were stored away a great number of cheeses, cannon-ball as to shape, and of a fragrance and yellowness impossible to describe. The point-lace lappets of our hostess's cap flapped as she walked before us and showed us room after room of her house, betraying pride only when she opened the door of one and said, "The salon!" It was the least interesting to us, being uncommonly stuffy, and carpeted and furnished in the most conventional and uncharacteristic way. We had noticed some superb pieces of furniture, heavy wardrobes and the like, of vast size and antiquity, but these were all in the living-rooms, fortunately, and not locked away from sight and use.

It was only a little way farther to the cleanest town in the world, but Broek must have won its reputation by only a length in its race with the rest of Holland. The other villages may have followed its example until they became its rivals, however, so I will not try to steal its laurels, and it certainly is a most clean-faced and well-dressed little town. The houses are very pretty, and the flower-gardens were in gayest bloom. Flocks of children were playing about the streets; we came upon a dozen of them busy with some merry game or other in a little square near the church, which was shaded with trees whose foliage was so thick that it was damp and gloomy underneath. There were some stalls and booths, as if it were a fair-ground or market-place, or as if some wandering showman had arranged his much-battered properties for a performance.

We could look between the houses out

across the fields. The glimpses of the wide reaches of greenest grass, of the grayish willows and slender poplars, formed charming pictures. From the main street of Broek we could look far down the canal that led to Amsterdam: a delightful perspective of a tall white sail and a clump of willows, an idle windmill farther away, a blue sky that had not begun to fade, though the twilight had begun to fall, and white clouds that made the nearest stretch of water look like silver. It was dead calm on the canal; the breeze which had ruffled it a little all day had gone down with the sun. It was the Holland that Ruysdael painted, with its soft colors and its endless distances, where the earth and sky meet in a mist, like the blending of the sky and sea.

We left the main street, presently, quite sure that it was true that the paving-stones of it were scoured every Saturday, and followed the only side street to where its houses ended. They were less pretentious than those we had just left. It was supper-time, and at each door a company of wooden shoes of various sizes were waiting for their owners. This was the pleasantest part of

Broek to us, but one must see it for one's self on a summer evening, and I hope everybody will be fortunate enough to see, as we did, two young men who came hurrying up the narrow tow-path and got into a boat and rowed away as if they were belated. They certainly had been left behind by the fashions, for they both wore the amazing petticoat-trousers of a past age.

It was not a long drive to the toll-house; we crossed the ferry and found a hackman who had, happily for us, finished his supper, and we were soon back at the hotel. The prim stateliness of the high-gabled roofs of Amsterdam delighted us more than ever by their contrast with that charming bit of the low countries we had just seen. The lights were shining out in the houses one by one and twinkling again in the canal underneath. I shall be glad to remember all my life how fresh the wind was, and how green the clover; how the people smiled at us, and said good-day as we passed them. I can always shut my eyes and see the sails moving this way and that among the green fields, and the round-topped windmills beckoning lazily with their long arms.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

PERSIAN DUALISM.

PERHAPS the least known of the old Aryan creeds, Zoroastrianism, is the one which has most vitally influenced the faith and morals of modern Europe. Greece contributed much to Christian ritual and festival making. India communicated its spirit of asceticism to the West. But from Persia came the belief in pure evil, original sin, and in an arch-enemy of God and man, which for centuries was the central thought of Christianity. The religion of that country is therefore of peculiar interest to

us. To understand it in its relations to the history of human progress, it makes little difference whether we believe Zoroaster to have been actually its founder, or whether we decide that he was as mythical a being as the shining Mithra, or the tall Sraosha. If, as Frederick Harrison says, "the great need now is not to increase, but to use, our stores of historical learning," the real questions at issue are: (1.) What are the doctrines accepted as coming from the Persian prophet? (2.) How were these affected

by physical and social life. (3.) To what degree did they in turn influence Persian and Western civilizations? The fundamental dogmas, and not the minor details of belief, are what concern the present inquiry.

Zoroastrianism in its broad outlines taught that the world was made and is governed by Ormuzd, the spirit of good, and Ahriman, the spirit of evil, who are ever striving the one against the other, and that it is man's duty, while upon earth, to take active part in the conflict. Modern commentators have attempted to prove from certain passages in the Pahlavi texts that the Persian religion was originally monotheistic. It did embrace, in its later days, sects who held time, light, space, or fate to be the first and chief power of existence, to which gods and devils were subordinate. But in this respect it did not differ from Hellenism and Hinduism, which, when they passed into the critical stage, referred all deities and demons to an indefinable source. Beyond and above Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva of Hindu mythology was the Atman or Self, to whom personality was never attributed. Greater than Zeus and Hades, than Here and Aphrodite, in the Greek Olympus, was a supreme fate. But Hindus and Greeks were practically polytheists, in spite of the pantheism of the former and the fatalism of the latter. And in like manner Zoroastrianism, though it can be traced to pre-Vedic germs, and though its modern representatives are monotheists, was, in its organic stage, pure dualism.¹ The sacred books of Iran are even more explicit than those of the Hebrews. They not only record the manner of the creation, but they define the motive force leading to the act. Spinoza says that a *perfect* God cannot be conceived as working to attain an end, "because God

¹ That dualism and not monotheism was the original creed of Persia has been ably proved by Prof. James Darmesteter. In his *Ormuzd et Ahriman*, Paris, 1877, he traces the evolution of

would then desire something which he was without." This idea seems to have occurred to the early Mazdeans, and to have perplexed them. They represented Ormuzd as self-sufficient, and they were obliged to reconcile this conception of divinity with the fact of earthly life. They thought to evade the difficulty by declaring Ahriman to be the cause of the creation. Both powers had existed co-equally from all eternity, but while Ormuzd had been from the first conscious of the presence of the spirit of opposition, the latter, because he was the principle of darkness, remained ignorant of his opponent. Ignorance, in itself, is a negative evil, but its active expression is usually dangerous. In modern Europe it was not until illiterate peasantries broke out into French revolutions and Irish insurrections that they jeopardized the preservation of order. And so it was only when Ahriman became conscious of the light, and resolved to destroy it, that Ormuzd's vigilance against him was necessitated. But, as from the chaos of human rebellions and riots better laws have been evolved for the people, so the first movement of the enemy led to the generation of good in concrete forms. In other religious cosmogonies evil, as a personified force, was an accident; in the Mazdean, it was a necessity. Where most men have supposed devils to be the result of the creation, Persians believed that the earth existed because of a devil. Instead of imagining the world to be the well-intentioned but badly executed scheme of a deity, they saw in it the product of a god struggling to save goodness from destruction. All the evils in the universe came from Ahriman. Through him the rose had its thorn, light its shadow, joy its sorrow. Whenever new forms of life were made, he marred their Persian gods and devils, showing very conclusively that in the transformation of Hindu deities into Persian devils we have a revolution, not of thought, but of language.

beauty. He brought into being demons and planets, the latter being supposed to scatter confusion among the constellations. He sullied the purity of fire with smoke, and formed in the bosom of the sea the deceptive Maelstrom. He covered trees and plants with thorns, and introduced poison into vegetation. He sowed seeds of evil in animal life, and transmitted the germs of moral and physical disease to the primeval man, Gayomard.

The contest between the spirits did not cease with the creation. The forces of good and evil, once set in motion, could not rest from rivalry until one or both perished. Ormuzd must continue striving to make things pure and beautiful, Ahriman to prevent him. "Ever since a creature was created by us," Ormuzd declared to Zoroaster, "I, who am Auharmazd, have not rested at ease on account of providing protection for my own creatures; and likewise not even he, the evil spirit, on account of contriving evil for the creatures." Men, being free agents, had to choose for themselves between the service of the two spirits, and the methods by which they could serve Ormuzd and thwart Ahriman are typified in the history of Zoroaster. As Mara held out to Buddha all the allurements which make life beautiful, so did Ahriman promise Zoroaster full sway over the universe for a thousand years, should he but swear fealty to him. But while Buddha conquered the evil one by prayer, fasting, and penance, the Persian prophet arose in his wrath, and with the strength of an inspired Samson threw mighty rocks upon his tempter. Faithful Mazdeans were bidden to follow the example of their great master, and seek for spiritual victory through temporal means. Even as Ahriman had impelled Ormuzd to action, so he became the spur to activity in the daily life of human beings. His strength decreased in proportion to the growth of earthly prosperity. For the proper service of

Ormuzd, and the attainment of eternal salvation, it was absolutely essential that men should have great vigor of body. They therefore classed mortification of the flesh as a sin, while eating and drinking, and every gratification of the senses that added to their physical well-being, were ranked with the highest virtues. The Semitic devil might be intimidated by the scourge and the hair shirt, but Ahriman quailed before the plough and the well-filled larder. There was no room in such a religion for pillar saints and mendicant friars. A good farmer was a better exorciser of demons than hermits or ascetics. The Zend-Avesta taught that —

"When barley occurs, the demons hiss;
When thrashing occurs, then the demons whine;
When grinding occurs, then the demons roar;
When flour occurs, then the demons flee;
So the demons are driven out from the place
(or the house for the flour); they shall burn
their jaws, whereby it happens that the greater
number are fellow fugitives when barley
becomes plentiful."

The earth was declared to be happiest in those places where there are large, prosperous families, where corn and fruit grow in rich profusion, and where cattle multiply and increase. Men prayed, not for spiritual graces, but for temporal gifts, — for strength and knowledge, for husbands and for children. Ormuzd, in explaining the law to the prophet, represented to him as the purest morality full enjoyment of those worldly pleasures from which men of other creeds, seeking the higher life, are recommended to abstain: —

"Verily, I say unto thee, O Spitama Zarathustra, the man who has a wife is far above him who begets no sons; he who keeps a house is far above him who has none; he who has children is far above the childless man; he who has riches is far above him who has none.

"And of two men he who fills himself with meat is filled with the good spirit much more than he who does not do so."

The spirit of activity, thus enkindled, encouraged men's interest in the world in which they lived, making of them keen observers, active enterprisers, and enthusiastic students. As Zeno thought that if men only knew what was good they would practice it, so Persian Magi believed that once they understood goodness *per se*, that is, Ormuzd himself, it would be an impossibility for them to turn from him. This idea is not very original. Hindus and all mystics who have aimed at absorption into divinity have thought to attain this end through pure knowledge. It is in the means adopted for the purpose that the individuality of the Persian cultus is set forth. Hindus sought to reach the substance or *noumenon* of being by ignoring its attributes or *phenomena*. But Persians declared that insight into the nature of God resulted from comprehension and cultivation of his works. Therefore, while priests of other faiths busied themselves with abstractions, the Magi were devoted to the pursuit of physical science, winning thereby the title of Wise Men of the East. Even to-day the Parsis, the last professors of Zoroastrianism, preserve the old national qualities. They are numbered among the most active men in India, being as a rule prosperous and enterprising merchants, and quick to adapt themselves to the new civilization introduced by the English.

Preciseness in the definition of deity and exaction of human activity as a moral obligation are the principal characteristics of this religion, and were the direct outcome of the early circumstances of the people who held them. Man's creeds vary according to physical phenomena and social relations.

"As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been," and the Iranian god and devil were as essentially the outgrowth of primitive Aryan thought carried into Persia as Triunes and Avatars were the result of the same in India, or as beau-

tiful human-like deities were natural to Greek ideals. When Indians and Iranians (or primitive Persians) parted, they possessed the same myths, but deities had not risen beyond their first elementary signification. Varuna was the all-embracing sky, and Mithra the radiant sun. The Indians established themselves in a land where they lived peacefully and where their religion passed through a gradual evolution. But the Iranian, on leaving the Aryan cradleland, went forth to battle. Indians, it is true, had at first encountered enemies, and we have evidence in the *Rāmāyana* and *Mahābhārata* that the contest with them was severe. But the aboriginal inhabitants of Hindostan, a few of whom still survive, belonged to a lower race, and retired before their superiors, much as river-drift and cave men in Europe disappeared before Iberians and Aryans. The Iranians, however, were opposed by men in every way their equals. To retain their individuality and to attain supremacy it was necessary that they should understand clearly and immediately what they were to believe and how they were to act. These causes necessitated the precision manifested in their dogmas. The compilers of their sacred books agreed with Bishop Blougram that—

"If once we choose belief, on all accounts
We can't be too decisive in our faith,
Conclusive and exclusive in its terms."

There were, as Professor Darmesteter says, "two general ideas at the bottom of the Indo-Iranian religion: first, that there is a law in nature; and, secondly, that there is a war in nature." When the vague elements of the primitive nature-worship were organized into a positive code of belief, these ideas were precisely defined, and the numerous deities and demons by whom they were once represented were exchanged for the two great powers of good and evil.

The Persians, perhaps, of all men most felt the dual action of nature. Life to

them was like the apple in the Sultan's garden at Shiraz, one half of which was sweet, the other sour. Their climate varied from the extreme of cold to that of heat, and their soil, rich and fertile in some places, was in others barren as a desert. To the Western man, knowing them chiefly through their poetry, their very name suggests the opposite to activity. To him Persia seems a land where wine flows unceasingly, Luri dance, roses perfume the air, and bulbuls sing in melodious strains. But, notwithstanding their capacity for sensuousness, the Persians were at first a race as fierce and warlike as the northern Berserkers. Not until they had passed through severe struggles did their country become symbolical of voluptuousness. It is not strange that, with the oriental love of lotus dreams and *kheyyf*, they believed the devil to be the power which roused them into action, while, to sanction pleasures in a world which was supposed to be at best a transitory phase of existence, "a moment's halt," they declared that through them the enemy was vanquished.

In the very sensuality of their later days there are traces of the early teachings. Mazdeism taught the sacredness of material things, and that knowledge and heaven are to be reached through appreciation of, and familiarity with, natural objects and forces. In days of prosperity and greatness these beliefs, perverted from their original significance, were made the justification of epicureanism. If Hafiz in his drunken ecstasy praised the lute and the wine-cup, it was, he explained, because they are the real enemies of Ahriman. By their power, according to his song, the evil one is conquered:—

¹ The influence of Hafiz and his school as moral teachers is far greater even at the present day than a Western world deems credible. A recent traveler in Persia found in the year 1881 whole villages of Sufis, in which there was a copy of Hafiz in every house, but no Koran; and when he remonstrated with them for their want of religion, they replied that the wine and love sung by the

"He, in whose mind this witch-lute's music melts,
The care from every mystery shall wrest.

"He, through whose veins this god-cup's nectar
pours,
Shall riddles read no other man has guessed.

"Who drains the wealth of both shall see at once
Dark Ahriman a solved and faded jest."

He hoped to find the magical goblet of Jemschid in every glass he drained. To him intoxication was what prayer and meditation were to a Sakya Muni. It initiated him into heavenly mysteries.¹

The superiority in many ways of the Persian over the other Aryan creeds cannot be exaggerated. While Hindus worshiped impossible monstrosities, and Greeks honored idealized men and women, Persians bowed down before a pure spirit. To the bloody sacrifices and elaborate ceremonies of Hellas and India the simple ritual of Iran offered an admirable contrast. Its great merit, however, is seen in its practical application to human conduct. Brahmanism and Buddhism, filled with thoughts of a future state of existence, gave little heed to earthly matters. In Greece religion made life beautiful, but was of slight assistance to man in his every-day needs. Zoroastrianism alone gave full value to the necessities of the present and advocated the sanctity of work and the importance of pleasure. The good effects of its healthy precepts were somewhat counteracted by its other doctrines. Once a people's creed is established on a firm basis it, in its turn, exercises a powerful influence on civilization. Religion in Persia occupied itself with the world and with human life, but its estimation of them was distorted by its strict division of all objects and forces between Ormuzd and Ahriman. Dualism was a stumbling-block to science poet meant the spirit of God and the ecstasy of divine union with him. There are at the present day in Persia societies in which the most unbounded dissipation is cultivated as piety. Charles G. Leland was intimate with a Persian of the highest rank who had been initiated among the *Al-lakvi* and who explained to him the principles.

and a hindrance to morality. A stimulus was given to the study of material things, but the scope of inquiry was limited. Certain premises were assumed as a basis for all reasoning. The tasks required of the Hebrews by the Egyptians were easy and possible when compared to those the Persian student set for himself. The Magi's quest of knowledge was a labor from which even Hercules would have recoiled. Their efforts were futile because of their pre-formed conclusions. The idea of duality in nature blinded them to the law of cause and effect. They referred all the destructive forces in the universe to Ahriman, and, since they classed these as evils, it was impossible for them to understand the relation of death and decay to life and growth. That certain things, evil in themselves, may be ranked as good because of their effects, was beyond their comprehension. They saw in nature not a perfect whole, formed by the action of contending elements, but a discordance produced by a power seeking to destroy all harmony. To them darkness seemed but the destroyer of light, and the winter's cold but a cruel foe that had blighted the beauty of summer's warmth. They could not look beyond the leaves that fall and the flowers that fade to the buds that shoot forth and the fruits that ripen.

Had these errors been confined to ideas of the physical world, science would indeed have suffered, but the people's moral progress might not have been impeded. But Persian dualism confused moral with physical evils, and identified pain with sin. Disease and crime were referred to the same source and made to appear of equal value. This, added to the regulation of social relations by spiritual laws, resulted in an artificial standard of right and wrong. It is true, some of the failings most abhorred by Persians are intrinsically vicious. Chattering or useless talk was a serious fault. Lying was held by them, as Herodotus

has recorded, to be the most discreditable of human shortcomings. Leprosy, which Jews thought was sent by Providence to punish gossips, was by Persians supposed to be the penalty paid by liars. These offenses were condemned because they were obstacles to success in practical life. But other acts, harmless in themselves, were misrepresented as heinous crimes. Just as a Kamtschadale imagines that should he walk in the footsteps of a bear the consequences would be more deadly than if he committed a theft, so the Persian ranked the burning and burying of the dead, or the ill-treatment and slaying of a dog, as greater sins than robbery or adultery. Contact with a corpse, since this was the property of demons, was punished more severely than murder. Indeed, human life was not measured by its actual, but by its religious worth. The unbeliever belonged to the devil quite as much as planets and poisonous plants did, and therefore his destruction was desirable. Hence, though murder was not exactly encouraged, a Mazdean, to improve his own condition, was fully at liberty to imperil the life of the skeptic. If he wished to practice medicine, he was instructed by the sacred books to begin by experimenting on the worshippers of Devas or false gods. If in the first three trials of skill he should kill his patients, he was to be pronounced incompetent to continue in the profession. If, however, he should cure three, he might afterward be trusted among the faithful. This arbitrary moral code retarded the development of any true feeling of humanity. Conduct which should be regulated according to a man's relations to his fellow-beings was actuated by his supposed dependence upon supernatural rulers. In such a system there was necessarily an absence of that sympathy which Herbert Spencer says is the "root of both justice and benevolence." Actions were judged by their spiritual instead of their temporal merits and de-

merits, and offenses were punished, not because they injured men, but because they were sins against God.

As the dualistic belief began to grow old in the East, it started with new and vigorous life in the West. That much so-called Christianity is really dualism, and that it came from Persia through later Judaism, has been asserted by writers without attracting much attention, and yet the truth of their assertion cannot be doubted. The Babylonian Captivity, during which the children of Israel first came into contact with Persians, changed the character of the Hebrew people. "One of the most mysterious and momentous periods," says Emanuel Deutsch, "in the history of humanity, is that of the brief space of the exile." The purely spiritual deity and the rigid code of morals of Zoroastrianism were in strong antithesis to the sensual gods and goddesses and the licentious celebrations of Babylonian polytheism, and soon arrested the sympathy of the captive people. Their conduct and doctrine were alike purified under the rule of their new masters. According to Deutsch, "from a reckless, godless populace they were transformed into a band of Puritans." But the change in their conception of deity, and in the growing belief in devils and angels, is little more marked. Dr. Kuenen declares it was in this last particular they were most affected by the foreign creed. At first, the gods of neighboring tribes and nations were the only enemies of Jehovah the Jews had recognized. They believed the deity they worshiped sent the evil which befell them as well as the good. He was a strong and mighty god, who one moment breathed on them greater destruction than had ever been wrought by the breath of Typhon, and, at another, with his smile loaded them with the sweetness and fertility other peoples attributed to their solar gods. To him they could have truly cried, —

"Thou hast kissed us and hast smitten; thou hast laid

Upon us with thy left hand life, and said,
Live; and again thou hast said, Yield up your
breath,

And with thy right hand laid upon us death."

Already, before the Captivity, with an enlarging sense of morality, they were beginning to find the extremes of benevolence and malevolence in their deity irreconcilable. How could he who was the supreme good be the same as the "man of war" who laughed at the wretchedness of mortals? Disaffection with the old ideal of divinity prepared them for acceptance of Persian dualism, which explained away the difficulty. By attributing their miseries and wrongs and their tendencies to sin to an independent source they eliminated that incongruity in the character of Jehovah which was no longer pleasing to them. This was all the easier, because they had long believed in a being who in many ways corresponded to the Persian archfiend. Among the spirits who stood around God's throne was Satan, the seducer, accuser, and opposer. But, like Azazel, the angel of death, he was but the means through which the god, who was as terrible as he was merciful, accomplished his designs. He was an instrument by which he who ruled the harmony of the universe occasionally produced discord. It was an easy transition from this conception of Satan to that of a spirit who of himself seduced, accused, and opposed from pure love of malevolence. His course of action was not altered. The sole difference was, that from a dependent creature he was transformed into an independent agent. He was soon identified with the serpent in the Garden of Eden, and declared the prince of darkness and the origin of all evils which flesh is heir to. With his independence the fear in which he had been held was heightened, until, in the times of Christ, it colored the people's every thought and action.

The latent dualism of Judaism was

fully developed in Christianity because of the new life given it from another source. Though the Greeks, at the end of their long contest with the Persians, were conquerors on the battle-field, the latter gained a victory of much deeper significance. They did not raise their standard upon European soil, but, by a strange caprice of fate, the spirit of their religion and philosophy was infused into Western thought, and has survived for centuries after their earthly greatness has become a thing of the past. The magic and mysticism, the symbolization and legends, of Christian Europe bear witness to the diffusion and strength of the Persian ideas. But, what is far more important, the dualistic conception was accepted by Western theology as the solution of the problem of evil which life, Sphinx-like, still presented to mankind. It was the chief doctrine of most Gnostics, who, since they believed in Christ, thus holding the leading dogma which separated Christianity from paganism, exercised no inconsiderable influence in forming Christian dogma. Unfortunately, Persian doctrines, separated from the old physical and social factors, retained all that was most defective and little that was good in their ethical application. Zoroastrianism had at first depended for survival on the temporal conquests of its followers, and had therefore been compelled to direct all its attention to man's bodily welfare. But Christianity, during its early days, owed its development to the readiness of men to sacrifice worldly success for spiritual profit, and hence its principal subject of solicitude was the soul. The Christian had to choose between God and mammon. The Zoroastrian could serve both. The latter glorified Ormuzd by increasing material prosperity; the former served God by despising it. Dualism was radically the same in both creeds, but it differed widely in its results.

Christians, adhering to the Jewish ac-

count of the creation, never recognized Satan as the co-equal of the Almighty in point of time or in creative power. It was the latter only who, in the words of the Jewish prophet, had made the light and the darkness. Great stress was laid on the fact that Satan appeared in the primeval *second* of creation. But in other respects he did not differ from his Persian prototype. He grew rapidly in personal importance, until, as was the case with Ahriman, all ills were referred to him. There is a marked change from Clemens Romanus, who entirely ignores his existence, to Justin Martyr, who declares him to be the leader of those powers of darkness which Christ came to destroy, the cause of man's transgressions and of physical disasters, the ally of heretics, and the inspiration to both pagan virtue and error. If they rejected the primal equality of the two great spirits, Christians believed as firmly as Zoroastrians in the division of the created world between them. Theologians thought to escape the charge of dualism in their doctrines by saying that the opposition of good and evil had not been from the beginning, but was the result of man's sin. Athenagoras explained that the devil was not opposed to God but to his goodness. Saint Augustine demonstrated that the dual forces in the individual resulted, not from the mingling of two natures, but from the disputing of one with itself. But, by their very explanations of the origin of the strife, they testified to their belief in its present existence. The followers of Christ, like those of Zoroaster, had for ultimate object the glorification of God and their own salvation, and taught that this goal could be reached only by subduing Satan. Life, in each case, consisted of one long struggle with the devil. Both creeds believed that the tempter was to be crushed by activity and knowledge. "Knowledge and action make a man blessed," says Saint Augustine; "as in

knowledge we shun error, so in action we shun wickedness." The new system demanded not natural, but supernatural wisdom, not physical, but spiritual activity. In proportion as people weakened their bodies, severed social and family ties, gave themselves up to contemplation, the nearer did they approach to God, and the surer were they of saving their souls.

Belief in a strife between heavenly and earthly interests caused great neglect of physical science and a disregard of human justice. Theology was the one study worthy of attention, and the church was the only reliable authority. Temporal rights were forfeited on account of spiritual disabilities, and the condition of men's worldly affairs depended upon their orthodoxy as to the merest magical forms. The cruelty of the Sangrado school of medicine in Persia seems merciful when contrasted with a Dominican tribunal of so-called justice. The isolations and ablutions demanded from the evil-doer by Zoroastrianism are, to the humiliations inflicted of old upon the excommunicated Catholic, as the sufferings of modern state prisoners compared to those of Tantalus or Ixion. The very practices by which the individual in Persia circumvented the arch-enemy furthered his own well-being, and contributed to the general prosperity. But the mediæval Christian, by the methods with which he resisted Satan, made life miserable for himself, and added nothing to the welfare of his fellow-beings. Men who had been taught by Christ to love their neighbors as themselves obeyed his law by concentrating all their thoughts upon their own spiritual interests, and by referring every action to the life to come. Dualism thus was the cause of a selfishness of purpose and a dejection of spirit which were serious hindrances to culture and morality. In old days persecution and feudal laws made life bitter enough, and

what little chance of enjoyment remained was destroyed by the contempt for earthly things inspired by religion. Men saw in the beauty and pleasures which surrounded them snares set to try their strength. The general gloom increased, until, in the eleventh century, religion was distinguished by a despondency which has never been equaled, and bade fair to deteriorate into a worship of evil. It was the effort to reconcile Persian thought to Western ideals that led to the wild excesses of those times. Philosophers and mystics in secret paid honor to Satan, because of his opposition to the Creator. They saw in him not a tempter, but a savior. He, Prometheus-like, had delivered men from the primitive ignorance for which the Christian Zeus had destined them. The uneducated, to whom philosophical reasoning would have been as Greek and Latin are to street Arabs, believed the devil to be the eternal enemy of God, and God the enemy of all earthly joyousness. In their despair they devoted themselves to his service because he could give the joys which every other power denied them. Like Aucassin in the old French romance, they would rather have had pleasure on earth, and then burn for it everlastingly, than pass their lives in stifling their every emotion. The wild Walpurgis Night on the Brocken was not altogether an unreality. As the social condition of Europeans improved, and the multitude awoke from their long lethargy, they began to free themselves from the tyranny of a belief which, as a guide to conduct, is so little suited to the demands of Western civilization. In many cases fear of evil as a personified force is still the mainspring of action. But there is this difference between the past and the present application of dualism to ethics: what was once law for all is now the deliberate choice of a few.

It is because of the light it throws on the religion of modern Europe that

the study of Zoroastrianism is important. The adoption of oriental ideas has seldom been of advantage to occidental culture. An attempt might as well be made to cultivate palm and pine trees side by side, as to reconcile Eastern and Western thought. The doctrine of dualism caused many evils which for long

years disgraced Christianity. By tracing it to its proper source an explanation is found for many of the inconsistencies of a church which, professing to preach a gospel of peace, encouraged strifes and dissensions, altogether contrary to the preachings and spirit of its founder.

Elizabeth Robins.

OUR DARK AGE IN MUSIC.

THE real history of music on this side of the Atlantic is all included in the present century. All that bore the name of music in New England before the year 1800 may be summed up in the various modifications of one monotonous and barren type, the Puritan Psalmody. Its chronicles, quaint as they may be, and full of amusing anecdote, of serio-comic pulpit homilies, and nuts for satirists and jokers, are more interesting as exhibiting one phase of the old Puritan life and manners than as having any significant relation to the growth of music as such, or to any progress here in musical taste and culture. The history would make a readable chapter by itself, exciting many a smile of pity rather than contempt; but it would not show the germs out of which the musical character of New England, such as it now is, has developed. The truth is, our fathers (with exceptions too few and too feeble to hold out) had no belief in music; no respect for it, except as a part of the ritual of religious service, purely conventional, and, as they conceived, a matter of divine injunction. The literal fulfillment of the duty satisfied their consciences; however bad the music, if they only sang, or tried to sing, it was enough. Of music in the sense of art they could not have the least conception.

Yet psalmody, in its best estate, sprang out of the very heart of the

Reformation, and Luther was its great apostle. Indeed, the singing of psalms by the whole people in unison had been characteristic of all reformers and schismatics from a much earlier time, including the Arians, the Albigenses, the disciples of Wickliff and John Huss, the Bohemian brethren, etc. It was the plain-song "of the people, for the people and by the people," as distinguished from the more scientific, figural, fugued, contrapuntal, antiphonal music of the Catholic service, in which only trained choirs, and priests, could minister. In the confession of the English Puritans (1571), they say: "Concerning singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining *with one voice* in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with intermingling of organs." History can tell us everything about these old tunes and their various setting, except where the tunes, the melodies themselves, first came from. Save in a few instances, no one knows who invented or composed them. Probably they grew and shaped themselves by little and little, in the course of practice, quite empirically, by unconscious instinct, out of a thousand sources: largely out of the old traditional *canto fermo*, the Gregorian tones, etc., of the Catholic church; quite as largely out of snatches of free secular melody that floated in the air; while some came from

the Bohemian Brethren, some were sweets stolen from the early opera, and some were of individual invention. Luther is thought to have composed both the melody and harmony, as well as the words, of several of the noblest and most enduring of the German chorals. It must be remembered that the most secular melodies of those days, the music of the "world's people," whether convivial, amorous, or war-like, had much of the psalm-tune flavor, at any rate, its dullness. Probably many of these tunes came into their present shape by gradual accretion and piecing out, a phrase from this one and a phrase from that, instances of which process are well known.

To the Lutheran chorals we must turn for the grandest, sincerest, most inspired, most tender, deep, and heartfelt types of pure religious people's melody. It was Luther's musical character and knowledge, together with his many-sided genius, his zeal, his large humanity and common sense, that gave significance and form and pregnancy to the German choral above all other psalmody; to him and his co-workers the world owes these vital germs out of which the whole great German art of sacred music, in its larger forms of motet, oratorio, cantata, etc., has been developed. Where these seeds dropped in genial soil, now stately forests wave, far-echoing leafy avenues of song, through whose responsive, swaying branches sing the winds of heaven in never-ending harmony and fugue. In these small germs lay all the mighty art of Bach and Handel, and their followers, in embryo, waiting for its time. That was the German choral. But our New England psalm-book, — what has developed out of that? Nothing but endless mechanical copies and multiplications of itself, continual breeding in and in, a ringing of idle changes on the same old humdrum meaningless material; books made to sell, which never would have been

so multitudinous, strewing the shelves and upper lofts of music stores and singing galleries "thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa," if they had had any soul of art or music in them, or were much better than dead leaves, fit for a general bonfire.

Naturally enough, it was not long before the people's music of the Reformation began to flow in two quite opposite directions: one tending to a positive, a genial, a human and expressive character, with Luther for its type and master spirit, leading up to art; the other, typified by Calvin, negative, ascetic, stern, devoid of beauty and afraid of it, frowning on music as a free and genial spirit. Calvin, it is true, (unlike Zwinglius, who in the early days of the same church had included vocal music as well as organs in his proscription of idolatries), shrewdly saw the advantage of congregational singing in keeping the fire alive in public worship. He had proper melodies prepared (how far original, or from what sources borrowed, we know not) for Marot's Psalms by Franc and other eminent musicians of the day. These were printed at Strasburg in 1545, and were afterwards appended to Calvin's catechism and ordered to be sung in the Reformed church. This Calvinistic psalmody spread into Holland, and thence found its way across the ocean to our barren shores. While Luther, Walther, Sachs, Senfl, and many more were shaping and developing the old German and Bohemian chorals (clothed with perennial charm a century later in the wonderful harmony of Bach), the Psalms were rendered into French verse by Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, and were harmonized in parts, with the melody given to the tenor, in 1561 by Louis Bourgeois; in 1562 by Claude Goudimel, who had lived in Rome and had the honor of counting Palestrina among his pupils; and in 1565 by "that great master of harmony," Claude Le Jeune. Bour-

geois had followed Calvin to Geneva in 1541, and there became cantor in a church, but quarreled with the presbytery, who would not let him introduce a harmonized arrangement of the Psalms in public worship. The singing countenanced by Calvin was without instrument, without harmony, a droning forth by the whole congregation, in untutored, dry, distressing unison, or caricature of that, of the "French tunes," so called, though some of them were German or Bohemian, no doubt. These (a portion of them) were the psalm-tunes that came over with the Pilgrim Fathers, and were first sung December 9, 1620, perhaps on Plymouth Rock (?), — the naked melodies, as they were badly printed in an edition of Ainsworth's version of the psalms, published in Amsterdam in 1612. A few of these tunes made their way to England, and may be found in Ravenscroft and other English psalters. Some of them became known in Germany, and gained a place in German choral-books. Seven or eight of them afterwards had the distinguished honor of being harmonized, as they never have been before or since, and, we may say, immortalized, by John Sebastian Bach, and may be seen in the collections of his chorals. The greatest of these, 371 Vierstimmige Choralgesänge, has been well called "one of those fon-tal works which are the cause or the inspiration of all that come after them." But if one would find the fullest treasury of choral melodies, we would refer him to Conrad Köcher's *Zionsharfe* (Stuttgart, 1855), containing 1137 chorals of the German Reformed church, the 150 psalms of the French Reformed church, 359 psalm and hymn-tunes of the English and American church, and 316 of the best melodies of the Romish church.

But we anticipate. We must first glance at our own mother country, and see how the leaven of the Reformation was affecting the parochial music there.

Somewhat in a kindred spirit with the German choral, or plain-song, more so in respect of dignity and grandeur than of deep and inward sweetness, were the English, Scotch, and Welsh tunes to which the Psalms were sung during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Charles I. That was a time when England flourished in the foreground of artistic, learned, contrapuntal, vigorous music; the day of her great cathedral composers, building upon Palestrina, and her fresh, ingenious school of mad-rigal writers. England had her Elizabethan age in music no less than in literature. Amid so much that is dull, conventional, and monotonous in English music, the names of Tallis and Bird, of Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye, Weelkes and many others form a brilliant galaxy. Many of these did not disdain to harmonize the homely psalm-tune. We must refer to Dr. Burney's stately *History of Music*, and to Hawkins, for even a sketch of the successive settings and collections that appeared, down to the dark period with which we have to deal. Suffice it to say that metrical psalmody, as practiced in the English parochial churches, had its beginning, or at least became general, about the time of Edward VI. The first English version of the Psalms of David, in a most unpoetic, rough, and gnarly kind of verse, was made by Thomas Sternhold — whom an English writer calls "our Marot without his genius" — and John Hopkins (1549 and 1556). It was "imprinted at London by John Day," in 1562, "with apt notes to sing them withal," and again, with harmony, in 1563. Several metrical psalters with music were afterwards published in Scotland and in England. Some of the tunes are found appended to some old editions of the Bible. In 1579 were published "The Psalmes of David in English meter, with notes of foure partes set unto them by Giulielmo Damon, to the use of the godly Chris-

tians, for recreating themselves, instead of fond and unseemly ballades." Cosyns (1585) published sixty psalms, in six parts, in plain counterpoint, to the melodies which Day had printed before. Then came the "The Whole Book of Psalmes, with their wonted tunes as they are song in churches, composed into foure parts, by nine sondry authors. Imprinted at London, by T. Est" (or Este), "1594." Among the nine appear the names of Dowland, Blancks, Farmer, Allison, Kirby, etc. This gives the melody or plain-song to the *tenor*, after the old Roman fashion, the added parts being *cantus*, *altus*, and *bass*. The counterpoint is simple, note against note, the harmony excellent. In 1594 there was a collection, by John Mundy, of songs and psalms in three, four, and five parts; in 1599 another collection by Richard Allison. Thomas Este seems to have anticipated Ravenscroft in the practice of naming tunes from certain places.

Finally appeared, in 1621, reprinted in 1633, the most complete and altogether most important collection of the kind which England had yet known, Thomas Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes: with the Hymnes Evangelical, and Songs Spirituall, composed into 4 parts by sundry Authors, to such severall Tunes, as have beene and are usually sung in England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, France, and the Nether-lands: never as yet before in one volume published." Probably, except in Germany, no higher type of harmonized psalmody has appeared before or since. Hawkins tells us that it became the manual of psalm-singers throughout the kingdom; and, in the multitude of illiterate compilations that sprang up on all sides to choke it off, he calls him "a happy man, in many places, who is master of a genuine copy of Ravenscroft's Psalmes." Every psalm of the Old Version, besides the Hymns Evangelical, etc., is here printed in full,

with a fit tune, in many instances the same tune being wedded to several psalms. The number of distinct tunes is ninety-eight, of which forty are given as "tunes of later date," bearing names like Windsor, York, Low Dutch, etc. the rest being the old or "proper" tunes. The list of authors (arrangers, harmonizers) includes, besides Ravenscroft himself (who was made Bachelor of Music at Cambridge at the early age of fourteen), such names as Tallis, Dowland, Morley, John Milton (father of the great poet), Allison, Bennet, and others, twenty-four in all. The melody, or plain-song, is given to the *tenor* voice, probably intended to be sung *en masse* by the congregation. Nearly all the psalms are in common measure, and the tunes are without rhythmical divisions, or bars, except between the lines, and are written very simply in notes of almost uniform length. The *bass* may also be counted as a people's part; while, for the select and cultivated voices of higher range, the more varied, artificial, contrapuntal parts of *cantus* (soprano) and *medius* (or countertenor, for boys) are superimposed. This is simply the old church way of composing in Italy, France, Germany, clothing the massive plain-song with the freer play of parts accompanying. The harmony is chaste, correct, and noble, and the melodic progression of the four parts severally is such as to put to shame the work of our multifarious modern manufacturers of psalmody, although it involves now and then consecutive fifths and octaves, not without example in the highest mastery of Bach himself, but which strike the critical eye more than they offend the ear. Doubtless such a setting of the psalms was too good for the many, and, in those days of half-musical and ignorant parish clerks, who "deaconed out" the lines to feeble groups of voices, it is hardly conceivable that this harmony could have been widely accepted, or have continued long

in use. The assignment of the melody to the tenor would be enough, without other obvious reasons, to account for the short life of such a compilation in the churches. But to the cultivated taste in music the book must have been most welcome, and was probably long cherished, for these things happened just on the turning-point of the decline of the Elizabethan era, when the queen herself played upon the "virginals," when the madrigals were written, and when English gentlemen could take a part in singing them at sight.

This brings us back to our dark period. The Pilgrim Fathers, as we have seen, were innocent of all acquaintance with such psalmody as that of Ravenscroft. They were of the Calvinistic school of singing, as well as of doctrine; without skill in music, they sang, most of them by rote, merely the tunes, without any harmony, from Ainsworth's Psalter, which they brought with them from Holland. Ten years later (1630) Winthrop and his colony of Puritans, not Separatists, still acknowledging the tie that bound them to the English mother church, came better fitted out in this respect. They are supposed to have brought Ravenscroft's book along with them, although we are at a loss to find documentary evidence of the fact. But, as they came here just in the period of Ravenscroft, as they had educated men among them, university men, they must have had some little skill in music in its plainer vocal forms, — enough, at least, to sing from notes. An original copy of Ravenscroft, preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has the autograph of Governor John Endicott upon its fly-leaf. It is known that one of the first acts of the fathers was to institute a college, and that its curriculum from the first included systematic musical instruction. Perhaps, in the burning of its library in 1764, some copies of Ravenscroft, or other documents which

would have served our purpose, vanished into thin air. At all events it would be hard to answer the question, What setting of the Psalms, if not Ravenscroft's, could have been sung in the planting of the first church in the new Boston? For they must have been familiar with it in the old St. Botolph's. Moreover, the Bay Psalm Book, or New England version (first printed at Cambridge in 1640, again in 1647, and revised in 1650), to which the Ainsworth version very slowly and reluctantly gave way, in its appended "admonition to the reader," gives direction for singing the psalms to the tunes "collected out of our chief musicians, by Thomas Ravenscroft," etc. If Winthrop's people did bring this with them, and if there was musical skill enough, even in a small nucleus of them, to sing from it in parts, then we had represented here, for a brief period, the two diverging tendencies of the great flood of choral song which fired the heart of the people in the days of the Reformation, and of which we called Luther and Calvin the respective types, — the one a genial music, containing in itself a germ, the other an ascetic, merely ritualistic droning and shouting out of tunes, ignoring harmony, and putting away all instruments as an abomination. The latter came with the Pilgrims, and utterly prevailed in all New England churches very soon; the former for a brief period may have had some foothold in the first church of Winthrop's followers. But how very brief! That might have proved the germ of a true musical development, if the whole physical and moral atmosphere, if the Puritan character and spirit of the settlers, if their stern outward necessities and preoccupations, and their yet sterner theology only could have favored! But such seed could not germinate in such a soil. The fathers had no time to study music. Rough realities of actual life, and anxious problems of the life to come, claimed all their thought. They

had other seed to plant in rougher soil; they had to fight off the Indians, deal with heretics, go to daily funerals with solemn length of ceremony, and no end of "gloves and scarfs and rings," as Sewall in his Diary records; and at the same time keep up a chronic struggle with the mother country for their charter and their liberties. What little knowledge they may have possessed in music was soon lost among their immediate descendants, whose meat and drink was stern theology and Bible exegesis. During nearly all the remainder of that century "the air was black with sermons." Music, as such, wore the strait jacket, and was shut up in the dark. It was only in obedience to scriptural injunction, "ordinances," that the people tried to sing their psalms, no other music being for a moment tolerated. Instruments were an abomination. Cotton Mather argued that, "as there is not a word in the New Testament authorizing the use of such aids to devotion, the Holy Ghost does, in effect, declare, 'I will not hear the melody of thy organs.'" Secular music had to hide itself out of hearing, and might not even peep aloud. The ceremonial and martial drum and trumpet, for trainings, proclamations, and processions, were the nearest approach to anything like street music, and probably, in point of art, the patriotic fish-horn of our boys would beat that trumpeting on its own ground. Later, of course, with the arrival of the provincial governors, and with the English church (King's Chapel) and its organist, a few bow instruments, violins, and more especially the "bass viol," or violoncello, were imported and enjoyed *sub rosa*, as was the "ball" given at the house of Master Enstone, the first organist, which good Judge Sewall prevailed upon the governor not to attend. The judge indeed *once* mentions in his Diary a party "marching throw the streets with viols and drums, playing

and beating by turns;" and once he alludes to "my wive's virginals." Other than these, the whole three volumes of that famous Diary of a man, who was a leader in Israel's psalm-singing, contain no mention of any instruments of music, except, of course, the aforesaid drums and trumpets. ("Peace was proclaimed by eight or ten drums, and two trumpets.") Once he records the being "serenaded in the night by three musicians;" but he was too far gone in sleep to listen, and does not tell us what the trio was composed of.

In 1673 "there were no musicians by trade in the colony." The very name musician was one of reproach. For the New England Puritan the only alternative in music lay between psalmody and vulgar ballad-singing, common fiddling, and dancing jigs. This "minstrelsy," which, dating back to the old Danish bards and scalds, had kept the soul of song alive for centuries in England, had sunk so low in her great age of music that, in the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed, by which "minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," — "tramps" is now the word, — and were punishable as such. Cromwell (1656) renewed the ordinance, — though Cromwell in a better sense loved music, — including "fiddlers" in the minstrel category. Ritson, rejoicing in their downfall, quotes with great glee the following lines from a satirical ballad ascribed to Dr. John Bull, one of the learned Elizabethan musicians: —

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house
(Whose daughter was about to die),
He turned the Minstrels out of doors,
Among the rascal company:

"Beggars they are with one consent, —
And rogues, by act of Parliament."

This prohibitory statute was always available *in terrorem* throughout the colonies.

In a single generation, what little art or skill the founders had was all forgotten. Of Ravenscroft a few of the tunes, but not the harmony, remained, and these were written, eight or ten of them, in the psalm-books and Bible, and sung, of course, in unison, the mere melody, continually shifting and uncertain, for at least a hundred years. Mere melody soon runs to waste, and soaks into the sand of vulgar rote; it requires the saving power of harmony, not poor, mechanical, mere make-shift harmony, but harmony inspired by a creative genius, like Sebastian Bach, developed with fine instinct out of the very heart of the melody, to make the tunes perennial and evermore unhackneyed. Such running to waste was fated in the false conditions of church music here. The few old tunes that were sung by rote, as the hymns were "lined" or "deaconed" out, inevitably became mixed, and altered, and perverted. It even went so far that each person sang the lines to whatever tune came most handy for himself, swerving from the tune set by the leader into one quite different, which resulted in the most ludicrous and maddening jargon. Sewall, in his Diary, makes repeated mention of seven tunes, no more. These are Windsor, Litchfield, Oxford, York, St. David's, Westminster, and Low Dutch. These names (all but one) are from Ravenscroft, as probably the tunes were. Once he says: "I set Windsor tune, and the people, at the second going over, run into Oxford, do what I could." Again, "In the morning I set York tune, and, in the second going over, the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's, which discouraged me very much." Once, "We sung all the ordinary tunes." About the beginning of the eighteenth century the lowest depth was reached. Few congregations could sing more than four or five tunes, and even these the Rev. Thomas Walter relates, "had become so mutilated, tortured, and twisted, that

the psalm-singing had become a mere disorderly noise, left to the mercy of every unskillful throat to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their odd fancy, sounding like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time, and so little in time that they were often one or two words apart; so hideous as to be bad beyond expression, and so drawling that we sometimes had to pause twice on one word to take breath; and the decline had been so gradual that the very confusion and discord seemed to have become grateful to their ears, while melody, sung in time and tune, was offensive; and when it was heard that tunes were sung by note, they argued that the new way, as it was called, was an unknown tongue, not melodious as the old, made disturbance in churches, was needless, a contrivance of the designing to get money, required too much time, and made the young disorderly; the old way good enough." Many church-members were suspended for persisting in singing by rule. It required much preaching to overcome the prejudice. No wonder that this scandal led to the rise of a small party of "anti-psalmists," who were opposed to any singing, interpreting the divine exhortation to "make melody in the heart" to mean that we are not to make it with the voice aloud. These were soon brought under discipline by the stalwart treatment of the clergy, who ruled all.

But in the mean time had come the Revolution of 1688, and the arrival of the Provincial Charter in 1692, working a change in matters social, civil, and religious. Old world luxuries and fashions came in, some literature (not theological) and science. Music also burst its bonds, or felt them loosened, and began to sing a little out of its own simple heart. In 1690 the first music was printed in Boston, thirteen tunes in two-part harmony. Thirty years later several clergymen made efforts to encourage better singing. The reaction was in

favor of good music, — at least, technically good, — and scientifically harmonized, though still cut short to the Procrustes bed of psalmody. But even then, and more or less down to a time within the recollection of some old singers of the present day, however properly composed, the tunes in practice underwent a barbarous inversion of the parts (far different from double counterpoint), the part for tenor being sung above the alto and soprano! "Have we not heard it with our ears?" This barbarism kept in vogue until about 1825; and not without much controversy were the voices remanded severally to their proper parts, the soaring shrill sopranos and high straining tenors — heroines and heroes of the village choirs and singing-schools — clinging bravely to what they had so long regarded as their rightful, proud distinction.

But soon, with a Queen's Chapel here in Boston, the organ was to lend solemn beauty to the service. With what suspicion that "box of whistles" had been dreaded and excluded! How Cotton Mather had denounced it! And good Judge Sewall, after a visit to Oxford, Eng., writes: "I am a lover of music *to a fault*," yet he was made uneasy by the music in the church, where "the justling out the institution of singing psalms by the boisterous organ" disturbed him as "something that can never be answered to the great Master of religious ceremonies." The first organ in New England was that offered by Thomas Brattle to the Brattle Street Church, and there, on principle, declined with thanks, in 1713, and then passed over to the Chapel and accepted, although it is said to have lain seven months in the porch before they ventured to unpack it. The next year the wardens wrote to England to invite Mr. Edward Enstone to come over and be the organist, at a salary of thirty pounds per annum, which sum, "with other ad-

vantages as to dancing, music, etc." (of course some *secular* music could be smuggled in with the rest), "we doubt not will be sufficient encouragement." He began his duties by Christmas, 1714. To the Puritan neighbors that Chapel must have been a haunted house. Yet one can easily imagine many a younger spirit creeping within its porch to listen with wonder and delight. It was not long before one young Bostonian, Edward Bromfield (1745), actually built an organ which was thought to surpass any yet heard here from abroad, and was the wonder of the day in all these colonies. From that time organs began to creep into the churches, and with them organists, who, of course, did something to enlarge the meagre repertory of a people which did not know music even enough to hate it.

If the period from 1620 to 1690 was, musically, one of total darkness, the second period, to which we have just alluded, that of the provincial governors, exhibits the first slight signs of a gray penumbra, gradually growing thinner. Now appear more positive tokens of approaching dawn, for we have reached our Revolution of 1775, a period of free thought and inquiry. The struggle for self-government was a general quickening of the mind, and made men less afraid of new ideas, and arts, and ornaments of life. In music, to be sure, the progress was for a long time confined to psalmody. But now the reaction against "lining out" was final. Better collections were published, more carefully arranged, with short treatises on musical grammar, and with rules for singing. It was about this time (1774) that that eccentric genius, William Billings (born in Boston, October 7, 1747, died September 26, 1800), taught a singing-school in Stoughton, with forty-eight members, the best school then known. That genuine old New England institution, the singing-school, began about 1720. It was the chief form of social

intercourse — shall we say “society”? — in all the country villages; and in it psalmody, and gossip, and flirtation, we may well conceive, were learned together, or practiced without learning. Billings invented a new way of setting hymns and anthems, which was called the “fuguing style.” It became extremely popular because of its vivacity, the voice parts moving in a sort of mutual imitation (not *fugue* properly), in quick time, chasing one another round. O Mather! O Judge Sewall! The grave old heavy psalmody was startled and danced out of its sobriety. Here was a music that was found exciting; a lively rhythmical protest (for men had been drinking of the new wine of liberty) against the dry and dreary old conventionalism; a music flattering to the sense and a relief to the imprisoned spirit. Whether it appealed to any deep religious sentiment or not, it set the singers in good humor, and responsive to the exhortation that we “make a joyful noise.” Billings was exceedingly prolific in this kind of composition, and had imitators, some of whom “out-heroded Herod” in their ventures on the sea of bold “originality” and native “inspiration.” His music had a flavor of its own, and showed a certain rude native talent and invention. Fugue it was not in any right artistic sense; of all that he was ignorant. What a god-send it would have been to him, what would he not have thought, what possibly have done, had there, by any chance, fallen into his hands some fugues or other compositions, some harmonized chorals even, of Sebastian Bach or Handel! See how he rhapsodized, in one of his “spread-eagle” prefaces, about his new music: —

“It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory, the audience entertained and delighted, their minds surprisingly agitated and extremely fluctuated; sometimes declaring for

one part and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter, now the volatile treble. Now here, now there, now here again. Oh, ecstatic! Rush on, ye sons of harmony!”

Indeed, it seems to have been a sort of musical horse-race. But there was this gain at all events: music was at last listened to *as music*, and not alone as ritual; it was thought worth the while in itself; there was a chance that it might come to something really musical in course of time. It was essentially a secular reaction against plain, solemn psalmody; but all within the house of worship, the choristers, drunk with the new wine, setting themselves up on their own account to do their part in the public service; no strait jacket any longer, but a general “sunburst,” and a breaking loose of the imprisoned school-boys.

So much for Billings. But of course it caused some scandal, and the elders shook their heads. Joel Harmon, in his *Sacred Minstrelsy*, published at Northampton in 1809, denounced the reigning fashion as, “a tasteless, heartless, trivial and irreverent jargon.” Still earlier, in 1791, Samuel Holyoke had published his *Harmonia Americana*, containing (as did Harmon’s book) tunes more solemn in style, more correct in harmony, and more appropriate to church use than the “fuguing” skirmishes. These, followed up by the Bridgewater collection in 1812, the Handel and Haydn Society’s in 1822 (edited by Lowell Mason), and many others, gave a new turn to the whole subject, and led the way to what is now known and used as psalmody. But first there was a long and lively controversy between what was called the “Old” and the “New School,” the “Old Hundred Singers” and the “Fuguists.” Billings, in his small way, was the Wagner of his day and generation.

Meanwhile, to obviate the confusion

of the whole congregation singing or droning out of tune and time, in its untutored zeal, the church choir came in fashion, well enough in the emergency, however questionable in the long run. After the Revolution, one of the fruits of Billings's singing-school appeared in the formation of the Stoughton Musical Society (November 7, 1786), the earliest in New England, and first harbinger of Boston's Handel and Haydn Society. Then a host of on the whole respectable psalm and anthem makers sprang up, who treated the matter seriously and with some skill, not slighting the good old tunes, and studying to harmonize the tunes correctly. Enough to mention names like Holden, Gram (the first German to engage here in such work, — no German would have done it anywhere else), Holyoke, Kimball, Mitchell, Selby, Sumner, blind Oliver Swan, the sweet singer who wrote *China*, *Sinful Mary's Tears*, and other songs that were long popular. Especially is it worth noticing that, in the very same year (1805) in which a Vermont composer, Ingalls, brought out a phenomenal collection of his own tunes, after the Billings type, there appeared also "The Salem Collection of *Classical Sacred Music*, in three and four parts," in which we find the names not only of Luther (several times), John Milton, Dr. Arne, Kirby, Dr. Madan, but Purcell, and several things arranged from Handel, showing a taste among the "appreciative few" as far advanced for that day as the taste for Bach and Robert Franz to-day. This Salem book, however, was not the first to dip into the classics and give us some diluted foretastes of the masters in exceedingly small cups. Already, in 1795, had appeared *The Massachusetts Compiler*, by Hans Gram, Samuel Holyoke and Oliver Holden, containing psalm-tunes, choruses, and solos, "chiefly selected or adapted from modern European publications," among which are pieces arranged from

Handel, Purcell, Dr. Arne, etc. "Let the Bright Seraphim," with nothing but an unfigured bass accompaniment, is one of the solos; and once a now familiar face peeps out from Haydn's symphonies, under the title of *Futurity*, "arranged for three voices, by H. Gram, from a late instrumental composition of the celebrated Mr. Haydn." This honest but obscure musician, all the way from Germany, a *rara avis* here, could not have breathed in this close atmosphere had he not brought with him some airs from Vaterland. Probably the choir-singing movement reached its culmination and its best in the then famous Park Street choir, out of which, and other elements, the oratorio in Boston drew its first recruits.

And here we are, well into the nineteenth century, and nothing yet but psalmody! Nothing that properly can count in the history of music here *as art*. The distinctively New England, homespun psalm-tune contains no germs of musical progress, nothing which by thematic development or genial contrapuntal treatment could lead up, like the German choral, which was *kern-melodisch*, into higher and larger forms of art, — the oratorio, motet, passion, sacred cantata, and *Te Deum*. All our music before 1800 was but conventional religious ceremony, ritual in fact, performed more from duty than from love, and carefully forbidden to assert itself in its own right *as music*. The old Puritan mistrust of pleasantness had stripped the tree of leaves, lopped off the spreading branches, and very nearly killed the root. Some root fibres there were left, however, some there must have been, deep down in the hard-trodden soil, in the *undying musical nature of man*; for man has a musical, as well as a religious, a poetic, and an intellectual nature, and no man's humanity can be complete without it. These fibres found some scanty nourishment in the church choir and village singing-school, in the mere joy of pro-

ducing musical tones, and tasting some thin juice of melody, with the surprise of now and then a pregnant and suggestive harmony; in the warlike and official drum and trumpet, spiced and quickened later by the fife; and possibly in some secular reaction of dance tunes, sentimental melodies, and frivolous or vulgar comic songs and ditties; certainly, after the Revolution had begun, in patriotic airs and military strains. Thus there was, on the one hand, a very dull and sanctimonious music; on the other, in the course of time, a very shallow, frivolous and popular reaction. Neither kind contained the principle of musical development,—we mean *historically*,—although *philosophically* out of one tone can be developed all tones, and indeed the whole great art of music in all its least and largest forms.

Music, for us, had first to be imported from an older and a richer soil. Mere psalm-singing and psalm-book making

never could prepare a soil in which great music could take root. Another impulse and another kind of seed were indispensable. We had to wait for the meeting of more vital elements. A few years longer, and there came to us another German, a musical man of mark, from Haydn's orchestra, Gottlieb Graupner, the first to gather together in the old Puritan town the small beginning of an orchestra, and plant the seeds of a first love for Haydn's and for Mozart's symphonies. At the same time there came a musician of the English school, a learned organist, the portly Dr. Jackson, as well as other English organists and choir-directors. These, with a corps of voices from the Park Street choir, first made it possible to undertake an oratorio, to found a Handel and Haydn Society in 1815, and to enter into practical acquaintance, deepening into enthusiastic love, with some of the great masters.

John S. Dwight.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:¹

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

SHORTLY after the publication of Septimius Felton, I printed in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1872, an article which traced with some particularity, as its title indicated, the History of Hawthorne's Last Romance. The romance therein referred to was the Dolliver, in which Septimius Felton had apparently at last been merged by the author. He lived long enough to complete only the first chapters of The Dolliver Romance, which were published in this magazine soon after his death. Subsequently his

widow began to prepare for the press the unfinished manuscript of Septimius Felton, but, before that task had been carried out, her own death arrested it, and the work was completed by her daughters.

In the article which has just been mentioned, the view was advanced that Septimius Felton had been the outgrowth of a project, formed by Nathaniel Hawthorne during his residence in England, to write a romance, the scene of which should be laid in that country; and that this project had afterwards been abandoned, giving place to a new conception in which the visionary search for means to secure an earthly immor-

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talities were to form the principal interest. The two themes, of course, were distinct and separate, but, by a curious process of thought, one grew directly out of the other; the whole history forms, in fact, a chapter in what may be called the genealogy of a romance. There remained, after *Septimius Felton* had been published, certain manuscripts connected with the scheme of an English story, the contents of which I described in general terms, in discussing this question of the origin of the book. One of these manuscripts was written in the form of a journalized narrative; the author merely noting the date of what he wrote, as he went along. The other was a more extended sketch, of much greater bulk, and without date, but probably produced several years later. It was not originally intended by those who at the time had charge of Mr. Hawthorne's papers that either of these incomplete writings should be laid before the public; because they manifestly had not been left by him in a form which he would have considered as warranting such a course. But since the second and larger manuscript has recently been announced for publication, under the title of *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, it has been thought best to issue the present sketch at the same time, so that the two documents may be examined together. So far as I am aware, they are the only fragments of imaginative composition by Mr. Hawthorne hitherto unpublished, and their appearance places in the hands of readers the entire process of development leading to *Septimius* and *The Dolliver Romance*, which I outlined in 1872. They speak for themselves much more efficiently than any commentator can expect to do; and little, therefore, remains to be said beyond a few words of explanation in regard to the following pages.

The Note-Books show that the plan of an English romance, turning upon the fact that an emigrant to America

had carried away a family secret which should give his descendant the power to ruin the family in the mother country, had occurred to Hawthorne as early as April, 1855. In August of the same year he visited Smithell's Hall in Bolton le Moors, concerning which he had already heard its legend of *The Bloody Footstep*, and from that time on, the idea of this footprint on the threshold-stone of the ancestral mansion seems to have associated itself inextricably with the dreamy substance of his yet unshaped romance. Indeed, it leaves its mark broadly upon *Sybil Dacy's* wild legend in *Septimius Felton*,¹ and reappears in the last paragraph of that story. But, so far as we can know at this day, nothing definite was done until after his departure for Italy. It was then, while staying in Rome, that he began to put upon paper that plot which had first occupied his thoughts three years before, in the scant leisure allowed him by his duties at the Liverpool consulate. Of leisure there was not a great deal at Rome, either; for, as the French and Italian Note-Books show, sight-seeing and social intercourse took up a good deal of his time, and the daily record in his journal likewise had to be kept up. But he set to work resolutely to embody, so far as he might, his stray imaginings upon the haunting English theme, and to give them connected form. April 1, 1858, he began; and then nearly two weeks passed before he found an opportunity to resume, April 13th being the date of the next passage. By May he gets fully into swing, so that day after day, with but slight breaks, he carries on the story, always increasing in interest for us who read as for him who improvised. Thus it continues until May 19th, by which time he has made a tolerably complete outline, filled in with a good deal of detail here and there. Although it is cast in the form of a regular nar-

¹ See page 111 of *Septimius Felton*, as originally published in 1872.

rative, one or two gaps occur, indicating that the author had thought out certain points which he then took for granted without making note of them. Brief scenes, passages of conversation and of narration, follow one another after the manner of a finished story, alternating with synopses of the plot, and queries concerning particulars needing further study; and these confidences of the romancer to himself form certainly a valuable contribution to literary history. The manuscript closes with a rapid sketch of the conclusion, and the way in which it is to be executed. Succinctly, what we have here is a romance in embryo; one, moreover, that never attained to a viable stature and constitution. During his lifetime it naturally would not have been put forward as demanding public attention; and, in consideration of that fact, it has since been withheld from the press by the decision of his daughter, in whom the title to it vests. Students of literary art, however, and doubtless many other readers, will, I think, be likely to discover in it a charm all the greater for its being in parts only indicated; since, as it stands, it presents the precise condition of a work of fiction in its first stage. The unfinished Grimshawe was another development of the same theme, and the Septimius a later sketch, with a new element introduced. But the present experimental fragment, to which it has been decided to give the title of *The Ancestral Footstep*, possesses a freshness and spontaneity recalling the peculiar fascination of those chalk or pencil outlines with which great masters in the graphic art have been wont to arrest their fleeting glimpses of a composition still unwrought.

Ultimately, the whole plan of producing an English romance was given up; and in the preface to *Our Old Home* it is referred to as an "abortive project." There is no reason to suppose, from the large amount of preliminary writing

done with a view to that romance, that Mr. Hawthorne always adopted this laborious mode of making several drafts of a book. On the contrary, it is understood that his habit was to mature a design so thoroughly in his mind before attempting to give it actual existence on paper that but little rewriting was needed. The circumstance that he was obliged to write so much that did not satisfy him in this case may account partly for his final abandonment of the theme, as one which for him had lost its seductiveness through too much recasting.

I will add only that the original manuscript, from which the following pages are printed through the medium of an exact copy, is singularly clear and fluent. Not a single correction occurs throughout; but here and there a word is omitted, obviously by mere accident, and these omissions have been supplied. The correction in each case is marked by brackets, in this printed reproduction. The sketch begins abruptly; but there is no reason to suppose that anything preceded it except the unrecorded musings in the author's mind, and one or two memoranda in the *English Note-Books*. We must therefore imagine the central figure, Middleton, who is the American descendant of an old English family, as having been properly introduced, and then pass at once to the opening sentences. The rest will explain itself.

George Parsons Lathrop.

I.

APRIL 1, 1858. Thursday. He had now been traveling long in those rich portions of England where he would most have wished to find the object of his pursuit; and many had been the scenes which he would willingly have identified with that mentioned in the ancient time-yellowed record which he bore about with him. It is to be ob-

served that, undertaken at first half as the amusement, the unreal object, of a grown man's play-day, it had become more and more real to him with every step of the way that he followed it up; along those green English lanes it seemed as if everything would bring him close to the mansion that he sought; every morning he went on with renewed hopes, nor did the evening, though it brought with it no success, bring with it the gloom and heaviness of a real disappointment. In all his life, including its earliest and happiest days, he had never known such a spring and zest as now filled his veins, and gave lightness to his limbs; this spirit gave to the beautiful country which he trod a still richer beauty than it had ever borne, and he sought his ancient home as if he had found his way into Paradise and were there endeavoring to trace out the sight [site] of Eve's bridal bower, the birth-place of the human race and its glorious possibilities of happiness and high performance.

In these sweet and delightful moods of mind, varying from one dream to another, he loved indeed the solitude of his way; but likewise he loved the facility which his pursuit afforded him, of coming in contact with many varieties of men, and he took advantage of this facility to an extent which it was not usually his impulse to do. But now he came forth from all reserves, and offered himself to whomever the chances of the way offered to him, with a ready sensibility that made its way through every barrier that even English exclusiveness, in whatever rank of life, could set up. The plastic character of Middleton was perhaps a variety of American nature only presenting itself under an individual form; he could throw off the man of our day, and put on a ruder nature, but then it was with a certain fineness, that made this only [a] distinction between it and the central truth. He found less variety of form in the Eng-

lish character than he had been accustomed to see at home; but perhaps this was in consequence of the external nature of his acquaintance with it; for the view of one well accustomed to a people, and of a stranger to them, differs in this — that the latter sees the homogeneity, the one universal character, the groundwork of the whole, while the former sees a thousand little differences, which distinguish the individual men apart, to such a degree that they seem hardly to have any resemblance among themselves.

But just at the period of his journey when we take him up, Middleton had been for two or three days the companion of an old man who interested him more than most of his wayside companions; the more especially as he seemed to be wandering without an object, or with such a dreamy object as that which led Middleton's own steps onward. He was a plain old man enough, but with a pale, strong-featured face and white hair, a certain picturesqueness and venerableness, which Middleton fancied might have befitted a richer garb than he now wore. In much of their conversation, too, he was sensible that, though the stranger betrayed no acquaintance with literature, nor seemed to have conversed with cultivated minds, yet the results of such acquaintance and converse were here. Middleton was inclined to think him, however, an old man, one of those itinerants, such as Wordsworth represented in the *Excursion*, who smooth themselves by the attrition of the world and gain a knowledge equivalent to or better than that of books from the actual intellect of man awake and active around them.

Often, during the short period since their companionship originated, Middleton had felt impelled to disclose to the old man the object of his journey, and the wild tale by which, after two hundred years, he had been blown as it were across the ocean, and drawn on-

ward to commence this search. The old man's ordinary conversation was of a nature to draw forth such a confidence as this; frequently turning on the traditions of the wayside; the reminiscences that lingered on the battle-fields of the Roses, or of the Parliament, like flowers nurtured by the blood of the slain, and prolonging their race through the centuries for the wayfarer to pluck them; or the family histories of the castles, manor-houses and seats which, of various epochs, had their park-gates along the roadside and would be seen with dark gray towers or ancient gables, or more modern forms of architecture, rising up among clouds of ancient oaks. Middleton watched earnestly to see if, in any of these tales, there were circumstances resembling those striking and singular ones which he had borne so long in his memory, and on which he was now acting in so strange a manner; but [though] there was a good deal of variety of incident in them, there never was any combination of incidents having the peculiarity of this.

"I suppose," said he to the old man, "the settlers in my country may have carried away with them traditions long since forgotten in this country, but which might have an interest and connection, and might even piece out the broken relics of family history, which have remained perhaps a mystery for hundreds of years. I can conceive, even, that this might be of importance in settling the heirships of estates; but which now, only the two insulated parts of the story being known, remain a riddle, although the solution of it is actually in the world, if only these two parts could be united across the sea, like the wires of an electric telegraph."

"It is an impressive idea," said the old man. "Do you know any such tradition as you have hinted at?"

April 13th. Middleton could not but wonder at the singular chance that had established him in such a place, and in

such society, so strangely adapted to the purposes with which he had been wandering through England. He had come hither, hoping as it were to find the past still alive and in action; and here it was so in this one only spot, and these few persons into the midst of whom he had suddenly been cast. With these reflections he looked forth from his window into the old-fashioned garden, and at the stone sun-dial, which had numbered all the hours — all the daylight and serene ones, at least — since his mysterious ancestor left the country. And [is] this, then, he thought to himself, the establishment of which some rumor had been preserved? Was it here that the secret had its hiding-place in the old coffer, in the cupboard, in the secret chamber, or whatever was indicated by the apparently idle words of the document which he had preserved? He still smiled at the idea, but it was with a pleasant, mysterious sense that his life had at last got out of the dusty real, and that strangeness had mixed itself up with his daily experience.

With such feelings he prepared himself to go down to dinner with his host. He found him alone at table, which was placed in a dark old room modernized with every English comfort and the pleasant spectacle of a table set with the whitest of napery and the brightest of glass and china. The friendly old gentleman, as he had found him from the first, became doubly and trebly so in that position which brings out whatever warmth of heart an Englishman has, and gives it to him if he has none. The impressionable and sympathetic character of Middleton answered to the kindness of his host; and by the time the meal was concluded, the two were conversing with almost as much zest and friendship as if they were similar in age, even fellow-countrymen, and had known one another all their life-time. Middleton's secret, it may be supposed, came often to the tip of his tongue; but still he kept it

within, from a natural repugnance to bring out the one romance of his life. The talk, however, necessarily ran much upon topics among which this one would have come in without any extra attempt to introduce it.

"This decay of old families," said the Master, "is much greater than would appear on the surface of things. We have such a reluctance to part with them, that we are content to see them continued by any fiction, through any indirections, rather than to dispense with old names. In your country, I suppose, there is no such reluctance; you are willing that one generation should blot out all that preceded it, and be itself the newest and only age of the world."

"Not quite so," answered Middleton; "at any rate, if there be such a feeling in the people at large, I doubt whether, even in England, those who fancy themselves possessed of claims to birth, cherish them more as a treasure than we do. It is, of course, a thousand times more difficult for us to keep alive a name amid a thousand difficulties sedulously thrown around it by our institutions, than for you to do, where your institutions are anxiously calculated to promote the contrary purpose. It has occasionally struck me, however, that the ancient lineage might often be found in America, for a family which has been compelled to prolong itself here through the female line, and through alien stocks."

"Indeed, my young friend," said the Master, "if that be the case, I should like to [speak?] further with you upon it; for, I can assure you, there are sometimes vicissitudes in old families that make me grieve to think that a man cannot be made for the occasion."

All this while, the young lady at table had remained almost silent; and Middleton had only occasionally been reminded of her by the necessity of performing some of those offices which put people at table under a Christian neces-

sity of recognizing one another. He was, to say the truth, somewhat interested in her, yet not strongly attracted by the neutral tint of her dress, and the neutral character of her manners. She did not seem to be handsome, although, with her face full before him, he had not quite made up his mind on this point.

April 14th. So here was Middleton, now at length seeing indistinctly a thread, to which the thread that he had so long held in his hand — the hereditary thread that ancestor after ancestor had handed down — might seem ready to join on. He felt as if they were the two points of an electric chain, which being joined, an instantaneous effect must follow. Earnestly, as he would have looked forward to this moment (had he in sober reason ever put any real weight on the fantasy in pursuit of which he had wandered so far) he now, that it actually appeared to be realizing itself, paused with a vague sensation of alarm. The mystery was evidently one of sorrow, if not of crime, and he felt as if that sorrow and crime might not have been annihilated even by being buried out of human sight and remembrance so long. He remembered to have heard or read, how that once an old pit had been dug open, in which were found the remains of persons that, as the shuddering bystanders traditionally remembered, had died of an ancient pestilence; and out of that old grave had come a new plague, that slew the far-off progeny of those who had first died by it. Might not some fatal treasure like this, in a moral view, be brought to light by the secret into which he had so strangely been drawn? Such were the fantasies with which he awaited the return of Alice, whose light footsteps sounded afar along the passages of the old mansion; and then all was silent.

At length he heard the sound, a great way off, as he concluded, of her returning footstep, approaching from chamber

to chamber, and along the staircases, closing the doors behind her. At first, he paid no great attention to the character of these sounds, but as they drew nearer, he became aware that the footstep was unlike those of Alice; indeed, as unlike as could be, very regular, slow, yet not firm, so that it seemed to be that of an aged person, sauntering listlessly through the rooms. We have often alluded to Middleton's sensitiveness, and the quick vibrations of his sympathies; and there was something in this slow approach that produced a strange feeling within him; so that he stood breathlessly, looking towards the door by which these slow footsteps were to enter. At last, there appeared in the doorway a venerable figure, clad in a rich, faded, dressing-gown, and standing on the threshold looked fixedly at Middleton, at the same time holding up a light in his left hand. In his right was some object that Middleton did not distinctly see. But he knew the figure, and recognized the face. It was the old man, his long since companion on the journey hitherward.

"So," said the old man, smiling gravely, "you have thought fit, at last, to accept the hospitality which I offered you so long ago. It might have been better for both of us—for all parties—if you had accepted it then!"

"You here!" exclaimed Middleton. "And what can be your connection with all the error and trouble, and involuntary wrong, through which I have wandered since our last meeting? And is it possible that you even then held the clue which I was seeking?"

"No,—no," replied Rothermel. "I was not conscious, at least, of so doing. And yet had we two sat down there by the wayside, or on that English stile, which attracted your attention so much; had we sat down there and thrown forth each his own dream, each his own knowledge, it would have saved much that we must now forever regret. Are

you even now ready to confide wholly in me?"

"Alas," said Middleton, with a darkening brow, "there are many reasons, at this moment, which did not exist then, to incline me to hold my peace. And why has not Alice returned?—and what is your connection with her?"

"Let her answer for herself," said Rothermel; and he called her, shouting through the silent house as if she were at the furthest chamber, and he were in instant need: "Alice!—Alice!—Alice!—here is one who would know what is the link between a maiden and her father!"

Amid the strange uproar which he made Alice came flying back, not in alarm but only in haste, and put her hand within his own. "Hush, father," said she. "It is not time."

Here is an abstract of the plot of this story. The Middleton who emigrated to America, more than two hundred years ago, had been a dark and moody man; he came with a beautiful though not young woman for his wife, and left a family behind him. In this family a certain heirloom had been preserved, and with it a tradition that grew wilder and stranger with the passing generations. The tradition had lost, if it ever had, some of its connecting links; but it referred to a murder, to the expulsion of a brother from the hereditary house, in some strange way, and to a Bloody Footstep which he had left impressed into the threshold, as he turned about to make a last remonstrance. It was rumored, however, or vaguely understood, that the expelled brother was not altogether an innocent man; but that there had been wrong done, as well as crime committed, inasmuch that his reasons were strong that led him, subsequently, to imbibe the most gloomy religious views, and to bury himself in the Western wilderness. These reasons he had never fully imparted to his family; but had necessarily made allusions to them,

which had been treasured up and doubtless enlarged upon. At last, one descendant of the family determines to go to England, with the purpose of searching out whatever ground there may be for these traditions, carrying with him certain ancient documents, and other relics; and goes about the country, half in earnest, and half in sport of fancy, in quest of the old family mansion. He makes singular discoveries, all of which bring the book to an end unexpected by everybody, and not satisfactory to the natural yearnings of novel readers. In the traditions that he brought over, there was a key to some family secrets that were still unsolved, and that controlled the descent of estates and titles. His influence upon these matters involves [him] in divers strange and perilous adventures; and at last it turns out that he himself is the rightful heir to the titles and estate, that had passed into another name within the last half-century. But he respects both, feeling that it is better to take a virgin soil than to try to make the old name grow in a soil that had been darkened with so much blood and misfortune as this.

April 27th, Tuesday. It was with a delightful feeling of release from ordinary rules, that Middleton found himself brought into this connection with Alice; and he only hoped that this play-day of his life might last long enough to rest him from all that he had suffered. In the enjoyment of his position he almost forgot the pursuit that occupied him, nor might he have remembered for a long space if, one evening, Alice herself had not alluded to it. "You are wasting precious days," she suddenly said. "Why do not you renew your quest?"

"To what do you allude?" said Middleton, in surprise. "What object do you suppose me to have?"

Alice smiled; nay, laughed outright. "You suppose yourself to be a perfect mystery, no doubt," she replied. "But do not I know you — have not I known

you long — as the holder of the talisman, the owner of the mysterious cabinet that contains the blood-stained secret?"

"Nay, Alice, this is certainly a strange coincidence, that you should know even thus much of a foolish secret that makes me employ this little holiday time, which I have stolen out of a weary life, in a wild-geese chase. But, believe me, you allude to matters that are more a mystery to me than my affairs appear to be to you. Will you explain what you would suggest by this badinage?"

Alice shook her head. "You have no claim to know what I know, even if it would be any addition to your own knowledge. I shall not, and must not enlighten you. You must burrow for the secret with your own tools, in your own manner, and in a place of your own choosing. I am bound not to assist you."

"Alice, this is willful, wayward, unjust," cried Middleton, with a flushed cheek. "I have not told you — yet you know well — the deep and real importance which this subject has for me. We have been together as friends, yet, the instant when there comes up an occasion when the slightest friendly feeling would induce you to do me a good office, you assume this altered tone."

"My tone is not in the least altered in respect to you," said Alice. "All along, as you know, I have reserved myself on this very point; it being, I candidly tell you, impossible for me to act in your interest in the matter alluded to. If you choose to consider this unfriendly, as being less than the terms on which you conceive us to have stood give you a right to demand of me — you must resent it as you please. I shall not the less retain for you the regard due to one who has certainly befriended me in very untoward circumstances."

This conversation confirmed the pre-

vious idea of Middleton, that some mystery of a peculiarly dark and evil character was connected with the family secret with which he was himself entangled; but it perplexed him to imagine in what way this, after the lapse of so many years, should continue to be a matter of real importance at the present day. All the actors in the original guilt — if guilt it were — must have been long ago in their graves; some in the churchyard of the village, with those moss-grown letters embossing their names; some in the church itself, with mural tablets recording their names over the family-pew, and one, it might be, far over the sea, where his grave was first made under the forest leaves, though now a city had grown up around it. Yet here was he, the remote descendant of that family, setting his foot at last in the country, and as secretly as might be; and all at once his mere presence seemed to revive the buried secret, almost to awake the dead who partook of that secret and had acted it. There was a vibration from the other world, continued and prolonged into this, the instant that he stepped upon the mysterious and haunted ground.

He knew not in what way to proceed. He could not but feel that there was something not exactly within the limits of propriety in being here, disguised — at least, not known in his true character — prying into the secrets of a proud and secluded Englishman. But then, as he said to himself on his own side of the question, the secret belonged to himself by exactly as ancient a tenure and by precisely as strong a claim, as to the Englishman. His rights here were just as powerful and well-founded as those of his ancestor had been, nearly three centuries ago; and here the same feeling came over him that he was that very personage, returned after all these ages, to see if his foot would fit this bloody footstep left of old upon the threshold. The result of all his cogitation was, as

the reader will have foreseen, that he decided to continue his researches, and, his proceedings being pretty defensible, let the result take care of itself.

For this purpose he went next day to the hospital, and ringing at the Master's door, was ushered into the old-fashioned, comfortable library, where he had spent that well-remembered evening which threw the first ray of light on the pursuit that now seemed developing into such strange and unexpected consequences. Being admitted, he was desired by the domestic to wait, as his Reverence was at that moment engaged with a gentleman on business. Glancing through the ivy that mantled over the window, Middleton saw that this interview was taking place in the garden, where the Master and his visitor were walking to and fro in the avenue of box, discussing some matter, as it seemed to him, with considerable earnestness on both sides. He observed, too, that there was warmth, passion, a disturbed feeling on the stranger's part; while, on that of the Master, it was a calm, serious, earnest representation of whatever view he was endeavoring to impress on the other. At last, the interview appeared to come toward a climax, the Master addressing some words to his guest, still with undisturbed calmness, to which the latter replied by a violent and even fierce gesture, as it should seem of menace, not towards the Master, but some unknown party; and then hastily turning, he left the garden and was soon heard riding away. The Master looked after him awhile, and then shaking his white head, returned into the house and soon entered the parlor.

He looked somewhat surprised, and, as it struck Middleton, a little startled, at finding him there; yet he welcomed him with all his former cordiality — indeed, with a friendship that thoroughly warmed Middleton's heart even to its coldest corner.

"This is strange!" said the old gen-

tleman. "Do you remember our conversation on that evening when I first had the unlooked-for pleasure of receiving you as a guest into my house? At that time I spoke to you of a strange family story, of which there was no denouement, such as a novel-writer would desire, and which had remained in that unfinished posture for more than two hundred years! Well; perhaps it will gratify you to know that there seems a prospect of that wanting termination being supplied!"

"Indeed!" said Middleton.

"Yes," replied the Master. "A gentleman has just parted with me who was indeed the representative of the family concerned in the story. He is the descendant of a younger son of that family, to whom the estate devolved about a century ago, although at that time there was search for the heirs of the elder son, who had disappeared after the bloody incident which I related to you. Now, singular as it may appear, at this late day, a person claiming to be the descendant and heir of that eldest son has appeared, and if I may credit my friend's account, is disposed not only to claim the estate, but the dormant title which Eldredge himself has been so long preparing to claim for himself. Singularly enough, too, the heir is an American."

May 2d, Sunday. "I believe," said Middleton, "that many English secrets might find their solution in America, if the two threads of a story could be brought together, disjoined as they have been by time and the ocean. But are you at liberty to tell me the nature of the incidents to which you allude?"

"I do not see any reason to the contrary," answered the Master; for the story has already come in an imperfect way before the public, and the full and authentic particulars are likely soon to follow. It seems that the younger brother was ejected from the house on account of a love affair; the elder hav-

ing married a young woman with whom the younger was in love, and, it is said, the wife disappeared on the bridal night, and was never heard of more. The elder brother remained single during the rest of his life; and dying childless and there being still no news of the second brother, the inheritance and representation of the family devolved upon the third brother and his posterity. This branch of the family has ever since remained in possession; and latterly the representation has become of more importance, on account of a claim to an old title, which, by the failure of another branch of this ancient family, has devolved upon the branch here settled. Now, just at this juncture, comes another heir from America, pretending that he is the descendant of a marriage between the second son, supposed to have been murdered on the threshold of the manor house, and the missing bride! Is it not a singular story?"

"It would seem to require very strong evidence to prove it," said Middleton. "And methinks a Republican should care little for the title, however he might value the estate."

"Both — both," said the Master, smiling, "would be equally attractive to your countryman. But there are further curious particulars in connection with this claim. You must know, they are a family of singular characteristics, humorists, sometimes developing their queer traits into something like insanity; though oftener, I must say, spending stupid hereditary lives here on their estates, rusting out and dying without leaving any biography whatever about them. And yet there has always been one very queer thing about this generally very commonplace family. It is that each father, on his death-bed, has had an interview with his son, at which he has imparted some secret that has evidently had an influence on the character and after life of the son, making him ever after a discontented man, as-

piring for something he has never been able to find. Now the American, I am told, pretends that he has the clue which has always been needed to make the secret available; the key whereby the lock may be opened; the something that the lost son of the family carried away with him, and by which through these centuries he has impeded the progress of the race. And, wild as the story seems, he does certainly seem to bring something that looks very like the proof of what he says."

"And what are those proofs?" inquired Middleton, wonder-stricken at the strange reduplication of his own position and pursuits.

"In the first place," said the Master, "the English marriage-certificate by a clergyman of that day in London, after publication of the banns, with a reference to the register of the parish church where the marriage is recorded. Then, a certified genealogy of the family in New England, where such matters can be ascertained from town and church records, with at least as much certainty, it would appear, as in this country. He has likewise a manuscript in his ancestor's autograph, containing a brief account of the events which banished him from his own country; the circumstances which favored the idea that he had been slain, and which he himself was willing should be received as a belief; the fortune that led him to America, where he wished to found a new race wholly disconnected with the past; and this manuscript he sealed up, with directions that it should not be opened till two hundred years after his death, by which time, as it was probable to conjecture, it would matter little to any mortal whether the story was told or not. A whole generation has passed since the time when the paper was at last unsealed and read, so long it had no operation; yet now, at last, here comes the American, to disturb the succession of an ancient family!"

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"There is something very strange in all this," said Middleton.

And indeed, there was something stranger in his view of the matter than he had yet communicated to the Master. For, taking into consideration the relation in which he found himself with the present recognized representative of the family, the thought struck him that his coming hither had dug up, as it were, a buried secret that immediately assumed life and activity the moment that it was above ground again. For seven generations the family had vegetated in the quietude of English country gentility, doing nothing to make itself known, passing from the cradle to the tomb amid the same old woods that had waved over it before his ancestor had impressed the bloody footstep; and yet, the instant that he came back, an influence seemed to be at work that was likely to renew the old history of the family. He questioned with himself whether it were not better to leave all as it was; to withdraw himself into the secrecy from which he had but half emerged, and leave the family to keep on, to the end of time perhaps, in its rusty innocence, rather than to interfere with his wild American character to disturb it. The smell of that dark crime — that brotherly hatred and attempted murder — seemed to breathe out of the ground as he dug it up. Was it not better that it should remain forever buried, for what to him was this old English title — what this estate, so far from his own native land, located amidst feelings and manners which would never be his own? It was late, to be sure — yet not too late for him to turn back: the vibration, the fear, which his footsteps had caused, would subside into peace! Meditating in this way, he took a hasty leave of the kind old Master, promising to see him again at an early opportunity. By chance, or however it was, his footsteps turned to the woods of — Chace, and there he

wandered through its glades, deep in thought, yet always with a strange sense that he was treading on the soil where his ancestors had trodden, and where he himself had best right of all men to be. It was just in this state of feeling that he found his course arrested by a hand upon his shoulder.

"What business have you here?" was the question sounded in his ear; and, starting, he found himself in the grasp, as his blood tingled to know, of a gentleman in a shooting-dress, who looked at him with a wrathful brow. "Are you a poacher, or what?"

Be the case what it might, Middleton's blood boiled at the grasp of that hand, as it never before had done in the course of his impulsive life. He shook himself free, and stood fiercely before his antagonist, confronting him with his uplifted stick, while the other, likewise, appeared to be shaken by a strange wrath.

"Fellow," muttered he — "Yankee blackguard! — impostor — take yourself off these grounds. Quick, or it will be the worse for you!"

Middleton restrained himself. "Mr. Eldredge," said he, "for I believe I speak to the man who calls himself owner of this land on which we stand, — Mr. Eldredge, you are acting under a strange misapprehension of my character. I have come hither with no sinister purpose, and am entitled, at the hands of a gentleman, to the consideration of an honorable antagonist, even if you deem me one at all. And perhaps, if you think upon the blue chamber, and the ebony cabinet, and the secret connected with it" —

"Villain, no more!" said Eldredge; and utterly mad with rage, he presented his gun at Middleton; but even at the moment of doing so, he partly restrained himself, so far as, instead of shooting him, to raise the butt of his gun, and strike a blow at him. It came down heavily on Middleton's shoulder, though

aimed at his head; and the blow was terribly avenged, even by itself, for the jar caused the hammer to come down; the gun went off, sending the bullet downwards through the heart of the unfortunate man, who fell dead upon the ground. Eldredge¹ stood stupefied, looking at the catastrophe which had so suddenly occurred.

May 3d, Monday. So here was the secret suddenly made safe in this so terrible way; its keepers reduced from two parties to one interest; the other who alone knew of this age-long mystery and trouble now carrying it into eternity, where a long line of those who partook of the knowledge, in each successive generation, might now be waiting to inquire of him how he had held his trust. He had kept it well, there was no doubt of it; for there he lay dead upon the ground, having betrayed it to no one, though, by a method which none could have foreseen, the whole had come into the possession of him who had brought hither but half of it. Middleton looked down in horror upon the form that had just been so full of life and wrathful vigor — and now lay so quietly. Being wholly unconscious of any purpose to bring about the catastrophe, it had not at first struck him that his own position was in any manner affected by the violent death, under such circumstances, of the unfortunate man. But now it suddenly occurred to him, that there had been a train of incidents all calculated to make him the object of suspicion; and he felt that he could not, under the English administration of law, be suffered to go at large without rendering a strict account of himself and his relations with the deceased. He might, indeed, fly; he might still remain in the vicinity, and possibly escape notice. But was not the risk too great? Was it just even to be aware of this event, and not relate fully the manner

¹ Evidently a slip of the pen; Middleton being intended.

of it, lest a suspicion of blood-guiltiness should rest upon some innocent head? But while he was thus cogitating, he heard footsteps approaching along the wood-path; and half-impulsively, half on purpose, he stepped aside into the shrubbery, but still where he could see the dead body, and what passed near it.

The footsteps came on, and at the turning of the path, just where Middleton had met Eldredge, the new-comer appeared in sight. It was Hoper, in his usual dress of velveteen, looking now seedy, poverty-stricken, and altogether in ill-case, trudging moodily along, with his hat pulled over his brows, so that he did not see the ghastly object before him till his foot absolutely trod upon the dead man's hand. Being thus made aware of the proximity of the corpse, he started back a little, yet evincing such small emotion as did credit to his English reserve; then uttering a low exclamation, — cautiously low, indeed, — he stood looking at the corpse a moment or two, apparently in deep meditation. He then drew near, bent down, and without evincing any horror at the touch of death in this horrid shape, he opened the dead man's vest, inspected the wound, satisfied himself that life was extinct, and then nodded his head and smiled gravely. He next proceeded to examine seriatim the dead man's pockets, turning each of them inside out and taking the contents, where they appeared adapted to his needs; — for instance, a silken purse, through the interstices of which some gold was visible; a watch, which however had been injured by the explosion, and had stopt just at the moment — twenty-one minutes past five — when the catastrophe took place. Hoper ascertained, by putting the watch to his ear, that this was the case; then pocketing it, he continued his researches. He likewise secured a note-book, on examining which he found several bank-notes, and some other papers. And having done this,

the thief stood considering what to do next; nothing better occurring to him, he thrust the pockets back, gave the corpse as nearly as he could the same appearance that it had worn before he found it, and hastened away, leaving the horror there on the wood-path.

He had been gone only a few minutes, when another step, a light woman's step, [was heard] coming along the pathway, and Alice appeared, having on her usual white mantle, straying along with that fearlessness which characterized her so strangely, and made her seem like one of the denizens of nature. She was singing in a low tone some one of those airs which have become so popular in England, as negro melodies; when suddenly, looking before her, she saw the blood-stained body on the grass, the face looking ghastly upward. Alice pressed her hand upon her heart; it was not her habit to scream, not the habit of that strong, wild, self-dependent nature; and the exclamation which broke from her was not for help, but the voice of her heart crying out to herself. For an instant she hesitated, as [if] not knowing what to do; then approached, and with her white, maiden hand felt the brow of the dead man, tremblingly, but yet firmly and satisfied herself that life had wholly departed. She pressed her hand, that had just touched the dead man's, on her forehead, and gave a moment to thought.

What her decision might have been, we cannot say, for while she stood in this attitude, Middleton stepped from his seclusion, and at the noise of his approach she turned suddenly round, looking more frightened and agitated than at the moment when she had first seen the dead body. She faced Middleton, however, and looked him quietly in the eye. "You see this!" said she, gazing fixedly at him. "It is not at this moment that you first discover it."

"No," said Middleton, frankly. "It is not. I was present at the catastro-

phe. In one sense, indeed, I was the cause of it; but Alice, I need not tell you that I am no murderer."

"A murderer? — no," said Alice, still looking at him with the same fixed gaze. "But you and this man were at deadly variance. He would have rejoiced at any chance that would have laid you cold and bloody on the earth, as he is now; nay, he would most eagerly have seized on any fair-looking pretext that would have given him a chance to stretch you there. The world will scarcely believe, when it knows all about your relations with him, that his blood is not on your hand. Indeed," said she, with a strange smile, "I see some of it there now!"

And, in very truth, so there was; a broad blood-stain that had dried on Middleton's hand. He shuddered at it, but essayed vainly to rub it off.

"You see," said she. "It was fore-ordained that you should shed this man's blood; foreordained that, by digging into that old pit of pestilence, you should set the contagion loose again. You should have left it buried forever. But now what do you mean to do?"

"To proclaim this catastrophe," replied Middleton. "It is the only honest and manly way. What else can I do?"

"You can and ought to leave him on the wood-path, where he has fallen," said Alice, "and go yourself to take advantage of the state of things which Providence has brought about. Enter the old house, the hereditary house, where — now, at least — you alone have a right to tread. Now is the hour. All is within your grasp. Let the wrong of three hundred years be righted, and come back thus to your own, to these hereditary fields, this quiet, long-descended home; to title, to honor."

Yet as the wild maiden spoke thus, there was a sort of mockery in her eyes; on her brow; gleaming through

all her face, as if she scorned what she thus pressed upon him, the spoils of the dead man who lay at their feet. Middleton, with his susceptibility, could not [but] be sensible of a wild and strange charm, as well as horror, in the situation; it seemed such a wonder that here, in formal, orderly, well-governed England, so wild a scene as this should have occurred; that they too [two?] should stand here, deciding on the descent of an estate, and the inheritance of a title, holding a court of their own.

"Come, then," said he, at length. "Let us leave this poor fallen antagonist in his blood, and go whither you will lead me. I will judge for myself. At all events, I will not leave my hereditary home without knowing what my power is."

"Come," responded Alice; and she turned back; but then returned and threw a handkerchief over the dead man's face, which while they spoke had assumed that quiet, ecstatic expression of joy which often is observed to overspread the faces of those who die of gunshot wounds, however fierce the passion in which the spirits took their flight. With this strange, grand, awful joy did the dead man gaze upward into the very eyes and hearts, as it were, of the two that now bent over him. They looked at one another.

"Whence comes this expression?" said Middleton, thoughtfully. "Alice, methinks he is reconciled to us now; and that we are members of one reconciled family, all of whom are in heaven but me."

Tuesday, May 4th. "How strange is this whole situation between you and me," said Middleton, as they went up the winding pathway that led towards the house. "Shall I ever understand it? Do you mean ever to explain it to me? That I should find you here with that old man,¹ so mysterious, apparently

¹ The allusion here is apparently to the old man who proclaims himself Alice's father, in the por-

tion dated April 14th. He figures hereafter as the old Hospitaller, Hammond. The reader must not

so poor, yet so powerful! What [is] his relation to you?"

"A close one," replied Alice sadly. "He was my father!"

"Your father!" repeated Middleton, starting back. "It does but heighten the wonder! Your father! And yet, by all the tokens that birth and breeding, and habits of thought and native character can show, you are my countrywoman. That wild, free spirit was never borne in the breast of an Englishwoman; that slight frame, that slender beauty, that frail envelopment of a quick, piercing, yet stubborn and patient spirit, — are those the properties of an English maiden?"

"Perhaps not," replied Alice quietly. "I am your countrywoman. My father was an American, and one of whom you have heard — and no good, alas! — for many a year."

"And who then was he?" asked Middleton.

"I know not whether you will hate me for telling you," replied Alice, looking him sadly though firmly in the face. There was a man — long years since, in your childhood — whose plotting brain proved the ruin of himself and many another; a man whose great designs made him a sort of potentate, whose schemes became of national importance, and produced results even upon the history of the country in which he acted. That man was my father; a man who sought to do great things, and, like many who have had similar aims, disregarded many small rights, strode over them, on his way to effect a gigantic purpose. Among other men, your father was trampled under foot, ruined, done to death, even, by the effects of his ambition."

"How is it possible!" exclaimed Middleton. "Was it Wentworth?"

"Even so," said Alice, still with the take this present passage as referring to the death of Eldredge, which has just taken place in the preceding section. The author is now beginning to elaborate the relation of Middleton and Alice. As

same sad calmness and not withdrawing her steady eyes from his face. "After his ruin; after the catastrophe that overwhelmed him and hundreds more, he took to flight; guilty, perhaps, but guilty as a fallen conqueror is; guilty to such an extent that he ceased to be a cheat, as a conqueror ceases to be a murderer. He came to England. My father had an original nobility of nature; and his life had not been such as to debase it, but rather such as to cherish and heighten that self-esteem which at least keeps the possessor of it from many meaner vices. He took nothing with him; nothing beyond the bare means of flight, with the world before him, although thousands of gold would not have been missed out of the scattered fragments of ruin that lay around him. He found his way hither, led, as you were, by a desire to reconnect himself with the place whence his family had originated; for he, too, was of a race which had something to do with the ancient story which has now been brought to a close. Arrived here, there were circumstances that chanced to make his talents and habits of business available to this Mr. Eldredge, a man ignorant and indolent, unknowing how to make the best of the property that was in his hands. By degrees, he took the estate into his management, acquiring necessarily a preponderating influence over such a man."

"And you," said Middleton. "Have you been all along in England? For you must have been little more than an infant at the time."

"A mere infant," said Alice, "and I remained in our own country under the care of a relative who left me much to my own keeping; much to the influences of that wild culture which the freedom of our country gives to its youth. It is only two years that I have been in England."

will be seen, farther on, the death of Eldredge is ignored and abandoned; Eldredge is revived, and the story proceeds in another way. — G. P. L.

"This, then," said Middleton thoughtfully, "accounts for much that has seemed so strange in the events through which we have passed; for the knowledge of my identity and my half-defined purpose which has always glided before me, and thrown so many strange shapes of difficulty in my path. But whence, — whence came that malevolence which your father's conduct has so unmistakably shown? I had done him no injury, though I had suffered much."

"I have often thought," replied Alice, "that my father, though retaining a preternatural strength and acuteness of intellect, was really not altogether sane. And, besides, he had made it his business to keep this estate, and all the complicated advantages of the representation of this old family, secure to the person who was deemed to have inherited them. A succession of ages and generations might be supposed to have blotted out your claims from existence; for it is not just that there should be no term of time which can make security for lack of fact and a few formalities. At all events, he had satisfied himself that his duty was to act as he has done."

"Be it so! I do not seek to throw blame on him," said Middleton. "Besides, Alice, he was your father!"

"Yes," said she, sadly smiling; "let him [have] what protection that thought may give him, even though I lose what he may gain. And now here we are at the house. At last, come in! It is your own; — there is none that can longer forbid you!"

They entered the door of the old mansion, now a farm-house, and there were its old hall, its old chambers, all before them. They ascended the staircase, and stood on the landing-place above; while Middleton had again that feeling that had so often made him dizzy, — that sense of being in one dream and recognizing the scenery and events of a former dream. So overpowering was this feeling, that he laid his hand

on the slender arm of Alice, to steady himself; and she comprehended the emotion that agitated him, and looked into his eyes with a tender sympathy, which she had never before permitted to be visible, — perhaps never before felt. He steadied himself and followed her till they had entered an ancient chamber, but one that was finished with all the comfortable luxury customary to be seen in English homes.

"Whither have you led me now?" inquired Middleton.

"Look round," said Alice. "Is there nothing here that you ought to recognize? — nothing that you kept the memory of, long ago?"

He looked round the room again and again, and at last, in a somewhat shadowy corner, he espied an old cabinet made of ebony and inlaid with pearl; one of those tall, stately and elaborate pieces of furniture that are rather articles of architecture than upholstery; and on which a higher skill, feeling and genius than now is ever employed on such things, was expended. Alice drew near the stately cabinet and threw wide the doors, which, like the portals of a palace, stood between two pillars; it all seemed to be unlocked, showing within some beautiful old pictures in the panel of the doors, and a mirror, that opened a long succession of mimic halls, reflection upon reflection, extending to an interminable nowhere.

"And what is this?" said Middleton, — "a cabinet? Why do you draw my attention so strongly to it?"

"Look at it well," said she. "Do you recognize nothing there? Have you forgotten your description? The stately palace with its architecture, each pillar with its architecture, those pilasters, that frieze; you ought to know them all. Somewhat less than you imagined in size, perhaps; a fairy reality, inches for yards; that is the only difference. And you have the key?"

And there then was that palace, to which tradition, so false at once and true, had given such magnitude and magnificence in the traditions of the Middleton family, around their shifting fireside in America. Looming afar through the mists of time, the little fact had become a gigantic vision. Yes, here it was in miniature, all that he had dreamed of; a palace of four feet high!

"You have the key of this palace," said Alice; "it has waited—that is, its secret and precious chamber has, for you to open it, these three hundred years. Do you know how to find that secret chamber?"

Middleton, still in that dreamy mood, threw open an inner door of the cabinet, and applying the old-fashioned key at his watch-chain to a hole in the mimic pavement within, pressed one of the mosaics and immediately the whole floor of the apartment sank, and revealed a receptacle within. Alice had come forward eagerly, and they both looked into

the hiding-place, expecting what should be there. It was empty! They looked into each other's faces with blank astonishment. Everything had been so strangely true, and so strangely false, up to this moment, that they could not comprehend this failure at the last moment. It was the strangest, saddest jest! It brought Middleton up with such a sudden revulsion that he grew dizzy, and the room swam round him and the cabinet dazzled before his eyes. It had been magnified to a palace; it had dwindled down to Liliputian size; and yet, up till now, it had seemed to contain in its diminutiveness all the riches which he had attributed to its magnitude. This last moment had utterly subverted it; the whole great structure seemed to vanish.

"See; here are the dust and ashes of it," observed Alice, taking something that was indeed only a pinch of dust out of the secret compartment. "There is nothing else."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE portrait which confronts the reader who opens the volume of Mrs. Child's Letters,¹ is of a vigorous, resolute old lady, with a large head, strong lines about the mouth, a kindly eye, and an expression not of placid content, but of animation, of activity, and of aggressive spirit. The letters which follow, and the slight illustration of the writer which two notable friends give, disclose with candor, and some fullness, the character and career of a woman who was both striking as a figure in New England literary and social history, and interesting as a representative of ideas and manners.

¹ *Letters of Lydia Maria Child.* With a Biographical Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER,

Lydia Maria Francis was born in 1802. She lived to be seventy-eight, and her life was spent wholly in New England, except for a brief stay in New York city, and almost wholly in small country villages. Her older brother, Convers Francis, who was afterward a professor in the Divinity School at Cambridge, teased and advised her in her younger days, but she had in the main the education of the best New England girls of her time. On the intellectual side she had for books the substantial literature of England, — Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Gibbon, and the current literature in Scott and Byron; on

and an Appendix by WENDELL PHILLIPS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

the moral side she had the important and controlling influence of the Unitarian movement, which was at its height in her most impressionable years; but, above all, her formative period was that curious and interesting one when there was a serene and not self-conscious provincialism in New England; when foreign and ancient literature and life were quietly measured by standards kept in the neighborhood of Boston Common; when there was a flower of culture which was entirely of native growth and production; when even New York was a remote and interesting region to be reported upon by travelers, and when all questions of philosophy and religion were to be determined with a calm disregard of the rest of the world, for the use of the descendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims. This prevalent tone of intellectual and moral life was apparent in Mrs. Child to the end of her days. It gave her an innocent audacity in handling themes which required larger equipment than she could bring into service, and made her, even when professing an inquiry into history, and a large human experience, to be curiously oblivious of great historic movements. All this was common enough in the New England of her early days, but the book which she prepared just before her death, *Aspirations of the World*, was just as provincial as if it had been written forty years before, when New England had its own exclusive prophets and philosophers.

It is amusing to see how in the first letter which is given, written when she was but fifteen years old, something of her mental horoscope is cast when she asks: "Don't you think that Milton asserts the superiority of his own sex in rather too lordly a manner?" She was encouraged by her brother to write, and published her novel of *Hobomok* when she was twenty years old. This was followed by *The Rebels*, *The Mother's Book*, *The Girl's Book*, *The History of*

Women, *The Frugal Housewife*, and *The Juvenile Miscellany*, a serial for young people, of which she was editor and almost sole contributor. Her novels were not her most successful works. They had a reputation at the time when they were published, but it was due largely to the meagre supply of native fiction. Miss Sedgwick was a truer artist. Indeed, it was not on the artistic side that Mrs. Child's contributions to literature were strongest. She was a moralist and reformer, and used literature for the purpose of accomplishing special objects; her best stories were short narratives which she was impelled to give in the warmth of her interest for some unfortunate or victim, as the pathetic story which she tells of the *Umbrella Girl* in her *Letters from New York*.

In 1828, when she was in the full tide of her literary success, she married Mr. David Lee Child, a young lawyer, handsome, alert, and with all the promise of high achievements. A brief series of extracts are given from the journal of Miss Francis, when she first met Mr. Child, four years before they were married, in one of which she writes: "Saw Mr. Child at Mr. Curtis's. He is the most gallant man that has lived since the sixteenth century, and needs nothing but helmet, shield, and chain armor to make him a complete knight of chivalry." To that view of Mr. Child add a loyal and unconquerable affection, and one has Mrs. Child's view of her husband. A glimpse of their early married life is given in a letter which she writes to him, when separated for a while, where she says: "Here I am in a snug, little, old-fashioned parlor, at a round table, in a rocking-chair, writing to you, and the greatest comfort I have is the penknife you sharpened for me just before I came away. As you tell me, sometimes, it makes my heart leap to see anything you have touched. . . . How I do

wish you were here! It is nonsense for me to go a 'pleasuring' without you. It does me no good, and every pleasant sight makes my heart yearn for you to be with me. I am very homesick for you; and my private opinion is, that I shall not be able to stand it a whole week. As for the place itself, it is exactly what I wanted to find. Oh, how I do wish we had a snug little cottage here, and just income enough to meet very moderate wants. I have walked about a mile to-day, and got well muddled by plunging into a meadow after that brightest of all bright blossoms, the cardinal flower. My dear husband, I *cannot* stay away a week."

The wistful words here give a little hint of another side of the picture. Mr. Child was a visionary, who always saw before him a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Now it was one thing and now another, and while there was perfect accord between the husband and wife, Mrs. Child's native good sense and sound judgment were sometimes sorely tried by the vagaries which her husband followed. At one time it was beet-sugar, and the two went to Northampton and led a most pinched life in pursuit of this dream. Here, as later, Mrs. Child did her own work, as the saying is, and struggled bravely against fortune, all the while discovering vents for her intellectual activity. "A month elapsed after I came here," she writes to Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, "before I stepped into the woods, which were all around me, blooming with wild flowers. I did not go to Mr. Dwight's ordination, nor have I yet been to meeting. He has been to see me, however, and though I left my work in the midst, and sat down with a dirty gown and hands somewhat grimmed, we were high up in the blue in fifteen minutes. I promised to take a flight with him from the wash-tub or dish-kettle any time when he would come along with his balloon." Her letters at this time are full of an indom-

itable spirit, and touched with pathetic little passages, like that in which she answers a friend who had apparently lost his head, like other staid Bostonians, under the marvelous twinkle of Fanny Elssler's feet.

"I too should like to see 'the poetry of motion' in Fanny Elssler. But the only thing (except seeing dear friends) that has attracted me to Boston was the exhibition of statuary. In particular I have an earnest desire to see the Infant guided to Heaven by Angels. I am ashamed to say how deeply I am charmed with sculpture; ashamed, because it seems like affectation in one who has had such very limited opportunity to become acquainted with the arts. I have a little plaster figure of a caryatid which acts upon my spirit like a magician's spell. Sarah (she reproves me when I call her Mrs. S.) did not seem to think much of it; but to me it has an expression of the highest kind. Repose after conflict — not the repose of innocence, but the repose of wisdom. Many a time this hard summer I have laid down dish-cloth or broom and gone to refresh my spirit by gazing on it a few minutes. It speaks to me. It says glorious things. In summer I place flowers before it; and now I have laid a garland of acorns and amaranths at its feet. I do dearly love every little bit of real sculpture."

Better relief than the poor little plaster figure ever could afford came from nature, and her letters now, as well as later, disclose a fine sense of wildwood charms; she knew the little denizens of the woods and fields, and made friends with squirrels and birds, while landscape and clouds were constantly drawing her gaze.

While Mrs. Child was living this lonely, repressed life an invitation came to Mr. Child to remove to New York and edit the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. The beet-sugar experiment was raging and he declined to go, but Mrs. Child, grown

somewhat desperate, accepted the task and went alone to the city. The separation was necessary in her mind, and gave rise naturally, to ill-natured talk, but Mrs. Child's own letters are better evidence than any gossip, and her womanly affection was sorely tried by the absence from her husband. "My task here," she writes to Mrs. Pierce, "is irksome to me. Your father will tell you that it was not zeal for the cause, but love for my husband, which brought me hither. But since it was necessary for me to leave home to be earning somewhat, I am thankful that my work is for the anti-slavery cause. I have agreed to stay one year. I hope I shall then be able to return to my husband and rural home, which is humble enough, yet very satisfactory to me. Should the *Standard* be continued, and my editing generally desired, perhaps I could make an arrangement to send articles from Northampton. At all events, I trust this weary separation from my husband is not to last more than a year. If I must be away from him, I could not be more happily situated than in Friend Hopper's family. They treat me the same as a daughter and a sister."

Yet the experience of life in New York was of the greatest value to her, and she enjoyed a revival of her nature which bore fruit in many ways. New York in 1842 was not a metropolis, but it had some of the airs of one, and to a New England girl, who had lived a little while in Boston, but chiefly in the country, the city afforded an excitement out of proportion to its size and dignity. Here, while engaged upon her special task, she wrote those letters from New York which, afterward collected into two volumes, enjoyed deserved popularity and show Mrs. Child at her best. The sights of the city, especially those which drew the mind away from commercial bustle, the incidents which fell under her notice, the conversations which she held, all furnished texts for

amiable discourses upon a great variety of topics. She found in this exercise an agreeable relief from her professional work, and in her freedom from household care she engaged with great eagerness in literature.

Her work on the *Anti-Slavery Standard* lay nearest her heart. In the early movement of the anti-slavery agitation she published an *Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans*. Mr. Whittier, in speaking of it, declares that "it is quite impossible for any one of the present generation to imagine the popular surprise and indignation which the book called forth, or how entirely its author cut herself off from the favor and sympathy of a large number of those who had previously delighted to do her honor. Social and literary circles, which had been proud of her presence, closed their doors against her. The sale of her books, the subscriptions to her magazine, fell off to a ruinous extent. She knew all she was hazarding, and made the great sacrifice, prepared for all the consequences which followed." The letters now printed are but a small portion of the mass which she wrote under the impulse given to her nature by the great wrong against which she was employing a woman's arsenal of conscience and wit, but they occupy the larger part of the volume, and furnish some of the most impressive commentaries on the social life of the time. Besides private letters, there have been included a few which saw the light at the time in newspapers; especially noteworthy are those which passed between Mrs. Child, Governor Wise, John Brown, and Mrs. Senator Mason. Mrs. Child, in the excitement attending the Harper's Ferry affair, applied to Governor Wise for permission to nurse John Brown, and inclosed her letter to the prisoner for the governor to read and forward. Governor Wise replied in a somewhat lofty tone, and assumed the air of a virtuous defender of the

Constitution, whereupon Mrs. Child replied in a letter of extraordinary power, turning his own guns upon him, and pouring in hot shot, as people were fond of saying in those days, before they knew just what hot shot was. Mrs. Senator Mason rushed forward with a shrieking letter, beginning, "Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there, 'Woe unto you, hypocrites!' and take to yourself with two-fold damnation that terrible sentence," and proceeding to claim for the Southern women an exclusive and tender interest in the poor and suffering. Mrs. Child's reply is even more effective than her letter to Governor Wise. She begins in a cool, half-laughing tone, which must have infuriated her correspondent, and proves that she has read her Bible by showering down a number of those very uncompromising verses which were the missiles of the prophets among the abolitionists. Mrs. Mason had taunted her, in common with other Northern women, with neglect of the suffering, in comparison with the sympathy shown by the Southern slaveholder. "Do you," she writes, "soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give?" And Mrs. Child quietly replies: "I have never known an instance where the 'pangs of maternity' did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies." Mrs. Child was more than a match for her correspondents, for she had not only a moral right on her side, but she had the security of a society unendangered by the portentous evil which was rumbling about Mrs. Mason's ears.

The terrors of slavery are laid bare in many effective passages in these letters, and the book is thus in many ways a harrowing and distressing one, but there are reliefs in incidents which are sometimes exciting and stirring, and

sometimes humorous. The picture of the escape of George Thompson is very graphic, and one is not disposed to look too closely into the supposed conspiracy against his life. Then there are glimpses of prominent actors in the scenes, which help to vivify the times. There is an amusing conversation at Mr. Whittier's house, which we venture to quote, since the compilers have included it in the volume. Mrs. Child was visiting Mr. Whittier in his home, and wrote an account of her visit to Mrs. Shaw, in which she says: —

"Whittier made piteous complaints of time wasted and strength exhausted by the numerous loafers who came to see him out of mere idle curiosity, or to put up with him to save a penny. I was amused to hear his sister describe some of these irruptions in her slow, Quakerly fashion. 'Thee has no idea,' said she, 'how much time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says, "Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him."' 'But I can never lose a *her*,' said Whittier. 'The women are more pertinacious than the men; don't thee find 'em, so Maria?' I told him I did. 'How does thee manage to get time to do anything?' said he. I told him I took care to live away from the railroad, and kept a bulldog and a pitch-fork, and advised him to do the same."

After Mrs. Child left New York her home was for the most part in Wayland, Massachusetts, where she had inherited a little farm. Here Mr. and Mrs. Child settled, living a quiet, retired life, with no servant, but without the worry of any wild schemes. The letters from this time forward, though busy with public affairs, show a more restful life, and let one into some of the secret places of Mrs. Child's kindly nature. How admirable was the charity, for instance, which took thought for the poor wretch who had served his time in the

House of Correction, to which he had been sent for setting fire to a barn when in a drunken rage. Mrs. Child was his faithful friend. Every Sunday, month after month, she had the man come to her house, where she gave him a cup of tea, and entertained him, as few women could entertain, all the afternoon. "I have never in my life," she writes, "experienced any happiness to be compared to the consciousness of lifting a human soul out of the mire;" and in her will she provided for monthly payments to be made to the man so long as he should abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Mrs. Child's christianity may be summed up in the words that she bore other people's burdens. She had a warm religious nature, but it was untrained and was disposed to run off into eccentricities. Like skeptical people generally, she had her own favorite credulities and superstitions, and found it easier to believe in planchette than in a spirit re-

vealed through a historic church. An instructive comparison might be drawn between her and Miss Martineau. She had a less destructive mind than her contemporary worker, and it may be said that the depth of Mrs. Child's emotional nature and her ardent love of beauty were always correcting a too intellectual judgment. In her old days she grew mellow, and after her husband's death she seemed to centre her thoughts largely upon another world, where she should rejoin her companion. The liveliness of her sympathy was the bond which bound her to things present and things to come, and it is this pervading sentiment which gives an exceeding charm to Mrs. Child's character as it is disclosed in these letters. Beyond this, the book has a genuine value as a transcript in glowing language of a period of our national life when a woman's sympathy was a powerful lever in the great upheaval which followed.

GOSSE'S STUDY OF GRAY.¹

IF Spenser be the poet's poet, Gray is the poet of scholars, and it was a wise judgment which gave him into the hands of a critic who is so scholarly in his work as Mr. Gosse. In dealing with Gray one feels that a very fragile yet firm and fine genius is to be handled, and that for this there is needed both delicacy of touch and decision. The eighteenth century writers invite frankness of manner in discussing them; the limitations under which they wrote give a definiteness to their work, and one is not likely to perplex one's self by a search for very occult influences. Gray was perhaps the most elusive of these

writers, unless Goldsmith be excepted, and Mr. Gosse has shown his critical power by expending his force not upon Gray's poetry, but upon Gray himself. He has applied a solvent to the faint lines in which the poet's life has formally been written, and given us a clear and exceedingly interesting impression. The revelation of Gray's character is made by so many delicate touches that the reader is scarcely aware how finished the portrait is until he has completed the book. There are no formal summaries by which one is deluded into the notion that he has acquired a rounded and symmetrical conception of the poet, but there are many suggestive passages which throw a sudden and penetrating light.

¹ *Gray*. By EDMUND W. GOSSE. [English Men of Letters Series.] London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

Such, for example, is Mr. Gosse's shrewd remark: "There never was a professional poet whose mode was so thoroughly that of the amateur." It is not in the fastidiousness of the poet, nor in his paucity of composition, that this sentence finds its justification, but in the occasional character of his writing. Gray was a scholar of refined thought who was quite content to pass his life as a collegiate recluse, and treated his muse as a gentle friend, not as an exacting mistress. He toyed with poetry, and yet respected it too highly to treat it carelessly. The salvation of Gray from the amateur's fate was in his poetic vision, which in a purblind age enabled him to see into the heart of things, and to read nature, for instance, as no one about him seemed to do. Mr. Gosse has pointed out with great felicity this power which Gray had, as when he says that "he reminds us of the early landscapes of Turner, with their unaffected rendering of nature;" and he quotes with admirable effect Gray's description of a solitary walk by Derwentwater.

The sensitiveness which so largely controlled the movements of the poet is shown in its various phases; nowhere, we think, has Mr. Gosse deliberately referred to this as the determining feature of Gray's nature, but he has given abundant material from which to form the judgment. The want of spirits in his youth was the shrinking of a sensitive nature from the ignoble domestic scenes which confronted him; the estrangement from Walpole was the complex result, we are confident, of a sensitiveness which had suddenly found an active exercise in a wild and unsuspected natural beauty, and had been thrown back upon itself by the absence of sympathy from his traveling companion. Gray was stirred deeply for the first time in his life, and yet was forced into daily companionship with one who suited him well enough in his idler moments. The precise form which the

irritation assumed and its immediate occasion are of less importance. The physical fear of fire which had so grotesque an expression all through his later life was a manifestation of an extreme bodily sensitiveness, and the timidity and dislike of whatever assailed him as coarse and vulgar were further signs of a nature very high-strung. The quickness with which he attracted other men to himself, notably in the cases of Bonstetten and Norton Nicholls, was the result of the incessant movement of Gray's antennæ, which were forever thrust before him; and the infrequency of his poetic ventures may be ascribed with some confidence to his spiritual eremitism in an age given over to conventions. It was Gray's fortune to be gifted with a poetic power in an unpoetic time without the complementary gift of an aggressive nature. He shrank, he did not push forward. There was a loneliness in his life which seemed to have a fatally benumbing influence over him. Whatever field he entered was one in which he found himself alone. He was a lover of nature amongst men who were only scared or bored by nature. He perceived the vitality of Gothic architecture when to others the art was only barbaric rudeness. He saw into the poetic value of the ballad and the Runic rhyme, not with a scholar's but with a seer's vision. He anticipated later phases of literary growth, but after all he did little to stimulate that growth, or to initiate movements.

It is true that when one looks more closely into the development of English life and art he is disposed to give greater significance to Gray's representative position, and to regard him as one of the voices that foretold a new era; yet it would seem to be vain to seek any confirmation of this view in Gray's consciousness. He seems to us the most unwilling of poets. The disdain with which he refused any compensation for his verse, as if he were a gentleman and

not a poet, was an amusing characteristic, but it was only one sign of that spirit which marked the whole of Gray's life. He was an exquisite instrument, kept in tune with great care, which was quite content to utter its harmonies for its own gratification. An audience was not needed and not greatly wanted.

This and much more is the outcome of Mr. Gosse's pleasant book. It was necessary to deliver Gray from the Philistines who had heretofore had him in charge. His own letters remained to

do him justice, but Mr. Gosse has now made the trivial incidents of his life, as preserved by other biographers, to yield their true meaning; and he has diligently sought for other biographic material, so that in this monograph we have for the first time a sympathetic and just presentation of one of the most interesting figures in English literary history. It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Gosse is to answer his own pertinent question, and to give us a complete edition of Gray's writings.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

It is not every poem that gains by illustration. The scene presented by the artist to the eye sometimes jars with the word sung by the poet to the ear. It is not so much because the effects of the two arts are often different in kind, as because the heart may be so subtly and directly stirred that delight in the outer beauty can only distract the inner feeling. But, in delineating the landscape amid which the action goes on, the artist may much enhance the value of the work by adding to its powers of expression. This is particularly the case if, like Sir Walter Scott, the poet is an accurate observer of nature and deals with known localities, for then the artist's imagination — of all the faculties the hardest to subdue to another's will — is waked by the same objects as was the poet's, and obeys analogous limitations. It was, therefore, as necessary a condition of success as of truthfulness that the sketches for the engravings in this volume¹ should be made, as was done, on the spot. The Scotch landscape, too, has a singular attraction, a real as well as

a romantic charm. It was not by chance that the literary movement at the end of the last century, so crudely styled the return to nature, was invigorated by Burns and advanced by Scott. From early days, even in the imitative Chaucerian verse, the heather bloom was entwined with the traditional daisy of the Scotch poets, and in their music was heard the bleak winter wind of the treeless wastes. Nature was ever close to the Scotch heart. Scott could not have made clansman and chieftain real without the moor that was their bed and the glen that was their covert. The country was in an unusual degree predominant in their lives; it determined their temperament and their experience; more than the plaid and the claymore it gave them character. The interest in nature in all Scott's work was not imported to please a prevailing taste, but sprang from the subject. In *The Lady of the Lake* the two elements, the landscape and the actors, are intimately related, but the description of the former, although extraordinarily realistic, gains by having its inadequacies supplied by the visible outlines and shadows of the artist's drawing. The poem acquires

¹ *The Lady of the Lake*. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

greater consistency and unity of impression when on page after page are seen the gray dome of Ben-an rising in mid-air, huge Benvenue throwing his shadowed masses upon the lake, and the long heights of Ben Lomond hemming the horizon. The imagination is aided; one breathes more delightedly the Highland spirit when he sees Loch Katrine gloom with evening, grow misty with morn, and flash and darken with sun and cloud through the varying beauty of the day. The skill with which the same recurring scenes are given continual freshness, by differences of light and in the point of view, is a marked merit of the series. The great features of the landscape grow familiar to the eye, yet wear, as they ought, continual change.

The value of the pictured landscape is completely felt. The journey of the Knight of Snowdown, from the moment that the crying pack break over the wild heaths until Roderick lies prostrate with such starkness by Coilantogle Ford, is visualized, and has locality as well as events. This is the artistic gain accomplished by the illustrations. Aside from these representations of the country through which King James passed in his romantic adventure, there are a few cuts of scenes which, though out of sight, are never far from the mind: Cambus-kenneth Abbey, the chapel of St. Bride, and Stirling Castle. It is also a graceful accessory to the general effect that the series concludes with the shocked wheat standing by Loch Achray, the Trossachs' Glen silent after battle, and Ellen's Isle more beautiful to the mind than before the lodge was empty. The fullness of illustration and the excellent choice of subject are easily seen. The engraving is not less to be praised; the treatment of water is effective throughout, and, in this respect, such cuts as Loch Lubnaig, Brianchoil Point, and In Leny Pass deserve to be singled out for especial commendation. There are a few cuts in which the land-

scape, used as a background for figures, is negligently and obscurely treated, but they are very few, and must be looked on as very slight, and possibly unavoidable concessions.

Why should the figure-pieces, a large proportion of the whole, be less pleasing?—for all that has been said thus far must be understood as applying only to the landscape cuts. The figures have been carefully studied, and are presented with antiquarian fidelity in their habits as they lived; but, with all this exactness of costume-portraiture, there is a lack of simplicity in the mien of the characters, a stage-exaggeration of gesture, a consciousness of their artistic importance, all entirely foreign to the poem itself. Roderick was, we know, a dark-browed and moody man; he stalks through the poem a villain of conventional attitude and glance; but surely it was not for a man on whose face fiercer passions only were stamped that the king would have given his "best earldom." In some cuts, too, there is a lack of dignity; it is a questionable choice that gave to Fitz-James' dream the emphasis of an illustration, but both here and where he puts the ring on Ellen's finger, there is too much of the "carpet-knight" in his demeanor; it is thus that we are accustomed to see the tourist-lover woo the lady in a summer novelette. In others there is an inattention to accessories, a concentration of attention on the main figure at too great cost to the surroundings, as in the Brian series. Much better are the Guardroom scenes, spirited, various, carefully finished. The engraving throughout is nearly always excellent, but the design must be set down as inferior, as a lowering of the imaginative conception of the poet and as misleading in sentiment. Notwithstanding all these imperfections in portions of the work, lovers of Scott have reason to be thankful that his most graceful poem has been strengthened in po-

etic interest, and adorned by wood-engraving, and they will have some gratitude to spare for the excellent, and in some cases unusually good, printing of the cuts; especially all lovers of literature should be glad to find that this tale, with its human, natural, and moral charm, has outlived the *Laras* and the *Giaours* that once dimmed it to the popular view.

Longfellow's poem¹ lends itself to illustration less readily than Scott's. In *Evangeline* the minor portions, the simple peace and plenty of the Acadian settlement, the misery of its fate, and the dispersion of the emigrants among the colonies, are carefully subordinated to the individual human interest concentrated in the emotional life of the heroine. The history of the spirit, its refinement by effort and sacrifice, cannot be told or indicated by pictures in black and white, such as Mr. Darley makes. He has therefore been forced to concern himself with the background, the accidents of place and circumstance, the local and temporal setting of the poem; but he has so far observed the method of Longfellow as to make all of the sixteen illustrations, except one, figure-pieces, with accessories of Acadian field and homestead, and Western river and prairie. By crowding these scenes with the characters of the village, and by his choice of subject as well, he has made the whole series seem rather an illustration of the Acadian colony and its fortunes than of the wanderings and self-conquest of a solitary maiden whom love had made strong as well as tender. The blacksmith, the priest, and the fiddler are as constant objects of interest as Gabriel; more of life is taken in than was possible to the poet. The broader range thus obtained for fancy and sympathy is not a loss, however; the main theme is not interfered with because the

minor chord sounds more constantly and clearly. These groups are noticeable for the variety and excellence of their arrangement, which show much thought. There is no person in them whose motive is not easily seen as regulating attitude and expression; one principal event, one dominant interest, master all, but the operation of the event on complex individualities, the dispersion of the interest in differently moulded minds, are managed with such skill that in each cut there is an epitome of character. Mr. Darley's manner is too well known to need any characterization or comment. It seems to eyes used to present modes of illustration a survival from the past, perhaps some might say a by-gone style; but in its employment in this case its remoteness has a certain fitness and charm, for pastoral life needs to be felt as far off; even if historic it needs to be presented as dreamlike, and to our eyes Mr. Darley's manner gives something of this effect. At all events, it has some of the merits of good style, the permanent virtues; it is simple, natural, well-thought-out, without any effort at sensationalism.

By such methods he brings before us the life which was characterized by old-fashioned virtues and pleasures, the homely occupations and hearty pastimes of the villagers, their simple respect for the priest, their remembrance of the dead, their friendly association in adversity, the journey down the river to the South and over the prairies to the West, and, at last, the recognition of the two lovers in the hospital. In the Western scenes, with the conventional Indian clad as he has been seen only by Cooper in his imagination, there is a lack of local truthfulness in detail, but this defect is more than offset by the fidelity of the French characterization in the earlier scenes, and the variety and vigor of the delineations of the animals which, as is right in a colonial life, are the constant

¹ *Longfellow's Evangeline*. With illustrations by F. O. C. DARLEY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

companions of the men. The text is beautifully printed in large type, and the book bound with taste.

The Artist's Year¹ consists of twelve landscape illustrations of the successive months, and of thirteen original and selected poems, meant to be descriptive of the changes in nature during their course. The poems do not merely fail in individualizing the months by sympathy or imagination, but, except for an occasional reference to roses or snow-flakes, or the red and yellow leaves, they are entirely destitute of color; nor do they compensate for this defect by thought or feeling, being starvelings in both. Without comment, the originality, freshness, and vigor of the verses may be judged by the first four lines:—

"By fireside light and the cheeriest glow,
All safe from cold-blowing winds and the snow,
Where well-loved friends gather gratefully near,
O give me a song to the new-reigning year!"

After a few lines we are told

"How life's warm web hath its brilliant past,"

and so the verses go on unto the end, with an occasional sentiment in Mrs. Browning's worst style, faded and vacant. It is strange that, when there are so many admirable descriptions of the different months by the best of our poets, their verses should not have been taken as mottoes, if such were needed. The volume, however, is a picture-book, and as such is to be judged. But the artists seem to have been unable to succeed any better than the versifier in characterizing the seasons. Under the title May, for example, there are some birds that seem to have spent the winter North, some marvelous bees, and a spray of flowers without form or texture, and this illustration is the most individualized of any. The cows under the trees in July would serve equally well for December. The entire series

is simply a conglomeration of meaningless lines, of trees without substance, having no tree-nature, unless that like Wordsworth's yews they "threaten the profane," of pools and rivers rendered in perpendicular marks (the engravers' trick of transparency), and exactly similar in appearance to the ragged and jagged skies which prevail in nearly all, as if the year were wrapped in extraordinary storm. It is hardly necessary to enter into detail when the first principles of the delineative arts are so completely disregarded. In the arts that depend on line, drawing is essential; without it as the basis there can be nothing valuable accomplished; and in these illustrations, whether it be that the designers did not draw or that the mode of reproducing their work destroyed their lines, there is no drawing except of leading outlines, and that is careless and imperfect. It is possible by modern processes to make what passes for a picture with great cheapness and haste, and, when such modes are employed, any disposition the artist may have to attain excellence is necessarily destroyed. If the design is not to have justice done to it, there is no motive to make it good. This reaction of imperfect processes on the character of the artist, the lowering of aim which they induce, the habit of rapid and negligent workmanship which they form, are not the least of their evil effects. Art is corrupted at its source on the one hand, while the popular taste is degraded upon the other. The principal service which we look to wood-engraving to perform, in its present successes, is, by educating the public, to make such work as this volume contains unsalable; by observing the methods of good art, to preserve and raise the standard of excellence among designers, and thus to withdraw them from such ineffective and unprofitable employment as results in such pictures as these now under review. Art, like music, is one of the great instruments of popular education,

¹ *The Artist's Year. Original and Selected Poems of the Months.* By MARGARET P. JANES. Illustrated. New York: White & Stokes. 1883.

at present too little applied, and whatever processes go to make art more common among the people deserve to be encouraged; but no good end can be achieved by processes that destroy the object in the means, and yield valueless works. Bad art, it is true, like bad books, satisfies only a rudimentary taste, and the public passes, it is said, through stages of appreciation in both art and literature. But, fortunately, art does not need an alphabet and a spelling-book; a good picture, that is, a well-drawn picture, is at once recognized by the untaught eye as superior to one ill-drawn; whatever weight the argument may have in literature, it certainly has none in art, for even a child's preference is for a good outline rather than for undrawn effects of light and shade. Bad art is now of less importance than bad books, in popular education, only because it enters less largely into life, and it is each year touching the public at more points. But this book, *The Artist's Year*, is not intended for the cheap market: it is made of excellent paper, well-printed, fairly bound, with dangling silk tassels, — a holiday book for the centre-table, for the uneducated rich. If the art in a volume thus recommended to the purse is of this kind, the art for the lower market is, we may be sure, too often on as low a scale. It is because the book is symptomatic of the increase of negligent and ignorant work in books pretentiously fine, because it is one of a class, that we have spoken of it with such plainness and at a length which in itself it did not call for. A bad book will disappear without the critic's aid, but a bad class of books indicates a general fault, and the processes of manufacturing prints are becoming so multifarious that this bad class already includes several species. To characterize and discourage the wrong methods is a

duty to every one who cares for the formation of a right taste in the public.

To the sumptuous volumes which M. Yriarte has already prepared on Italian cities has lately been added a large folio of similar style devoted to Florence.¹ It is a volume which by its mass and distribution carries in its very aspect some physical suggestion of a crowded city: its serried files of text opening upon vistas of architecture and sculpture, leading into the interiors of temple or museum, and populated with many historic figures. One finds the whole municipality, in truth, spread out before him within these covers; first as a map, then as a general view from San Miniato; and afterwards a vast array of its artistic treasures is made visible through the illustrations. Fortunately, as in the other members of this series, the text yields no small part of the profit of the work. The author begins with a sketch of Florentine history, conducting to the era of the Medicean supremacy; a full account of the Medicean family ensues, which terminates only in 1737, with the extinction of the line. This portion, richly provided with graphic material, is unique. We are enabled by it to sum in a glance, as if it were a panorama, the whole course of the Medici family. We behold them as merchants, warriors, cardinals, or popes, in their actual appearance to the eye; nay, we have one of the cardinals painted while still in his cradle, and the very nurse whose effigy Paris Bordone preserved on canvas. The successive men of the house are placed rapidly before us in portraiture, from old Cosimo the elder, and his lean-faced early progeny, down to the polished, coddled, feeble, and haughty physiognomies of the latest duke-descendants, who were about to die out. This division contains fac-similes, also, from early Florentine engrav-

¹ *Florence. Its History; the Medici; the Humanists; Letters; Arts.* By CHARLES YRIARTE. Translated by C. B. Pitman. Illustrated with

500 engravings. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1882.

ings hitherto not generally accessible, which add to it a peculiar worth; but one may question why M. Yriarte should have chosen the Uffizi portrait of Bianca Capello, when the best is found in the Pitti. An attempt is made to show how it came that Florence was so especially the centre of the Renaissance; for the writer seeks some explanation of her eminence in addition to that based on the influence of the revival of learning, important though that is confessed to be. Such an explanation he finds in "the peculiar genius of Florence, the national temperament, and circumstances of race and politics." This, to be sure, is somewhat vague. His reference to early Etruscan art in the same spot, so distinctive, so indicative of a race originally tending to plastic creation, is far more effective; and there is almost the surprise of a new discovery in the skillful introduction of the fact that Niccolò Pisano, a Tuscan native, revived again the truth and freedom of sculpture only a few miles from Florence, after they had disappeared for fifteen hundred years. It was the study of antique sarcophagi which caused him to shake off the trammels of Byzantine stiffness; and thus the tomb where art apparently lay buried proved to be the cradle of its new birth. M. Yriarte even hints that there is a hidden analogy between Etrurian art and the genius of Donatello, flowering out of the same ground but refined by a new civilization. It is the faculty of independent insight shown in this suggestion, and of giving to facts lying far apart a historic and poetic unity, that makes the author so alluring a guide through the branching thoroughfares and by-ways of his theme. One novel feature of the book is the extensive chapter given to the illustrious men who represent the intellectual movement in the Renaissance at Florence: Dante, Passavante, Petrarch, Sacchetti, and twenty others,—some less generally known,—an impressive host in the

background of the scene, indicating what forces the Medici had to work with or against in the making of this wonderful city. Their portraits, too, are given, and sometimes the works of art with which they are associated; perhaps the tombs which were placed over them. It is in these pages, by the way, that we find reproduced, for the first time in a work on Florence, certain monuments in Santa Croce, San Miniato, and Santa Maria del Fiore which are of much interest. The remaining sections are given to churches, palaces, and to painting and sculpture. Leonardo is granted small space, because of his departure into another school; and Raphael necessarily meets with similar treatment; whereas Niccolò Pisano, although not born in Florence, has to be included; and so with the Siennese Jacopo della Quercia, whose stately *Porta dei Servi* in the cathedral is given on a page by itself. In general the author has wisely chosen the less well-known productions of the masters for representation; although in the case of Raphael, the *Madonna della Seggiola* appears, unhappily, in a very poor process-plate. To offset this we are treated to some charming pieces by Filippo Lippi and a curious but not very characteristic Botticelli. The serious and sweet Florentine Maiden of Granacci is a most acceptable contribution, deserving of study. M. Yriarte does good service in bringing forward the less vaunted artists whose work has of late more and more been recognized as constituting the true Florence, quite as much as that of the more famous. A large number of the illustrations are not cuts, but the result of various processes now in use, some of which simulate engraving. The best are those having the effect of heliogravure and occupying large space; such as Orgagna's *Golden Tabernacle* (page 220). It is worth while to note that the reproduction of Michael Angelo's *Fates*, though not fine, has one uncom-

mon merit: Clotho, who in all the best extant engravings is depicted with a visage of horror, is here correctly interpreted as merely chanting her neutral song of destiny. Lachesis, however, in turning to the sister with the shears, hardly shows that exquisite expression of dumb appeal which belongs to the original. A curious sketch of Angelo from life, by Francis of Holland, is included; and there are small portraits of all the artists mentioned. These, carefully collected from many sources, have a certain historical value, but they are monotonous in manner and rough without being strong. The illustrations, in fact, so far as they stand for engraving, fall much below the American mark; nor would the various pictures

always give to the uninitiated a full sense of the beauty and strength in the originals. But their usefulness, and it is a very high one, consists in their great range and completeness, taken together. It is not only Florence in name or mere outline that is set before us, but concrete, visible Florence, with all its spiritual and material meaning, so far as these can be obtained with actual presence and much study. That a field of lilies should have given place to the City of Flowers and all which it has produced is one of the marvels of terrestrial development. That we should be able by aid of the printing-press to gather in a later harvest the essence of this human growth is another marvel almost as great.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It strikes me that women have not fared as well as men, on the whole, at the hands of the novelists; that is, if quantity and quality are to be taken into equal account in the question. Some of the most successful creations of the writers of fiction have been feminine characters, but they have been proportionately few in number. The fact cannot be explained by that other fact that the majority of writers of the best fiction have been men, for the finest drawing of feminine character has not been the work of feminine hands. The alleged complexity of the nature of women may be held to account for the greater difficulty of its portrayal. I have my own doubts, however, as to this enigmatic quality of the feminine character, and fancy the simple truth to be, that if men comprehend each other better than they do women, it is because a man is brought into close and permanent relations with but a few women, — a wife, a sister, a

mother, — while he is constantly and intimately associated with many men of many kinds; and his opportunities, therefore, being less in the one case than in the other, his knowledge is correspondingly less. Whatever the reason of it, the fact is noteworthy that the greatest novelists have in general been more successful in portraiture of the male sex than of the female. It would not be difficult to make a list of the fictitious feminine acquaintance who exist for us as really living personages, and for whom we have any lively feeling of interest, of liking or dislike; but the number of such male acquaintance is, comparatively, legion. In all Scott's novels taken together there are not half a dozen heroines who can be said to have any real life and distinctive character. Jeanie Deans is certainly a live human being, and so, though in far less degree, are the Jewess Rebecca and Catherine Seyton, Minna Troil, and Diana Vernon.

It may be asserted that Scott's conventional heroes are also lay figures, mere walking gentlemen made to match the walking ladies; and no doubt this is measurably true, but not universally. Henry Morton and Quentin Durward have a life in them, I think, which Edith Bellenden and Isabelle of Croye have not. But the real heroes of Scott are not always those who fill the title rôle, and we are indifferent whether or not Nigel Olifaunt plays his part with spirit, while Richie Moniplies, King James, and George Heriot are his fellow actors on the stage. Markham Everard is a more interesting personage than Alice Lee; but if he were not it would matter little, so long as Sir Henry and Wildrake and Charles appear upon the scene.

The men and women of Miss Austen's novels are perhaps equally well done; or, if there is anything to choose between them, it is the women who, in this case, are the more lifelike figures. We cannot say of Thackeray's women that they are unlikelike, but that they represent only a small section of womankind. His worst women — his Becky and Beatrix and Blanche — are his best drawn, the rest being mostly but slightly differentiated individuals of a certain species: they are good, loving, and insipid, like Amelia; good, loving, and priggish like Laura Pendennis; good, loving, and unjust and ungenerous, like Lady Castlewood. They are not wholly uninteresting, of course, for it is a genius who paints them. Madame de Florac is a charming sketch, and we all like Ethel Newcome; but take them together, and they seem to show that Thackeray had but a meagre comprehension of women, or a very limited respect for them. We cannot forget the "incomparable," the "divine," Clarissa; but, for my part, in spite of some true touches of nature in the tale of her dying hours, I find it difficult to realize the existence of the lovely and injured Miss Harlowe.

George Eliot's Romola and Dorothea,

and still more her Myra, are so ideally conceived that to many persons, though not to me, they appear too far removed from actual existence to be regarded as we do human beings in general, even fictitious human beings. They certainly are not ordinary women, — more's the pity; but the objection, whatever it is worth, does not hold against those easily conceivable persons, Maggie Tulliver and Mary Garth, Rosamund Vincy and Gwendolen Harleth. Mrs. Gaskell has given us at least one feminine character, which for lifelike distinctness ranks with these last named, — the heroine of *Sylvia's Lovers*. This author's name recalls those of Charlotte Brontë's heroines, about whom there has always been for me an odd mixture of reality and unreality. Her women, however, are at least possible, which cannot be said for her men. Among contemporary authors there are but few who have achieved signal success in the portraiture of women. We have had a good many pleasing and more or less truthful sketches, few rounded and finished portraits, of genuine and distinct individualities. Trollope's women, even his good and lovely heroines, are inevitably affected by the deadening atmosphere of prose with which they are surrounded. Mrs. Oliphant's women are too hastily constructed to order, while Charles Reade's are fashioned after a special, cherished theory of his own manufacture. Mr. Hardy has great skill in depicting varieties of the more or less thorough-paced coquette, but from lack of power or of inclination stops there. To Mr. James we owe several delightful sketches, one carefully drawn outline picture of a certain Light woman, and one finished portrait, which, only after we have ceased to contemplate it, we become a trifle critical of, as on the whole more interesting than charming. Mr. Howells is as clever a painter of the American *jeune fille* as Cherbuliez is of the French variety of the same species; but it re-

mains true that such character sketching is not Mr. Howells's strongest work.

A writer more new to fame, the author of *The Grandissimes*, has achieved a decided success in this line in the two women, *Aurore* and *Clotilde*, sketched in the above-named novel. Mr. Cable is an American, but it is an Englishman who has conceived one of the daintiest feminine shapes to be found out of Shakespeare. This may seem extravagant language to apply to Mr. Blackmore's work, and it is perhaps necessary to remark that it is but a limited admiration we can give to so unequal a writer. It is true, nevertheless, that his *Lorna Doone* is one of the most ideally lovely creations of fiction, made up out of as few and simple qualities as a *Perdita* or *Rosalind*, but with a magically infused reality of poetic life, that leaves one satisfied, yet wondering what is the secret of imaginative creation like this.

How different the old-fashioned heroine of romance was from the heroine of to-day! The former was a being who could do no wrong; who was incapable of conducting herself otherwise than in the most becoming manner, no matter in what trying circumstances; whose opinions were as correct as her speech was elegant. The majority of novelists nowadays do not depict heroines of this sort; such creatures, they fancy, their readers would condemn as "faultily faultless;" and they give us instead the inconsistent, defective real woman whom we all know, — who interests us because she is real, or at least seems real to us. And it is well they should do this, since novelists in general are not geniuses, and to create character at once ideal and wholly real requires a measure of true genius. The old-fashioned piece of perfection was an insipid creature, not because she was perfect, but because she had no distinctive individuality, and was just like every other heroine of the kind. But Shakespeare has shown us purely ideal women, no one of whom

could possibly be mistaken for another; each flawless in her kind, yet distinctly individualized, having her own special traits of mind and character, by which we know her and for which we love her. That novelists in general are not Shakespeares, and that even when they attempt ideal creation they fail of perfect achievement, is not wonderful, but I like to recognize the worthiness of the aim and success which are but partial. It is for this reason that the character of *Camilla*, in Monaldini's *Niece*, pleased me so well. If not so real as might be, I think she has in her the breath of life; she is picturesque and charming, and not impossible. It seems to me that authors ought to recognize the truth that, if mere perfection is insipid, mere imperfection may be so also; that simple prose and commonplace contain no more truth to nature than the poetry of the imagination, which does not *make*, but *finds*, the loveliness it seeks.

If I were an artist of talent I should like to employ my skill in painting a gallery of portraits of my fair fictitious friends. I think it might be a charming collection, and two whom I have not yet named should hang there, side by side, with a becoming light upon their faces: the dark-eyed *Nora*, the heroine of *Quits*, who contrives, in the happiest manner, to assert her individual existence, in spite of being placed as the most conventional of heroines, *vis-à-vis* a truly traditional hero; and the blonde *Hildegard* of *The Initials*, who is so dear a friend of mine that I found myself thinking of her tenderly when I mounted the staircase of that hotel in Frankfort where she and *Hamilton* finally settled their affairs, to their mutual satisfaction.

— I know little or nothing, perhaps, of the flying-machine of the future, but I know well that the balloon must be abandoned. To think of either safety or success in the basket under the gas-bag is absurd. Wherein will be the

value of the successful flying-machine but in the rapidity and precision of its flight? Unless we can fly swiftly and surely from point to point, why fly at all? The bulk of the balloon—the one property which has endeared it to a cowardly race, and prolonged its existence thus far—is a sufficient and peremptory reason for discarding it. You cannot propel it any faster than a canal-boat in any direction, nor against the wind at all; and no change in its form can ever surmount the fatal objection.

But if we give up the balloon, and try to fly as the living bird flies, what then? Say that we make the body of our bird of the compactest and most symmetrical shape for cleaving the air with the least resistance, and trust to the beat of its wings to sustain its weight,—as who doubts we may?—still, how are we ever to launch it, and carry it successfully over the neck-breaking period of its existence? For let us not belittle the difficulties which await the inventor of the Bird. Inventions have sometimes come like a flash to a man. They have been complete from the moment of their conception. When once the happy thought has come, there has been nothing further to do but to make the thing and set it going. But, in the nature of things, the Bird can never spring fully fledged from the brain of any man. However completely it may be conceived, there must still be a time, and probably a long time, of experiment and adjustment, interspersed with numerous failures and discouragements.

The expense involved in successful aeronautics will be not merely in the building of the Bird, even supposing it could be complete and satisfactory from the first. There will be a permanent plant required for its operation, entirely independent of the cost of building. We have not merely the Bird to construct, but we have its operator to instruct. We want a contrivance to sustain the Bird in its first weak and awkward attempts

at flight, just as the toddling infant must be upheld when it begins to walk; only that in the case of our Bird the need is far more imperative. Nor is it merely in the experimental stage of flying that this apparatus will be required. We may well admire the sustained flight of a bird, especially a large one, as the ideal of easy and graceful motion; but when we see that bird rise from the ground, or from the surface of the water, we witness the most difficult and laborious of animal movements. It is to be expected that our Bird, being in that respect not so well equipped as the living animal, will at every flight need some help in mounting. For obvious reasons, it must be made as light in every part as is consistent with safety. Think, then, of a paper boat, for instance, with wide-spreading wings and a windmill behind, going through the air at a speed double that of the fastest railway train, and coming to the ground without serious accident. Our sending-off apparatus must be also a catching apparatus, and will be at no time more needed than when receiving the returning voyager of the air after its journey is done.

At least three forms of the sending-off apparatus suggest themselves. The idea of the first, and best, is as simple as can be. An upright pole; a gaff, extending outward and upward from the base of it, and forked at the lower end to fit the pole and revolve around it; and a suspending cord from the top of the pole to a point near the outer end of the gaff, will represent the whole arrangement. If now we hang our Bird by a string to the outer end of the gaff, and carry this rapidly around until the speed of flight is attained, the Bird being at the same time accurately balanced, and its flying mechanism in motion, we may slip the string and release it, and it will be able to sustain itself and steer away in safety.

But for the use of a Bird capable of carrying men, and therefore of some

practical value, our contrivance is imagined on too small a scale. The pole for our purpose must be a tower, high and strong, and our gaff a boom of elaborate construction, say of tubular iron, braced laterally to prevent its swaying to and fro, and suspended, not by a single string, but by a series of stays distributed along the length of it. The tower must have a circular base, with a carriage fitted to travel around it and carry the inner end of the boom, and within the tower a steam-engine or other motor to drive the boom around. We must have a tower, say, two hundred feet high, and a boom that will sweep a radius of two hundred and fifty feet. With a boom reaching out three hundred feet from the centre of the tower, or describing a circle of six hundred feet in diameter, we should traverse more than a third of a mile at each circuit; and at five turns per minute, a speed of more than one hundred miles per hour would be attained by the outer end of the boom. This would certainly be fast enough for our purpose. Now, if we had our Bird suspended from the boom by a cord of sufficient length to allow it considerable freedom of movement, and with a contrivance by which it could be instantaneously released, we should be ready for flight.

Impelled by the engine in the tower, the boom begins to revolve, carrying the Bird with it. The mechanism of the Bird is set in motion, and it begins to flap its wings for self-propulsion; only at first the propelling instrument will probably be a propeller wheel instead of wings. The steering apparatus of the Bird must, under the command of its operator, be for the time adjusted to the circular path of the boom. As the speed of the Bird increases, and it begins to feel the lifting power of the air beneath its extended wings, the weight which the boom sustains is proportionately reduced, and the boom at length becomes rather the companion than the

carrier of the Bird. This process may continue until the whole weight of the Bird is actually carried by its own wings, and the suspending cord hangs loose. When that first occurs will be a notable moment in the world's history. Without risking our necks, we have brought the Bird to the act of self-sustained and independent flight. From that moment the art of flying is an accomplished fact, and all needed improvements for safety and practical success will swiftly and surely follow.

When our Bird thus becomes demonstrably able to fly alone, we must be in no haste to release it. Careful and protracted trials should be insisted upon, and a minute inspection of every part of the machine. The boom should be revolved and the Bird flown in both directions, that the whole range of its steering powers may be proved. Another and more vital point must not for a moment be lost sight of. The operation of alighting must always be a more dangerous one than that of mounting, and every possible facility must be provided for it. Next to the net, or hook, or other catching device to be furnished at the end of the boom, the most necessary point to be secured is such a command of its movement as will enable the engineer of the boom to coöperate with the Bird, and place his machine in the right place at the right time, and give it motion at the right speed. The Bird must have full control of its course, so as to steer itself perfectly, — not necessarily with sudden sharp turns, nor in the shortest curves; but it must be able to fly high or low, to turn to the right or to the left, and to go in a circle in either direction. When ready to alight, it will approach the tower by a circular movement, coming nearer and nearer as carefully as possible. The engineer of the revolving boom must regulate its speed and position exactly to the movement of the Bird, and at the precise moment be ready to hook on: and until

that can be done with certainty there is no safety in flight and no room for exultation.

Thus far, in the high tower and the revolving boom, I have proposed nothing which is not easily within the scope of contemporary engineering skill. Such a tower as that now standing at Coney Island would be tall enough and strong enough for our purpose, though its form is not the best possible. It would of course be necessary to have the land unobstructed by trees or buildings, to give the Bird room to mount. When our instinctive ideas of danger can be readjusted to the case, and we realize that it is no more fatal to be killed by falling into the water than upon the land, a small island, with a wide reach of water around it, will be our ideal location. What better site can be found than that selected for the long-promised statue of Liberty Enlightening the World?

In the second form of the apparatus proposed, the high, fixed tower might be dispensed with, and the revolving arms mounted upon a turn-table, like a modern draw-bridge. The cost of this arrangement could not be much, if any, less than that of the tower, and there is no other apparent reason why it should be preferred. A third form of apparatus would be that of a car upon a circular railroad track, of which I care to say but little, as it could be of no practical value.

It is not my purpose here to say much of the Bird itself. It is not to float, but to fly, and its whole build must accord with that idea. Its speed, and not its levity, will sustain it. In the balloon we increase the bulk as much as possible, and its shape makes little difference; in the Bird we reduce its body to the smallest compass, and to the shape that will offer least resistance to rapid motion. If it is ever to carry a man, he must be entirely inclosed within it, and windows provided, through which everything may be seen and its course

directed. As in land travel we have never yet been able to make machines that will walk with the leg movement which animals use, so we shall probably not be able at first to propel our Bird by the beat of its wings. The wings will, however, still be needed, as the resistance of the air against them will be the chief sustaining force. As the wings will be at the back, or rather top, of the machine, and the weight of the body and contents below them, the Bird will always be in stable equilibrium; and so long as propulsion continues, and the power to sustain the weight by the speed of flight is maintained, there will be no danger of its rolling over. It may be found that two pairs of wings will be better than one. The means of propulsion may be a fan wheel at the stern, similar to the propeller in water. As to the motor, we must say that steam is not yet superseded; but when steam is suggested, let no one think of a locomotive or a steamboat coursing through the sky. That is not putting it fairly. Our Bird will be of a very different breed. Its frame-work will be of the lightest material, and as steam-engines have already been made which, with the boiler, weigh only twenty pounds per horse-power, this may be further reduced. The strong current of air against the breast of the Bird will be a powerful condensing agent, and the water can be used over and over. The condensing tubes could serve for the frame-work of the machine, and thus add nothing to its weight. Many details of the Bird can be determined only by experiment, and experiment waits for opportunity. The Bird will steer easily. In its flight there will be practically nothing outside it to change its course; and if it be symmetrical in shape and the propelling force axial, as it would be with a single wheel, a slight hint of the rudder will direct it. When flying in the circular path, starting and alighting are the only occasions that will seriously try its steer-

ing capacity. The ability to fly in the circular path, which is required when the Bird is suspended from the rotating arm, being a guarantee of its steering powers, will also imply a propulsive force much more than enough to sustain it in horizontal flight, as it then has the centrifugal force as well as gravity to overcome.

In all seriousness the subject of flying is well worthy our consideration. Our

mechanical resources are ripe for it. If possible, it is without doubt desirable. Let no one smile incredulously when I say that its promise of safety in travel especially commends it to us. If it involves new risks, it eliminates most of the old ones. As a new sensation and a source of keen delight, as a luxury first and a convenience and necessity after, we should do all in our power to promote it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Mrs. Kemble's charming Records of a Later Life, already reviewed in these pages from the English edition, has been issued in this country by Henry Holt & Co. — Old and New Canada, 1753-1844; Historic Scenes and Social Pictures, or the Life of Joseph François Perrault (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is the title of a volume by Dr. P. Bender, which combines in an agreeable fashion the record of the life of a prominent Canadian with sketches of the society and historic incidents among which he moved. Mr. Perrault lived to be ninety-one years of age, and his own recollections furnish a valuable part of the history included in this interesting work. — In the series Campaigns of the Civil War, the tenth volume is The March to the Sea, by Jacob D. Cox, LL. D. (Scribners.) The book is accompanied by ten maps. The impressiveness of the narrative is marred by the author's critical and somewhat polemic mood. — Smiles's Self-Help has been issued by the Harpers in the Franklin Square series. — The Life of Edwin H. Chapin, D. D., by Sumner Ellis, D. D. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston) has the advantage and disadvantage of having been written with the help of very few documents. Dr. Chapin was a man of so much vitality and generosity that his biographer is able to illustrate his subject by many characteristic touches; and while we have necessarily more of the biographer's work than commonly happens, we have also a more diligent collection of the testimony of diverse minds. Something of Dr. Chapin's large nature is preserved in this volume, in spite of a good deal of unnecessary writing. — The Life of Major-General George H. Thomas has been written by Chaplain Thomas B. Van Home (Scribners), and material is furnished for a better knowledge of one of the chief soldiers of the country. The author keeps pretty closely to his text, but the war was a notable occasion for the manifestation of personal relations, and it was impossible to avoid the discussion of the quarrels into which General Thomas

was dragged; but the interest of the reader is chiefly in his military movements. — The Reader's Guide to English History, by Professor W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin (Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston), is an admirable hand-book, in which the really necessary books and chronological facts are given, to the exclusion of lumber and dead-wood. It ought to be of real service both to teachers and students. — The Political Conspiracies preceding the Rebellion (Putnams), by Lieutenant Thomas M. Anderson, is a brief monograph, in which the events just preceding the taking of Forts Sumter and Pickens is recorded by a writer who has in mind the historic vindication of Major Robert Anderson, but gives his readers material from which to draw their own conclusions. — In the English Men of Letters series (Harpers), Jonathan Swift, by Leslie Stephen, is a welcome addition. Mr. Stephen has shown himself before to be at home in Swift's period, and a knowledge of the time is almost as necessary as a knowledge of human nature to qualify one for making an estimate of Swift, for the dean is the great puzzle of English literature. His candor, his freedom from refined theorizing, and his manliness of tone make Mr. Stephen exceptionally fitted to be Swift's biographer, and this book, while not conclusive, is at least satisfactory within its range. — A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain, by Charles George Walpole (Harpers), does not claim to be the result of original research. It is well provided with maps, chronological tables, and an index. The writer does not show any tenderness toward the English in his narrative of the armed attempt at protestantizing Ireland. — In their series of Biographies of Musicians, Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have issued a Life of Haydn, by Louis Nohl, translated by George P. Upton. Haydn's life was so full of bright and interesting incident that it has more outward attractiveness than that of any of his profession, except Mendelssohn. —

Outlines of Ancient History (Harpers) is the title of a manual prepared by P. V. N. Myers, which is designed for private reading and for instruction. It covers the period from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Roman Empire; and while Greek and Roman civilization constitute the main subjects, there has been full reference to the Eastern monarchies and Egypt. The author has aimed to make his book a history of civilization before Christ rather than of persons and parties. — *History of the Christian Church*, by Philip Schaff (Scribners), is a work to consist of five octavo volumes, of which the first, on Apostolic Christianity, is now issued. The work is a revision and expansion of Dr. Schaff's original history, issued in 1858. He has gone over his former statements with reference to using and sometimes answering the criticism which has been so vigorously exercised during the past twenty-five years. The author's position is well known as that of an evangelical scholar. — In *Epochs of Modern History* (Scribners), the latest volume, Edward III., by Rev. W. Warburton, depends largely on Longman's larger work. Covering as it does the period of Chaucer and Wiclif, the writer has done well in making much of these subjects, and in giving familiar pictures of life in the times. — Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft follows his *The Native Races of the Pacific States with History of the Pacific States*, of which the first volume, devoted to so much of Central America as is covered by 1501-1530, is now ready. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) The present work is the historical successor of the former, and itself only the initial volume of a series which the author has projected with what can only be called a Pacific magnitude of intention. Whatever decision may be passed upon Mr. Bancroft's work, no one can hesitate to acknowledge the immense indebtedness due to one who has patiently collected and arranged so vast a store-house of historic material. Mr. Bancroft's historic creed is an honorable one, "to tell the truth, plainly and concisely;" and if one recoils a little from the idea of conciseness as expressed in an avenue of books devoted to the Pacific coast, he must remember that Mr. Bancroft's conception of history could be realized only by the collection of photographic copies of everything relating to human life. — Henry Holt & Co. have issued the second part of Mr. William Cory's *A Guide to Modern English History*. The period embraced is that of 1830-1835, which the author claims as "full of the virtue and wisdom which make modern England supremely worthy of a student's contemplation; it seems not too much to say that they form a period of paramount importance in the universal history of legislation and government." The book is not a history, but a guide to history; that is, it confines itself to a brief but connected summary of events which form the back-bone of history. It is not so full and discursive as Miss Martineau's history, but it is probably quite as impartial an index to political movements.

Political History and Political Economy. The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies of America, by Eben Greenough Scott

(Putnams), is an attempt at tracing the spiritual history which had its most comprehensive genesis in the Reformation, proceeded through revolutions in English politics, and found a final expression in the Declaration of Independence. The writer has a good idea, but it appears to us that he has missed a full conception of the parallel growth of the national idea, without which his liberty would have resulted in an isolated individuality. The book is not especially easy reading, but it is full of suggestiveness to the historical student who wants something more than an exoteric view of history. — *Political History of Recent Times, 1815-1875*, with special reference to Germany, by W. Müller, translated by the Rev. John P. Peters (Harpers), is of a different order. It is a close narrative of the political movements of continental Europe, marked off into periods, and finding its culmination mainly in the consolidation of the German empire. The translator, Mr. Peters, has added a chapter, which brings the history to date. — *Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States*, by Simon Sterne (Cassell), is a popular treatise, with reference largely to the present condition of the country, and is, in fact, an account of the working of our political organization. Mr. Sterne regards the matter mainly as affecting industrial and commercial interests. — *The American Citizen's Manual, Part I*, by Worthington C. Ford (Putnams), relates to governments, national, state and local, the electorate, and the civil service. The editor's purpose is to give a clear, brief account of the relation of the citizen to the government under which he lives, and we think he has succeeded.

Literary History and Criticism. The Great Epics of Mediaeval Germany, by George Theodore Dippold (Roberts Bros.), is an outline of the contents and history of the Nibelunglied, Gudrun, Parzival, and minor poems. By means of the book one may acquaint himself with the drift of these remarkable works without the weariness of reading them, and qualify himself thus for hearing Wagner's music. Professor Dippold is a careful and painstaking writer. — *Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote* (Roberts Bros.), though in form a selection of passages, is in effect, by its full indexes, a classification of Cervantes' fine philosophy and humor. A life of Cervantes is prefixed, signed Emma Thompson.

Fiction. Miss Phelps's novel of *Doctor Zay*, with which the readers of the Atlantic are already familiar, has been published in book form. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — *Robin*, by Louisa Parr, is the latest in the *Leisure Hour* series (Holt), and the readers of *Dorothy Fox* will only need to know that the book is out. — The singular avatar of Democracy in England appears to have led to its reissue here by its original publishers (Holt) in paper covers at a cheap price. We doubt, however, if the real American democracy will recognize itself any better in the book in this form than it did when it was in the *Leisure Hour* series. — Under *Green Apple Boughs*, by Helen Campbell, is the title of the first of a new series called *Our Continent Library*. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mrs. Campbell puts much thought into the story, almost enough to carry it over the thin places of the

plot, but her seriousness constructs the characters rather than finds them. — Her *Crime* is the first volume in the third series of the *No Name* novels. (Roberts.) — Miss Leighton's *Perplexities*, by Alice C. Hall (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a somewhat juvenile novel, in which young men and maidens carry on their game of love. — *The Cleverdale Mystery*, or *The Machine and its Wheels*, by W. A. Wilkins (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is intended to do double service; to be a blow at the machine in politics, and an amusement to the reader. The machine will not suffer, but the intelligent reader, forced to read it, may. — *A Transplanted Rose* is a story of New York society. (Harpers.) The rose is transplanted from the Western prairies to New York, carefully potted there, and sent over to England to blossom in a nobleman's greenhouse. It should be added that the rose belongs to the order of artificial flowers.

Theology, Philosophy and Religion. Science without God, by H. Didon, translated from the French by Rosa Corder (T. Whittaker, New York), is the impetuous attack upon materialism of an impassioned French preacher. — *Prayer and its Answer*, by Dr. S. Irenaus Prime (Scribners), is the narrative of personal incidents connected with the history of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting during the twenty-five years of its existence. — *My Portfolio* is the title given by Dr. Austin Phelps to a volume (Scribners) in which he has collected thirty-one essays originally printed by him in religious weeklies, and containing the views of a generous adherent to the old New England theology upon questions affecting especially the religious life of the community. Dr. Phelps is always direct and pastoral; he is always a pastor in his writing; he is also a kind and charitable man. — *Practical Life and the Study of Man*, by J. Wilson, Ph. D. (J. Wilson & Son, Newark, New York), is a collection of a hundred or more commonplace essays, which may have done duty first in a country newspaper. The positions taken are mainly incontrovertible. — *Philosophy of Landscape Painting*, by William M. Bryant (St. Louis Publishing Co.), is a study of landscape painting from a philosophic point of view, in which philosophy tells what ought to be found and seen, and the historical development of painting is the last thing considered. To some people this will be regarded as a back-handed way of getting at the subject; they would prefer a philosophy of landscape painting reached by a study of typical examples. — *Christ's Christianity* is the title of a volume compiled by Albert H. Walker (Holt) upon the principle of classifying the words of Christ as contained in the gospels into an orderly succession of doctrines and precepts. Such an arrangement has its value, and is something more than a curiosity, but one may doubt the great efficiency of a system which emphasizes the teaching of Christ independently of his life. — *The Christian Religion* is the title of Professor George P. Fisher's reasonable apology, reprinted from the *North American Review* by the Scribners. — *Logic and Life* is the title of the first of a volume of sermons by the Rev. H. S. Holland. (Scribners.) Mr. Holland is a clergyman of the English church, and is introduced here by Presi-

dent Porter, of Yale. The form and manner are more literary and permanent than one usually finds in sermons, and the book is one to be selected from the mass of contemporary apologetics. At the same time one must make up his mind to a good deal of rhetoric. — *The Harmony of the Bible with Science*, or *Moses and Geology*, by Samuel Kinns Ph. D. (Cassell), is a popular work, which takes the order of creation as detailed in the opening verses of Genesis and makes it the subject of a discursive exposition in the light of modern knowledge. The book is bolstered behind and before with lists of eminent men who subscribe to the book and to some of Dr. Kinns's statements. He appears to believe Moses and the subscribers. — Dr. James McCosh, President of Princeton College, has begun the issue of a *Philosophical* series, of which the first number has appeared under the title of *Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth* as opposed to Agnosticism, being a treatise on applied logic. (Scribners.) It can be read in a few hours, it may serve as a text-book, and is intended to give intelligent people a substantial ground on which to stand in meeting the latest philosophical heresy.

Education and Text Books. A *Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language*, as now written and spoken in the capital of Spain, by William I. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), proceeds upon the assumption that the student is already acquainted with some general laws which affect the structure of all Indo-European languages. The grammar leads him as quickly as possible to reading and writing the language. — H. B. Boisen's *Preparatory Book of German Prose*, to which we have already referred, is accompanied by a separate volume of notes and vocabulary. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — The *Meisterschaft System*, a short and practical method of acquiring complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal (Estes & Lauriat), has been published in fifteen parts, which together would make a volume of over four hundred pages. The author, keeping steadily in mind the single purpose of enabling the scholar to talk in French, and to say the things most necessary to be said, has arranged his matter in a lucid way and stripped the task as far as possible of all irrelevant matter. He is like a skillful coach in education, and has reduced the student's work by the method in which it is taken up. The matter of pronunciation is the weak feature, since the English equivalents are often misleading and rarely quite satisfactory; but the difficulty is inherent. — Since the object of *Those Children and Their Teachers*, a story of to-day, by Byron A. Brooks (Putnams), is to indicate weaknesses in the school systems, and to suggest possible reforms, we place the book here; but it is a pity that the characters of parents in the book should lead one to place the principal mistakes, not where Mr. Brooks does, in schools and teachers, but in the foolish and weak parents.

Sport. The *Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled*, or the *Art of Winning at Every Game*, by Robert Houdin, translated by M. I. Smithson, is published in Lovell's Library. (John W. Lovell Company, New York.) A rogue is set to catch a rogue.